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EDITED BY
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THE YOUNG FOLKS' LIBRARY
VOLUME NO. 9.

BOOK V

MODERN EUROPE

BY

FANNY E. COE

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY

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WORLD AND ITS PEOPLE.

Book V.

MODERN EUROPE.

BY

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E. P. Cubberley.

SILVER, BURDETT & CO., PUBLISHERS,

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1896.

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY

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PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT.

It is now conceded by all educators that school instruction should be supplemented by reading matter suitable for use by the pupil both in the school and in the home. Whoever looks for such reading, however, must be struck at first with the abundance of what is offered to schools and parents, and then with its lack of systematic arrangement, and its consequent ill adaptation to the needs of young people.

It is for the purpose of supplying this defect, that the publishers have decided to issue a series of volumes, under the general title of the YOUNG FOLKS' LIBRARY FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

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while others will be specially designed to cultivate a taste for good literature. All will serve to develop power in the use of the mother tongue.

The matter for the various volumes will be so carefully selected and so judiciously graded, that the various volumes will be adapted to the needs and capacities of all for whom they are designed; while their literary merit, it is hoped, will be sufficient to make them deserve a place upon the shelves of any well selected collection of juvenile works.

Each volume of the YOUNG FOLKS' LIBRARY will be prepared by some one of our ablest writers for young people, and all will be carefully edited by Larkin Dunton, LL.D., Head Master of the Boston Normal School.

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SILVER, BURDETT & CO.

PREFACE.

I WROTE to the author of this volume to ask what suggestions she had to offer as to the preface, and received the following reply: —

"One of the most interesting incidents connected with my writing has been the framing, from time to time, in my own mind, of a few laws or canons concerning geographical writing. One of the articles of my creed I found beautifully phrased in the preface of one of F. Hopkinson Smith's books. It was all the truer to me because I had recognized its truth before I found it so aptly expressed. This is the sentence I refer to: 'I will tell you as simply as I can something of the groups who looked over my shoulder while I worked, and who daily formed my circle of acquaintance; merely hinting to you as delicately as possible that a traveler, even with an ordinary pair of eyes and ears, can get much nearer to the heart of a people in their cafés, streets, and markets, than in their museums, galleries, and palaces, and reminding you at the same time of the old adage which claims that a live gamin is better than a dead king for all the practical purposes of life.'

"Now I believe *Modern Europe* has been written according to this principle. We have dealt more with

ordinary people and scenes than with extraordinary. I want people to know that when we have left out some great cathedral or palace it was not through ignorance, but through choice. I considered the leaning tower of Pisa and the Amiens Cathedral not so worthy of mention as an old shepherd watching his dusty sheep while they crop their scanty meal on the Campagna, or a lazy Spanish beggar basking in the sun."

This is just the feature of the book that I wished the author to make prominent, and the one in which I think she has been successful. What the children ought to see, as they read in connection with their geographical study, is Europe as it is, and the people of Europe as they live. Let this volume be read with a good map of Europe before the reader, and he will be helped to form a vivid picture of Europe and its varied features, including the inhabitants, with their occupations and modes of living.

THE EDITOR.

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MODERN EUROPE.

SISTINE MADONNA.

MODERN EUROPE.

CHAPTER I.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF EUROPE.

Of the five continents, Europe is the smallest. But it is the leader nevertheless. It is the wisest continent; for it is sown thickly with universities and colleges, where learned professors either direct the studies of the young men of the rising generation or pursue in solitude their own studies for the benefit of mankind.

It is also the richest continent. Its material wealth, that is, its wealth in the products of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, is great. Its forests of evergreens and hard wood trees cover many square miles of territory. Grain fields stretch in a belt through central Europe, from the Ural Mountains on the east to the Atlantic on the west. The olive, mulberry, and chestnut grow at the south with many tropical fruit trees. Beneath the soil, each country finds some mineral wealth to be thankful for, from gold and silver to the humbler but more useful coal, iron, copper, lead, and salt.

Europe is rich in proud and stately cities, in hoary ruins, and in museums crowded with perfect statues,

lovely paintings, and relics of the famous men and nations of the past. Perhaps she is richest of all, however, in her people, both of the past and the present. Here have lived the thinking and progressive nations of the world. It has been said that the history of Europe is the history of man.

Let us look carefully at this continent which has been, for so long, the home of the leading nations of the earth.

The continent of Europe borders on the Arctic Ocean, the Atlantic Ocean, and those inland waters separating it from Africa and Asia, which are known as the Mediterranean Sea, the Black Sea, and the Caspian Sea. Of these three coasts the Arctic is the shortest; while that bordering the inland seas is the longest. This is fortunate for commerce, as less of the seacoast is icebound during the winter than would otherwise be.

The coast line of Europe is remarkably irregular. The Atlantic coast consists of lofty promontories and sand hills, against which the stormy waves of the Atlantic are forever beating. To the north and south are many large peninsulas. The more celebrated peninsulas are the southern ones, of which there are three extending southward into the Mediterranean. They are known as Spain, Italy, and Greece.

The British Isles once formed a part of the mainland of Europe, but ages ago the separation took place which left England an island. She is at a safe distance from her enemies; but not too far away to prevent her from taking part in European affairs whenever she is so disposed.

The western half of Europe is mountainous, while the eastern half is very low. The country of Russia occupies the whole of eastern Europe, and consists of a great plain whose chief elevations lie in the latitude of St. Petersburg. Here is the low divide from which the plain slopes on one side gently to the Arctic Ocean, on the other side, even more gradually, to the Black and Caspian Seas.

The chief mountain chain of Europe is the Alps. All the other ranges, with the exception of the Scandinavian mountains and the Pyrenees, are offshoots from the Alps. The main chains of the Alps are massed close together at the west, but they separate more and more as they approach the east. All the mountain ranges of central Europe have their steepest and rockiest sides to the south.

Europe has many large rivers. Perhaps the most important is the Danube, which has recently been greatly improved. Dangerous passes in the river's course have been rendered perfectly safe, and the sand bars at its mouth have been removed. The Danube is used for navigation by Germany, Austria, Hungary, Turkey, and the principalities; and forms an important link in the connection of the Baltic and the Black Seas.

Other large rivers of Europe have been, like the Danube, much improved. Their lower courses have been deepened, and sand bars at their mouths have been removed.

The lakes of Europe occur in groups. There are three principal groups. They are the Alpine lakes, the Scandinavian lakes, and the lakes of Finland. The

lovely paintings, and relics of the famous men and nations of the past. Perhaps she is richest of all, however, in her people, both of the past and the present. Here have lived the thinking and progressive nations of the world. It has been said that the history of Europe is the history of man.

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The British Isles once formed a part of the mainland of Europe, but ages ago the separation took place which left England an island. She is at a safe distance from her enemies; but not too far away to prevent her from taking part in European affairs whenever she is so disposed.

ere are four countries on our own continent. They anada, the United States, Mexico, and Central rica. It is very easy to see that the people of da and the United States resemble each other in arance, language, and customs. The inhabitants of ico and Central America are very different from the le of Canada and the United States; and, at the time, they are very much like each other. We say then, that two families of nations live in North rica, — one at the north and one at the south. northern family comprises Canada and the United s. The southern family consists of Mexico and ral America.

Europe there are three main families, — the north- family, the southern family, and the eastern family. members of the northern family are England, Nor- Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Germany, ria, and Switzerland. The people of this family k languages which have certain resemblances. y are also tall, strong, and fair, compared with the of the southern family, who are smaller and darker. e nations of the southern family are France, Spain, ugal, and Italy.

e eastern family consists of Russia, Servia, Rou- a, and Montenegro. The language of Russia is very ent from that of western Europe. It seems, to the ern and southern families, jaw-breaking; but that y because they were not brought up to speak it.

addition to these families of nations, there are the in Scotland and Ireland, and the Greeks in the eastern corner of Europe.

Alpine lakes are the best known, while the Finnish lakes are remarkable for their number.

Rivers and lakes are the natural means by which one country communicates with another. There are other means for communication made by man, which are called artificial means. They are railroads, canals, and telegraphs. Within the last fifty years Europe has been covered with a network of railroads, the meshes of which grow closer every year as new lines are built.

Germany, Belgium, and France are as closely connected by railroads as if they formed one country. Russia has fewer railroads; and there are but few lines leading into Spain, Italy, and Greece. The reason for this, in the case of Spain and Italy, is that lofty ranges of mountains form their northern boundary. The Turks object to railroads; and, as all lines connecting Greece with the rest of Europe are obliged to run through Turkey, Greece has very little land communication with other countries.

Europe has fine lines of telegraphs reaching to the remotest corners of the globe. There are at least a dozen lines across, or rather beneath the Atlantic Ocean, connecting Europe with America. England not only binds the Orkneys, the Shetlands, and other outlying British islands to herself by these useful wires, but has a direct line across two continents to India. From there another line reaches to Australia. Thanks to the telegraph spanning the world, the great British Empire, though widely scattered through many climes and oceans, is really united.

There are four countries on our own continent. They are Canada, the United States, Mexico, and Central America. It is very easy to see that the people of Canada and the United States resemble each other in appearance, language, and customs. The inhabitants of Mexico and Central America are very different from the people of Canada and the United States; and, at the same time, they are very much like each other. We may say then, that two families of nations live in North America, — one at the north and one at the south. The northern family comprises Canada and the United States. The southern family consists of Mexico and Central America.

In Europe there are three main families, — the northern family, the southern family, and the eastern family. The members of the northern family are England, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Austria, and Switzerland. The people of this family speak languages which have certain resemblances. They are also tall, strong, and fair, compared with the men of the southern family, who are smaller and darker.

The nations of the southern family are France, Spain, Portugal, and Italy.

The eastern family consists of Russia, Servia, Roumania, and Montenegro. The language of Russia is very different from that of western Europe. It seems, to the northern and southern families, jaw-breaking; but that is only because they were not brought up to speak it.

In addition to these families of nations, there are the Celts in Scotland and Ireland, and the Greeks in the southeastern corner of Europe.

There is another nation in Europe which we must call the stranger, as it is in no way related to the other families of Europe. All its kindred nations are in Asia. This nation is Turkey. It has no right to stay in Europe; its natural home is Asia; but, owing to peculiar circumstances, it is suffered to remain where it is.

CHAPTER II.

PICTURES OF ENGLISH LIFE.

Off the northwestern coast of Europe lies a group of islands which form the kingdom of Great Britain. The two largest islands are known as the islands of Great Britain and Ireland. The other islands are much smaller. They are scattered along the coast in groups, and probably once formed part of Great Britain or Ireland.

The groups to the north are the Shetland Islands, the Orkney Islands, and the Hebrides. To the south are two groups, — the Scilly Islands off the Cornish coast, and the Channel Islands near the northern coast of France. Three of the most important small islands stand alone. They are the Isle of Man, Anglesea Island, and the Isle of Wight.

The kingdom of Great Britain, though separated from the mainland, has always been closely connected with European affairs. The whole area of the kingdom is a little less than that of the states of Illinois, Indiana,

and West Virginia; yet such is the natural force and enterprise of the British people that they are to-day the richest and most powerful nation on the face of the globe. They control immense commercial and manufacturing interests, and their voice, when raised in the councils of nations, is generally listened to with deference. Great Britain has men, ships, and, above all, millions of money to support her position. With all this great power, she might have made herself a despot or a tyrant in Europe. It is but just to say, however, that, though sometimes her policy is selfish, on the whole her conduct has been just and honorable in the causes she has supported.

The Island of Great Britain includes England, Scotland, and Wales. England is the most important of these divisions. It contains London, the capital of the British Empire, and the great city of Liverpool.

Liverpool is one of the greatest seaports in the world. Its chief trading place is America. It has many lines of steamers to New York, as well as lines to Halifax, Boston, Philadelphia, and New Orleans. More ships enter its harbor yearly than any other port in the world. It is a wonderful sight that meets the eye as one gazes down the muddy river Mersey, on whose eastern shore Liverpool is built, and sees the forests of masts and funnels, and the fluttering army of gay flags from nearly all the nations on the face of the globe.

The Mersey is a tidal river. It is gradually filling up with sand; and it is believed that sometime the harbor of Liverpool may become as choked and worthless as the mouth of the river Dee to the south of it.

But meanwhile Liverpool flourishes. It has miles and miles of fine docks faced with stone. To walk around them would take a whole day. They enclose three hundred and forty acres of water, where many hundreds of ships are floating. There are similar docks on the opposite shore of the Mersey.

What has Liverpool in her monstrous warehouses with which to fill these ships? Manufacturing cities to the east send her their iron and steel goods; while coal and salt can always be obtained from the counties to the south and southwest. From America, Liverpool obtains cotton, which is manufactured into clothing for the English people; grains and live stock, which are needed for food; and tobacco, which is clearly an article of luxury.

Liverpool has a few interesting old buildings; but a spirit of business and activity pervades the city, which is more like that of the new world than the old. So the American traveler rarely stays long in Liverpool, but hastens on to London.

The English cars are very different from ours. To begin with, they are not called cars, but carriages. Each carriage is divided into three sections, — a first class, second class, and third class section. The first class is the most expensive section, and is, of course, occupied by the wealthier class of people.

A section consists of two long upholstered seats facing each other as in an American horse car, but running from side to side of the carriage. Windows at each end of the section allow the traveler to look at the scenery through which he is passing. The section is

locked between the stations. At various stations the tickets carried by the passengers are examined by railway officials, called guards.

The railroad track never crosses streets, as is often the case in America. It always runs above or below them in order to avoid the chance of accidents. The bridges and embankments are of solid stone and of excellent workmanship.

The scenery one beholds in journeying from Liverpool to London is remarkably pretty and peaceful. The most striking feature is the brilliant green grass. It is never a dusty green or a brown green, but always the fresh and tender green of early spring. It shines, too, with a beautiful gloss, and is often thickset with daisies. These daisies are smaller than the flower we call daisy in America, and their petals are usually tinged with pink. The English farmer dislikes them, and is always trying to uproot them.

The trees we behold are of fair size, but not particularly large nor ancient. They wave their branches peacefully beside gentle streams or over the low gray roofs of village churches.

Small towns cluster thickly along the way. They usually consist of a number of houses with trim white walls and neat roofs tiled with red. Their coloring, you see, resembles that of the daisy. Here and there a quaint old cross rises over the market place. Occasionally we obtain a glimpse of a pretentious dwelling, such as a villa or the country seat of some wealthy squire or small baronet. These grand houses stand in the midst of finely kept parks and small woods.

So we speed on our way to London, into which we plunge at six o'clock of a dull, rainy evening. Uproar, crowds, gloom, dirt in narrow streets, magnificence in wider streets, — such is the first confused impression we receive in driving from the depot to the hotel.

One might spend a lifetime studying London and, in the end, not know the city. It is a world in itself, and no small world either. It grows yearly in all directions. It swallows up the rural suburbs and changes their grassy lawns to paved streets. Over four million people live in London, of whom far too large a proportion never breathe any other than the smoky city air.

London lies on both sides of the river Thames. In the midland counties the Thames was a clear, rippling stream, but here it is a grimy and black river. Both shores are bordered with wharves, warehouses, and docks of various kinds. Here are the quarters of the wealthy East India Company, and like companies, which have made the fortunes of all men connected with them by their trade with the half-civilized people to the east and the west.

The river is crowded with shipping. Great ocean hulks covered with barnacles are hauled up for repairs; active barks are being loaded and unloaded at the wharves; small river steamers serving as ferry boats dart here and there; and wretched boats are rowed about by rough-looking men seeking employment along the shore.

There are several bridges across the Thames. Some are only used by railroads; others are for the public.

The most famous is London Bridge. The first London Bridge was built near the close of the tenth century, but that is not the one we see to-day.

There have been several London Bridges. One was burnt, and several were rebuilt. The present one cost ten million dollars. The heads of traitors used to be set up on the iron spikes of London Bridge for the people to gaze at as they passed by. The heads of Sir Thomas More, William Wallace, and many other noted men have been displayed here. I should think that the ghastly line of skulls would have made the bridge a terrible place to cross, but the people of Elizabeth's day did not seem to mind it.

There used to be stores on the bridge; but, as the city grew, extra space was required and they were removed. To-day London Bridge is the busiest place in all the great busy city. A struggling mass of people and teams, as closely packed as sardines, swarm over every moment of the day. It has been calculated that eight thousand people on foot and nine hundred vehicles cross every hour. The roar from the bridge comes to one at a distance like the rumble of remote thunder.

A short distance above London Bridge, the northern side of the Thames has been much improved and beautified. The river shore has been edged with stone and a wide driveway has been laid out. This improvement is a modern one, and is known as the Victoria Embankment. Another embankment called by Prince Albert's name has been constructed on the opposite shore.

Following up the Thames, we come into the charming suburbs, where the river is edged by fields and private

lawns on which gay family parties are laughing and chatting about small tea tables set beneath the sturdy English elms. The river is gay with boats and skiffs. Some of them are propelled by young ladies. Others are pulled by lads practising for the races, which are yearly held on the reach of the river above Putney Bridge.

There is one portion of London called "the city." It is the section, in all this busy world, where the most business is transacted. The spot where the Royal Exchange and the Bank of England stand side by side might be considered its center. The business transacted here has its effect on the wide world. Prices given for cotton, wool, and grains, and the exact value that money is worth from day to day here in this little square, are apt to affect the business prosperity of us in America. It is very hard to understand how this can be; but it is a fact nevertheless.

The most wonderful sight in all London is the crowds of people. They surge through Fleet Street and the Strand. They elbow past one another in the narrow streets by the water. We find them choosing vegetables and flowers at Covent Garden; and inspecting the fish at Billingsgate, the largest fish market in the world.

The busy stream of life runs as resistlessly and steadily through the streets of London as the Thames itself in its appointed channel. Yet there are a few shoals in it. There are some quiet nooks where a few spirits have gathered, near the crowd and yet just out of it. Among these places are the "Inns of Court." Here

lawyers and literary men find quiet and retirement from the whirl of city life.

Imagine grass-grown courts surrounded by very ancient and quaint-looking stone buildings, crowded closely together so as to leave but narrow lanes for entrance or exit. Perhaps there may be a fragment of an old church dating back to the time of the crusaders. There is such a one in the Temple, which was once the home of the class of crusaders known as the Knights Templars.

The Temple has its traditions of Shakespeare, Goldsmith, and Lamb. Goldsmith is buried here; and some modern lawyer, with a love of the quaint and gentle essayist, will show you up a short, narrow staircase to the chamber where Charles Lamb dwelt for many years that he might not be far from his dear Fleet Street.

There are many interesting places that one finds while strolling about the city streets. Not a few of them are associated with dearly loved authors or books. Here is the Charterhouse School where Thackeray was so unhappy, and Christ's Hospital where Coleridge used to tell his marvelous stories to his blue-coated comrades. There the cold blank walls of Newgate Prison frown down, even as they did when set on fire by the Gordon rioters while the wretched inmates were shrieking for mercy. And here, here, is Smithfield, where for many decades the flames were fed with martyrs, — Papists at one time, and Protestants the next.

Two of the most important public buildings in the city are St. Paul's Church and the Tower of London. St. Paul's has a lofty dome surmounted by a golden

cross which makes it a landmark for all the country round. It is so surrounded by lofty buildings that a view of the whole church is impossible. From a distance, only the dome is visible; as one draws near the church, the lofty façade appears towering high above one's head and hiding the dome from sight.

The interior is somewhat bare. The walls of the continental churches are so covered with paintings, carvings, gilding, and mosaics, that a plain, undecorated space of wall appears almost shabby. Still the church is massive and beautiful, and the vast space is impressive.

The deep-toned bell bears this curious inscription: — "Richard Phelps made me, 1716." It strikes the hour, but is never rung except on the death of some member of the royal family, the Bishop of London, or the Lord Mayor while in office. This rule was broken when President Garfield died; for then the English paid us the courtesy of ringing the bell of St. Paul's.

It is a surprise to find that England, whose noblest gift to her great men is a place in Westminster Abbey, should have suffered the bodies of Wellington and Nelson, her chief defenders against Bonaparte, to be buried in St. Paul's. The same roof shelters the great soldier and the great sailor. In the crypt may be seen the tombs of Turner, Reynolds, and Dr. Johnson.

The Tower of London is a huge jumble of battlemented walls, gateways, and towers. It is the oldest building used by the government in England. The White Tower was built in the time of William the Conqueror, and additions have been made to it in suc-

ceeding reigns. The Tower is surrounded by a moat, which, however, contains no water.

The room in which are the royal jewels, is the most interesting. The jewels are in a huge case of glass and iron, and are carefully guarded. The crown of Queen Victoria is a wonderful exhibition of the skill of the goldsmith. Beside being finely wrought, it is set with three thousand beautiful diamonds. The largest diamond belonging to the British sovereign, the Kohinoor, is at Windsor, but a model of it is seen in the case at the Tower.

The guide shows the various prisons and strong chambers in which the royalty and nobility of the past have pined away and died. King James of Scotland, poor little Edward V. and his small brother, Lady Jane Grey, Queen Elizabeth, and Sir Walter Raleigh, were all imprisoned here at different times. King James and Queen Elizabeth were released, but the others all met death in various ways. Sometimes an execution took place in the Tower; but the doomed person to whom this privilege was given was usually a member of the royal family.

"The city" divides London into two parts. That to the east of "the city" is called the East End; that to west, the West End. The contrast between the two sections is as black is to white.

The East End is the abode of poverty, misery, and vice. Here are narrow, dirty streets with tenement houses a dozen stories in height, casting a cold gloom below. The houses, even to the stairways, are swarming with people. From three to a dozen persons occupy

each small room ten feet long by eight feet wide. It is more like the wretched quarter of an Italian city than like what we should expect in England.

Crowds of children play in the gutters, and men and women sit idly on the doorsteps and stare stupidly after you, if you have dared to come down here to Whitechapel. It is decidedly a question of daring, for lurking about the corners are fierce-looking thieves eyeing you stealthily.

At the windows of the houses may be seen pallid girls sewing away for dear life, pausing for a moment occasionally to catch a mouthful of food. They stitch, stitch, stitch, from six in the morning till ten and eleven at night, day after day and year after year. All they work for is to preserve life, and so wretched is that life that the wonder is they work at all.

If their sewing is poorly done, very likely they are "drilled." In such a case, they are told to wait for work; and then no work is given them. They stand hour after hour, and sometimes day after day, until it may please those in authority to release them. It is exhausting to a strong man to stand still for hours. What must a delicate, hungry girl endure in the same circumstances! If she refuses to wait, she loses her only means of livelihood.

It is often suggested that the poor would be healthier and happier in the country just outside of London. That is true, but it is impossible for them to live there. They must be near their places of employment. London is so vast that it would take too much time to come and go between the home and the workshop. So

the poor herd together, rent is consequently higher, and all are helplessly miserable. Good people come from the West End, and try to relieve their sufferings and to give them some means of enjoyment; but such efforts are as a drop in the bucket. Meanwhile the East End continues to be the abode of crime and suffering of every kind.

How different it is at the West End! Here the streets are wide and handsome, and there are many large and beautiful parks where the air is fresh and free from the city smoke.

These parks are for the poor as well as for the rich. But they are nearer the dwellings of the rich, and somehow the poor people frequent them very little. On Sundays, or on bank holidays, which occur occasionally on Monday, some of the more respectable poor come over to the West End, and walk in Hyde Park or Regent's Park.

The houses of the West End consist either of stately blocks of brick or stone, or single buildings so elegant as to merit the name of palaces. These palaces are inhabited by lords, earls, dukes, and princes. The Queen's London house, Buckingham Palace, is also here.

Certain districts to the north of "the city" such as Camden Town, Kentish Town, Islington, and the like, are unfashionable localities. Bookkeepers, clerks, and well-to-do mechanics have their homes here; and either walk daily to their places of business or take an omnibus.

There are four parks at the West End. They are Regent's Park, Hyde Park, Green Park, and St. James' Park.

Regent's Park is smaller than Hyde Park, and not so fashionable. It contains the Zoölogical Gardens; and, on that account, is much visited by governesses and their pupils, and by nursery maids and their young charges. A trip to the "Zoo," as the English children call the Zoölogical collection, is a real treat. It is one fit to be offered as a reward for the conquest of a Latin declension or a French verb.

Jumbo spent many years of his life in Regent's Park, and many English children wept when they learned that Mr. Barnum had bought him for ten thousand dollars and intended to carry him to America. The lions and the cage of monkeys are the chief attraction now to the "Zoo." The sea lions and the hippopotami are interesting, while the seals perform curious tricks as they are fed.

Hyde Park is adjoined by Kensington Gardens, and the two together form the largest breathing space in London. The park contains shady walks and rides, green stretches of turf, and an ornamental lake called the Serpentine. Society people ride horseback in a walk called Rotten Row during the hours from twelve to two, and drive in another quarter of the park between four and six.

The English of the upper class, both men and women, are superb riders. They pride themselves upon their beautiful horses. At noon the Row is thronged with spirited, high-stepping horses with arching necks, which are ridden with exquisite grace by fair-haired young English women. Military men and young men of fashion may also be seen, curbing their restless steeds

to chat with the friends whom they have chanced to meet.

On each side of the Row is a walk. One of these walks is regularly filled with crowds who come to look at the riding. There are seats beneath the trees for elderly people who wish to rest; while tall and slender schoolgirls walk up and down for their morning's airing, attended by a governess or elderly relation.

Later in the day, the crowd is transferred to the drive. Six rows of carriages are moving to and fro. The horses are walking, as no quicker movement is possible in the dense throng. Three rows of vehicles are moving in one direction, and three in the opposite direction. Policemen are stationed at intervals to direct the coachmen, and to prevent any plebeian vehicle from joining the lines where the élite of London drive leisurely and bow languidly to one another.

Kensington Gardens is a lovely quiet place. It is not fashionable like the park, and so is seldom crowded. Great trees bend their branches to the ground. The walks are either shady with shrubbery or bright with bordering flower beds and dashing fountains. Kensington Palace, standing in the Gardens, contains a picture gallery and a fine geological collection, which has recently been removed here from the National Gallery.

Not far from St. James' Park, are St. James Street and Piccadilly. Many famous club houses are here, where men of wealth and fashion and leisure spend much of their time. The club seems to serve as a home to them. Some of the members have no other

homes; others, who have, still keep their membership because of the pleasure which the club society affords them.

The devoted club man stops in the morning to read the newspaper; he brings a friend in to lunch with him; he lounges and chats all the afternoon with chance comers. In the evening he dines there with a party of friends, who play several games of billiards. Perhaps they run into a neighboring theatre to see the last act of a popular play, and then return to their cards and a snug little supper at twelve. The club man hies to his home at one; his valet puts him to bed; and at ten o'clock the next morning he appears at his club, ready to begin the same round again.

In the neighborhood of the parks is a grand old building, which visitors to London most wish to see. It is Westminster Abbey.

This historic building is older than the Norman Conquest. It was first designed for the burial place of English kings and queens, but gradually it came to pass that all the good and great men of England were honored with a burial here. Think what a rich and sacred place this must be, which has garnered in all the glory and worth of the English nation for one thousand years.

One of the oldest tombs is that of Edward the Confessor, the founder of the Abbey. Dean Stanley's is one of the latest. He, more than any other man, labored to reveal to the English people the treasures of historical value and inspiration that their Abbey contains.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The interior may seem disappointing at first. The architecture is not especially striking, and both walls and floor have a dark and worn look. The memorials of the dead seem too numerous; and one is confused by the glowing tributes to men, great in their day but long since forgotten.

But wait awhile. As one wanders up and down, reading the epitaphs and gazing at the busts or figures of the heroes of the past, the wonder and glory of the Abbey begins to fill the mind with light, and the whole place seems transfigured.

Poets' Corner comes to occupy in one's mind more than the corner allotted to it in the Abbey. It easily rivals the memorials of the Plantagenets, the Tudors, and the Stuarts. Here are busts of Shakespeare, Milton, and our own Longfellow. Dickens and Thackeray are both buried here. Not far away is a small stone bearing the words: "O rare Ben Jonson." This celebrated playwriter asked his sovereign for a spot eighteen inches square in Westminster Abbey. The request was granted, and he was buried upright that he might not occupy more than the stipulated measure of ground. "O rare Ben Jonson," the remark of a passer-by, was chosen as the epitaph for his tomb.

Monuments that are especially interesting to Americans are those of the Earl of Chatham and Major André. After the Revolution, the Americans returned the body of the unfortunate young soldier to the British. They laid it in the Abbey, and erected a fine monument to mark the spot. Britannia is represented mourning over his early death, while the British lion

stands beside her. A bas-relief below portrays one of the closing scenes in André's life.

Two stained glass windows have been recently placed in the Abbey by a rich American. One is to honor George Herbert, and the other the poet Cowper.

In the chapel where Edward the Confessor is buried stands the English coronation chair. Below the seat, set in the open framework, is the famous Scone stone. Upon this rock the Scottish kings were crowned, and it was a crushing blow to Scotland when Edward I. carried it away to England. From that time the English kings have been crowned upon the Scone stone.

Henry VII.'s chapel was an important addition to the Abbey, and a very beautiful one. It is separated from the older building by a flight of stairs and ornamental brass gates.

Perhaps the two most interesting tombs in this chapel are those of Queen Elizabeth and her celebrated rival, Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots. The tombs of both monarchs are similar. A statue of each royal princess rests upon her tomb, with the head pillowed on a cushion of stone. Mary has a beautifully shaped head, while Elizabeth wears the same lionlike look that was hers in life.

So one recalls the romances and realities of the past, while sauntering up and down the quiet Abbey, as the mellow western light through the stained glass windows is slowly fading, and the shouts of the boys of Westminster School near by ring out at their play.

They once were allowed to play in this sacred Abbey, and the hollows for marbles, carved with their jack-

knives, may still be seen in the worn stone floor. Bless the boys! They are the same from age to age. Those clumsy cuts seem to bring the past very near, and with it the bright-faced boys who grew up perhaps into grim and straight-laced covenanters and long-haired and dashing cavaliers, fighting each other to the death.

Adjoining the Abbey are the Houses of Parliament. The Parliament makes the laws that govern the English people. Like our Congress, it has two legislative bodies. They are the House of Lords and the House of Commons. The members of the House of Commons are elected by the people.

The Parliament buildings cover eight acres. They are ornamented with many spires, towers, and buttresses. The chambers where the two houses meet seem very much like the interiors of old churches. The lofty ceilings, walls, and furniture are of dark, carved wood. The upholstery of the seats is dark. Gothic windows of stained glass let in a limited amount of daylight.

The Hall of the House of Commons has rows of seats ranged on opposite sides of the room and facing each other. They are separated by an aisle called the gangway. At the head of the gangway is the Speaker's desk. Those members who believe in the policy of the prime minister, sit on the right of the Speaker. Those members who oppose him, sit on the left.

There are galleries running round the four sides of the room. That over the Speaker's head is occupied by newspaper reporters. The opposite gallery is for gentleman visitors. Etiquette requires lady visitors to climb to a gallery still loftier, enclosed by a wire screen

through which they gaze and view indistinctly what goes on below.

Many famous scenes have taken place in this dark and stately chamber. Pitt and Fox made their great speeches here in the time of George III.; Gladstone and Disraeli opposed each other in this place; the "grand old man" still speaks, but his words fall upon the ears of a later generation, for now (1892) it is Balfour, Harcourt, and Labouchere who listen to his strong words.

The sessions of the House, strangely enough, last from four in the afternoon till early the next morning. The lights of the Parliament House make the square a brilliant scene by night.

The House of Lords is a more dignified body than the House of Commons. The bishops and archbishops of England are entitled to seats in the House of Lords. The Queen's throne is in this chamber, and here she annually opens Parliament and makes her speech.

A short distance up the Thames on the further side of the river from the Parliament House is Lambeth Palace. This large red brick building, set in its charming grounds, was once the home of Cardinal Wolsey. Here he kept open house, often entertaining hundreds of guests at a time.

Wolsey gave this palace to Henry VIII., and it was used as a royal residence by many of the Tudors and the Stuarts. Queen Anne was especially fond of Lambeth Palace. Soon after Victoria came to the throne, she deeded this palace and its spacious grounds to the people of England. It is now a public resort and a place for family parties.

One of the chief squares of London is Trafalgar Square. It contains a lofty monument in honor of Lord Nelson, who won a battle from the French at Cape Trafalgar. One of the old London crosses formerly stood here, but it has been removed. The northern side of the square is occupied by the National Gallery, which contains a fine collection of pictures.

Nearer "the city" is the British Museum, surrounded by a network of quiet squares and streets. The houses here were once fashionable homes, but long since the signs and cards of the respectable boarding house keeper have appeared in the windows. The nearness of the Museum is the great attraction of this locality to students and scholars of all kinds.

Next to the National Library of Paris, the Museum contains more books than any other building in the world. It has nearly two million volumes, and a great number of valuable manuscripts.

Here are also famous collections of Egyptian and Grecian works of art. Perhaps the most noted object is the Rosetta Stone with its lettering of Greek characters and Egyptian hieroglyphics. It was by this stone that the clew was obtained to the method of reading the written language of the Egyptians. By this discovery, a flood of light was thrown over the history of the past.

Many charming excursions may be made from London. One is to the Crystal Palace, an immense structure of plate glass and iron, where one can behold the products and industries of a dozen countries in as many hours. A day spent in careful study in that building is worth more than reading a stack of geogra-

phy books. The Palace, like a huge, glittering jewel, stands in the midst of its gardens, forests, and parks. Beyond, the lovely county of Surrey with its heather-covered hills rolls away on all sides.

Greenwich and Richmond Hill are pleasant places to visit, as is also Windsor. Greenwich looks out on the Thames, while Richmond has a wide and beautiful park and also commands a fine view of distant London. The view of the city by night is especially impressive. "It is as if all the constellations of the sky had fallen into an ebony ocean." Greenwich and Richmond are famous for the good dinners that can be obtained at their hotels.

Windsor is a small town, chiefly noted for being near Windsor Castle, one of the residences of the Queen. The castle is a very old and beautiful one. It has towers and galleries of all dates, and is thickly covered with ivy. When Victoria is present, the British flag is raised.

Windsor Park contains the memorial chapel built by the Queen to her dead husband, Prince Albert. He is buried here, and a beautifully executed statue represents the prince in armor lying upon his tomb. All the decorations of the chapel, the windows, and the carvings in wood and marble are most delicate and perfect in their execution.

The gayest months of London are those between Easter and the middle of August. That time is called the "season." And it is indeed a season of festivities for the people of leisure who dwell at the West End.

Here are Lady Silverreed and her two daughters, Maud and Florence. They are in the very highest society, and their desks are piled with cards of invitation. Let us follow them through one day.

To begin with, they were at a ball the preceding evening, which did not close until four o'clock. They sleep until eleven o'clock, when, instead of having a leisurely breakfast at home, they are obliged to hurry off to a breakfast party given by a friend several squares away. They eat very little, as they are aware of a lunch which they must attend a little later.

After the lunch, the daughters mount their horses, and, attended by their groom, pace slowly up and down the Row for an hour. In the afternoon Maud attends a garden party with her aunt, while Florence makes the round of several afternoon teas with her mother.

Maud scarcely enjoys the garden party. It is May, and the spring is backward. The lawns and walks are prettily decorated with bunting and tents; but a chill east wind arises, a suggestion of fog fills the air, and not even the hot drinks can prevent the guests from sharing the general depression.

Perhaps there is a drive in Hyde Park and a moment of leisure, before it is time to prepare for the evening's festivities. What, more festivities? Yes, indeed, for now comes a stately dinner where noblemen, distinguished writers, artists, travelers, and politicians are guests. Then follows a wearisome round of receptions, private concerts, parties, and balls.

They are not expected to spend the evening at one place, but are to show themselves at all the grand

houses. So they are crushed in small drawing-rooms, as they try to speak to the hostess, and are pushed about if they venture to dance. They arrive at a concert in a private residence only to learn that they are just too late to hear the great Patti sing. They almost catch their deaths in cold draughts in halls, while waiting near the open door to hear their carriage announced.

The carriages are ranged in definite order; and preserve this order, as they slowly move to the entrance and pass on. When a carriage comes opposite the door, the head footman, a powdered individual with a big wig, calls out: "Lady So-and-So's carriage blocks the way." Only a moment is allowed for the carriage to wait. If Lady So-and-So is not promptly ready, her coachman must drive on and she herself must wait her turn once more.

At three o'clock Lady Silverreed says, "Home," to her coachman, and this day is over. Florence enjoys the "season" exceedingly, but Maud expresses a wish for their old schoolroom with its faded furniture and familiar desks, its early hours and healthful work.

Don't you think this is a hard life to lead? Do you wonder that these gay butterflies need to seek country or seaside air to recruit themselves for next year? But the "season" is not over until Parliament closes, and Parliament is sometimes a weary while in closing.

But in those gay months there are two events which are really different from the others and interesting in themselves. One is the day of the great cricket match between Harrow and Eton. The other is the day of the Derby race.

Harrow and Eton are two of the large public schools which prepare boys for college. Many of the lads belong to the highest families in England, and their relatives are glad to go down to see the match between the rival schools. Because a few great people go, all the rest have to follow. More than half the crowd do not see the match. It is merely a picnic to them. They ride down in drags, add their carriages to the lines already five or six deep, and lunch and chat with acquaintances they may meet.

The day of the Derby race is even more of an event. The Prince of Wales and his family usually attend it, occupying places reserved for the court and the great men expected to be present. Once parties attending the races chartered coaches and drove down, but nowadays they are more apt to take the train. All the ladies try to have some new and striking costume, and the carriages and stands surrounding the race course are bright with spring colors and gay and laughing faces.

The race is run by horses the fleetest and most beautiful of their kind. They are ridden by jockeys, and are known by colors which the jockey and the horse alike wear. The jockeys thoroughly understand horses, and each knows well the strong points of the animal he is to ride. He knows when a word, a pat, a slight movement of the rein, is needed to spur the horse to his utmost.

The horses used in these races are beauties. They all have striking names, and their photographs have made people, far and wide, acquainted with them.

They stand in line and, at a signal, speed away from us. Having run a given distance, they turn, and come back toward their starting point. Each horse seems a bird, so rapidly does he skim the ground. The bright sashes of the jockey coats gleam above the horse's shining flanks.

Several horses advance before the others, a half length, — a full length. The thin, sharp faces of the leaders seem straining to their utmost. Two are to the front, a bay horse and a gray; and, just at the last, the bay, by a mighty effort, heaves ahead. Bend Ox! Bend Ox has won the Derby! His jockey is on the ground, patting and caressing the foaming creature, praising him, loving him, almost adoring him. People are flocking around the victor. His name is on every lip and has already been telegraphed to all corners of England. A fine sight it is, to see almost perfectly matched horses run such a magnificent race.

But there is another and a darker side to the Derby that must not be overlooked. It is a sad and terrible fact that among high and low, rich and poor, the races are made the occasion of betting. Men stake their all upon a certain horse. If he is outrun, they lose everything they possess; if he wins, they are wealthy for life.

The moment or two of the actual race finds such a man watching the horses with bloodless lips and straining eyes. His heart is on his lips, his life is in his hands. Is that, oh, is that, the green, his color, in the lead? No! So while the victor's name is being hailed with shouts of joy by many, for many more it is a knell of despair.

Parliament has at last closed. Society people are glad to leave London, which in the fall and winter is more disagreeable than usual. The London fog, which begins as a yellow haze and deepens into a thick, black cloud, is frequent at this season of the year. People sometimes lose their way in these fogs, and grope around until morning. Lanterns fail to pierce the gloom, and cabs wander helplessly about with frightened tourists.

Under such cheerless circumstances those who can gladly take a run on the continent, or a trip to Brighton or the Isle of Wight. Some hire shooting boxes in Scotland, while others seek their country seats in Surrey, Devonshire, Berkshire, or Hampshire.

These homes are delightful. The house is usually a large and well-built one, standing perhaps on terraces. It has a fine driveway bordered with stately oaks and elms, leading through the spacious park to the house. The gardens are well stocked with choice varieties of flowers, and are laid out with a certain trim regularity. The beds are circles or hearts, bordered with box. The market garden is an interesting place, with peach trees trained against the sunny brick wall. There are conservatories, and graperies, and furthermore, well-kept stables and kennels which are the pride of the owner's heart.

The house is usually filled with guests, but perfect freedom is allowed to everybody. Life moves on in a pleasant, leisurely way, and the guests amuse themselves as they choose.

Breakfast is a desultory meal, at which the household discusses the plans for the day. The gentlemen then go out hunting in the extensive preserves of their host. The ladies join them at twelve with the lunch. The shots are described, and the contents of the game bags admired.

In the afternoon tea is served in the drawing-room at five, and another informal gathering takes place then. Dinner at eight is always, in England, a solemn affair. The gentlemen have changed their royal tweed suits for evening dress, and the ladies, also, are elaborately arrayed.

The great event in the country is a fox hunt. The gentlemen of the county usually own a pack of hounds, which is kept at the house of some great nobleman. He is consequently known as the master of the hounds.

Before the hunt takes place, men go around stopping up the fox's burrows, or holes. He then has no place of retreat, and so is obliged to run for his life over the open country.

On the chosen day the riders gather at the appointed place. It may be either a quaint old inn, such as "The Red Boar," or "The White Hart," or the meeting of four crossroads. The men wear pink coats, and perhaps white trousers and yellow gaiters. A few ladies in their dark habits may be there, intending to follow as far as they can. The rule is to pursue the fox in a straight line, leaping ditches, walls, and hedges, and even swimming rivers.

The fox is raised, and the deep bay of the hounds

direction of the chase. The pink coats follow

over hill, over dale,
Through bush, through brier."

Puck's winged flight may serve
which the hunters ride. After the
they return quietly along the route,
the frightful leaps they made in their
Many men are thrown and killed

are carefully guarded by game-
youths, like men of higher birth,
and blue jays are but small
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bringing down a bird at dusk. So he
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by the gamekeeper; and is
the chief magistrate of the
imprisonment for any time
One of these youths,
thing to say in his self-de-
I sees 'un a flyin'!"
in the country. The
to make for his tenants,
estates to discuss with

works of charity.
help the curate

in his visiting among the ivy-covered cottages that cluster so prettily along the road. They also plan entertainments and penny readings to delight the simple rustic lads in corduroys and velveteens, and the beautiful, clear-eyed girls with their truly rosy cheeks. These readings are usually given in the schoolhouse, and a penny is the small admission fee.

We have visited the honored places in London, the center and heart of England, and have seen somewhat of city and country life. Now let us go to the far north of England; and, zigzagging southward, let us pause on our way wherever there is a place of especial beauty or note.

The three northern counties are Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmoreland. They are so near Scotland that it is not strange that they should resemble it somewhat. They are rugged and wild, and have low hills carpeted with masses of purple heather.

Cumberland and Westmoreland together form what has been called the lake country. The scenery here is romantic, and resembles somewhat the region about Lake Katrine in Scotland. Here are the small, picturesque lakes of Ulleswater, Durwentwater, and Windermere, bordered with grasses and sedges on one side, while on the opposite shore a lofty peak like Skiddaw or Helvellyn rises upward, seeming to cut off half the sky.

One great charm of this region is that its aspect is constantly changing. The misty clouds roll in from the Atlantic, and shadow the lakes. For ten minutes all is dark and gloomy; then comes a fresh breeze; the clouds are driven away, and sunshine reigns again.

shows the direction of the chase. The pink coats follow closely, recklessly,

> "Over hill, over dale,
> Through bush, through brier."

The words describing Puck's winged flight may serve for the wild way in which the hunters ride. After the hunt is over, as they return quietly along the route, they shudder at the frightful leaps they made in their wild excitement. Many men are thrown and killed yearly.

The game preserves are carefully guarded by gamekeepers, for the village youths, like men of higher birth, enjoy shooting. Robins and blue jays are but small prey, compared to partridges, grouse, and the like. It seems to the country lad a pity that all game should belong to the nobleman, and that it should be thieving to try a hand at knocking down a bird at dusk. So he yields to temptation, and goes hunting in the nobleman's grounds; is arrested by the gamekeeper; and is accused of poaching before the chief magistrate of the county. The penalty is imprisonment for any time from three months to two years. One of these youths, when asked if he had anything to say in his self-defence, said awkwardly, "Ah well! I sees 'un a flyin'!"

But it is not all play here in the country. The gentleman has cottage repairs to make for his tenants, and business connected with his estates to discuss with his agent.

The ladies employ themselves in works of charity. They teach in the Sunday school, or help the curate

in his visiting among the ivy-covered cottages that cluster so prettily along the road. They also plan entertainments and penny readings to delight the simple rustic lads in corduroys and velveteens, and the beautiful, clear-eyed girls with their truly rosy cheeks. These readings are usually given in the schoolhouse, and a penny is the small admission fee.

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We now enter Warwickshire, the garden of England, a region rich enough in associations to claim us for some time.

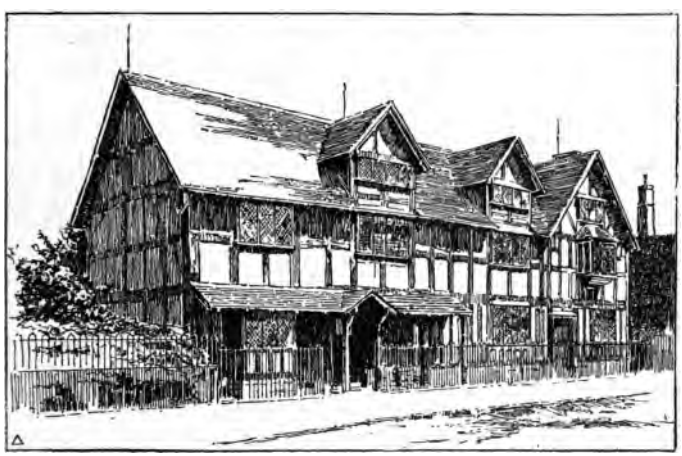
The great play writer, William Shakespeare, was born in the town of Stratford-upon-Avon in the county of Warwick. The Avon River is a small, somewhat sluggish stream flowing through the meadows, and past the beautiful little village church where the great poet is buried. The water ripples over the dam, and swans swim slowly about, just as they did three hundred years ago.

The river has not changed, but the town has. Stratford was, until very recently, a stupid, quiet little place with two or three roads bordered by cottages. These cottages had old-fashioned casements set with diamond panes of glass and porches covered by climbing roses. Now a spirit of enterprise has taken possession of the place. It has become a small railroad center, and some breweries have been built.

Shakespeare's birthplace is a low wooden cottage in the center of the town. It has a porch covered with a curiously sloping roof, above which is a window of greater breadth than height. The roof has several dormer windows. On the ground floor are the kitchen and two bedrooms. The kitchen is a good-sized room with massive oak beams and a fine old fireplace the size of a small room. A short, narrow staircase leads to the room upstairs where Shakespeare is supposed to have been born.

This apartment has become a Mecca to all lovers of literature. It is unfortunate that the earlier pilgrims

found no better vent to their enthusiasm than writing their names upon the walls. The walls are literally covered with autographs. No fresh one could be added without erasing one previously written. Dickens and Walter Scott have cut their names on the windowpanes, and the book in which visitors register their names contains those of Byron, Keats, Thackeray, and Tennyson.



SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE.

There is a silence that is very impressive about the house. This hush is especially profound in the chamber upstairs. It is said that some visitors have been moved to tears, and that others have knelt and kissed the floor. One enthusiastic stranger is reported to have rolled over and over on the oak planks, his emotions were so strong. It is safe to say that he was a Frenchman; no Englishman would have been so absurd.

The other rooms on the second floor have been used as a museum, where are exhibited the very few relics of Shakespeare. We see his chair, his desk, the box in which his will was found, one of his old letters, and a portrait, said to be the only true likeness in existence. These relics are carefully guarded; and no one is allowed to smoke or strike a light in the cottage, lest it should take fire.

Trinity Church is a beautiful building. Its spire is a very graceful one; a fine avenue of lime trees leads to the door; and there is heard the rippling sound of the Avon running past the churchyard. Here is a peaceful spot to lie buried in. So Shakespeare thought. He was carried through the stately avenue, and laid to rest in the church chancel. This epitaph, written by himself, was carved upon the stone marking his tomb: —

> "Dear friend, for Jesus' sake forbeare
> To dig the dust enclosed here;
> Blessed be he that spares these stones
> And cursed be he that moves my bones."

It is these words which have prevented people from ever disturbing the grave of Shakespeare. It has been often discussed. Many have wanted him removed to Westminster Abbey; others have thought that an examination might settle perplexing questions of his identity and establish the rightful likeness among his many different pictures. But these few lines have kept him secure.

It seems as if the poet who knew human nature most profoundly, had done his utmost to make his last

words effective by appealing to the superstitious awe and dread of the unknown that still lies deep in most souls.

A short distance from Trinity Church, on the Avon River, a memorial building has been raised in the last few years. It contains a theatre modeled on those of Shakespeare's time, a library in which it is proposed to collect the books written concerning the great dramatist and his plays, and a museum. It is hoped that any objects of interest concerning Shakespeare or his town and times, to be found in the possession of private individuals, may be eventually contributed to this museum. The future value and importance of the memorial building promises to be great.

Twelve miles across the fields from Stratford is Kenilworth. This is the first ruined castle that we have seen. You must not imagine it like a large church or schoolhouse with the walls partially falling down. That is far smaller than a true castle. Think of several acres, a space covering a few squares and streets of your city, enclosed by lofty walls and towers, sixteen feet in thickness.

These towers and buildings of Kenilworth Castle are very ancient, some more so than others. That round tower was built by the early Normans; that banqueting hall with the fine pointed windows belongs to the time of the Plantagenets; and this range of rooms was added in the reign of Elizabeth. The floors of the towers are gone. Only the sockets in the thick wall, where the beams rested, and the fireplaces high in air, show where once there was a room with light and warmth and cheer.

The crumbling walls owe their beauty to the ivy climbing everywhere. It fills the gaping windows, empty of pane and sash, and waves its sprays along the jagged walls like battle flags. The ivy of Kenilworth Castle is of unusual luxuriance. The trunk of the ivy on the old Norman round tower is two feet thick.

This castle was a favorite resort of Henry VIII., Elizabeth, and Charles I. Elizabeth presented it to the Earl of Leicester, who afterwards entertained her here most magnificently. It is said that the decorations alone cost sixty thousand pounds. You will read all about this some day in Scott's novel, Kenilworth, where much is told concerning Leicester's young and beautiful wife, Amy Robsart. It is she whom tourists visiting Kenilworth most vividly recall.

The two universities of England are Oxford and Cambridge. Oxford is the older. It is situated on the Thames, and through the warm months slim boats may constantly be seen on the river, pulled by undergraduates developing muscle for the college races of the year.

The view of Oxford is impressive. Multitudes of towers and spires rise majestically from stately stone buildings enclosing quadrangular courts. No brick chimneys lessen the impressiveness of the hoary buildings and their surroundings of gardens, ponds, and avenues of trees. The horizon is bounded by low hills rising from the peaceful river valley.

Each one of these buildings is a college, having its own officers, teachers, and students. The colleges to-

gether make up the university. Some of the colleges are old, some new. Some are rich, others poor. Some are famous for having educated England's wisest sons. Others are the narrow but noted stage on which great revolutions in religious and political thought were worked out.

Perhaps the most perfect of all the colleges is Magdalen. It has beautiful meadows stretching down to the river, a deer park, and many fine old trees. One of the largest elms in England grows here. The college building itself is stately; noble cloisters draped with ivy surround the quadrangle; and a lofty tower rises above the whole.

One breathes in Oxford an atmosphere of traditionary greatness. Many customs are continued to the present day, just because they were observed in the past. Every May-day morning at five o'clock, the chapel choir of Magdalen mount to the top of the tower and sing several hymns. This custom comes down from the time of Henry VII.

The students wear long dark robes and quaint, square-crowned caps. This has been the college dress for generations. In this garb appeared Dr. Johnson, Keble, Shelley, and Newman.

Cambridge University is very much like Oxford in its buildings and beautiful surroundings. Its policy is, however, somewhat more liberal. It admits women to its courses of study.

It would be charming to spend some time at Salisbury, beneath the shadow of its perfect spire. Should you not like to stay in one of the few private houses in the

cathedral enclosure, and hear the rooks cawing, and see the old dean and his chapter passing through the pleasant courtyard to attend morning and evening service in their beloved church?

It would also be pleasant to visit Stonehenge and its broken circle of stones, relics of ages so remote that people differ as to just how many hundreds of years we are to count back toward the early morning of the world's history, to reach the time when the rude boulders were set in place and the ancient temple of worship was formed.

The Isle of Wight, off the southern coast of England, is a small world of beauty. The climate is warm and mild; the vegetation is unusually luxuriant; the walks along the downs, or high cliffs by the sea, are breezy and delightful; and the ruined castle at Carrisbrook and the associations of Tennyson with the island make a residence at Ryde or Ventnor exceedingly attractive.

But we cannot leave England without seeing Devonshire, which has been called the pearl of the English counties. It lies to the west, and beyond it is Cornwall, where the usual hedgerows of England give way to stone walls.

The Devon lanes are well known. They are very narrow and winding. They seem deep as well as narrow, for high banks rise on each side, upon which grow lofty hedges, broken here and there by an ancient oak or elm. The trunk of the tree is overgrown with climbing plants, and the hedges are spangled with flowers.

From the mossy banks beneath the hedges grow cowslips, primroses, and daffodils, in the springtime. Later

in the year wild flowers of more decided hues appear; green, red, and black berries are found; and the old stumps of trees are beautiful with mantling ivy.

In the fall the rosy children come trooping through the lanes to gather blackberries. Those are happy and mild autumn days. The wild honeysuckle sweetens the air with its fragrance; the leaves burn and shine in red and yellow splendor overhead; and the busy bees hum about, gathering the last honey of the year.

The lanes are shut in on both sides, and sometimes overhead when the lofty hedges bend across the narrow way and hide the sky. But now and then a break in the hedgerow will occur that affords a wide and beautiful view. The hill perhaps slopes abruptly down to a brown trout stream; red Devon cattle stand up to their shoulders in the grass and buttercups, gazing tranquilly at the stranger; and far away stretch plains bathed in a purple light, due to the abundance of heather, which grows as profusely here as in Scotland.

Further on, another sudden outlook is obtained. This time it is of the wide blue sea and its few gleaming sails. That tall lighthouse to the south is the Eddystone Light. The sunken rocks on which it was built had often wrecked many a stout English ship, before they sent several belonging to the rich merchant Winstanley to the bottom of the sea.

Winstanley vowed that, though many unsuccessful attempts had been made to erect a lighthouse on those rocks, he would begin and accomplish his task. So, rebuffed by the ocean many times, he at last laid his foundations and built his light.

Then the people in the southern seaports were glad and proud. Winstanley was also proud and happy. "Now," he said, "no more shall those cruel rocks send poor sailors to their death, for my light is a strong one and will outlast any storm."

To show his belief in its power to weather any gale that might blow, he went out to spend the night in his lighthouse tower when a fearful storm was threatening. How the wind howled and beat about the houses on the shore that night! It was remembered for many a long year by the inhabitants of the southern coast. For in the morning, when they looked out, they were horrified to see that the Eddystone light was down! Another lighthouse has since been erected on the same site.

Winter on the southern coast of Devonshire is as mild as in Italy. Invalids come here in great numbers, and on the beaches at Torquay are scattered groups of people, either sitting on benches in the sunshine or being pushed over the sands in invalid chairs.

On the northern coast of Devonshire are the quaint old towns of Bideford, Barnstaple, and Clovelly. They were the birthplaces of the navigators of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. These men explored the New World, and maintained the power of England against that of Spain, and when the time came, overthrew the Armada, the great fleet that Spain had despatched against England.

Over Bideford bridge and through the main street of Clovelly, Drake, Hawkins, Raleigh, Gilbert, and Sir Richard Grenville once walked with the proud step and the free glance that spoke of the soldier and the sailor

of the great Elizabeth. The fishermen of Devon seem, to the traveler of to-day, actually glorified by the light of other days.

CHAPTER III.

OVER THE BORDER.

The Cheviot Hills are the dividing line between Scotland and England. Scotland is a small country, smaller even than England. It is mostly made up of rugged hills, lonely moors, and solitary little mountain lakes.

Scotland might seem to you a dull and uninteresting place. It certainly appeared so to the English people of the seventeenth century. The great Dr. Johnson made a pilgrimage through the country, and brought home such an adverse report of the place and the people that the English looked with contempt on Scotland. It contained nothing to interest the cultivated, they thought.

But times have changed. Sir Walter Scott, the great wizard of the north, has come and laid the spell of his genius upon us. He has opened up the Highlands, and glorified the lakes and hills with his true and lovely romances. The moors are no longer lonely, for he has peopled them with mailed warriors or curled cavaliers. These glens and passes, he tells us, were once the battlefields of the English forces and the Scotch Highlanders who supported Prince Charlie and all the ex-

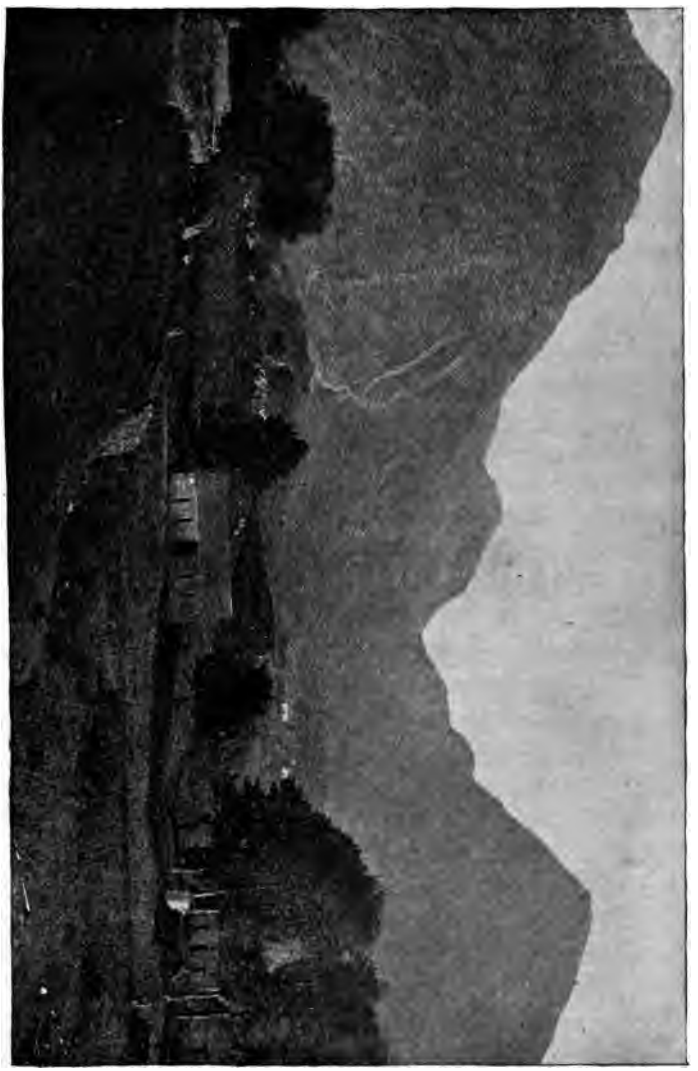
iled Stuarts. So even now you seem to hear the clash of swords, the twang of bowstrings, and the snort of frightened horses. No, Scotland is nevermore a lonely country; for those regions which show no signs of present life, are most peopled with men and women of the past.

The eastern and western coasts of Scotland are very different. The eastern coast is much the more regular. It has only a few large bays, or friths, and the land slopes gently from the interior to the shore. The rivers are broad and quiet, and have wide valleys suitable for agriculture. The region is fertile, and the land can be cultivated almost down to the water's edge.

The western coast is mountainous. Lofty peaks raise their heads into an almost continual atmosphere of rain clouds. The shore line is much broken by deep, narrow friths running into the land. Brawling streams rush from the mountain side to the sea, washing out the earth and making valleys as they go. Many groups of islands, both large and small, skirt the coast. These islands are as rocky and barren as the shores which they border.

The northern half of Scotland is mountainous, while the southern half consists of lower and more level land. The name Highlands has been given to the northern half of Scotland; that of Lowlands to the southern half.

The line dividing the Highlands from the Lowlands must be considered as drawn from Glasgow on the western coast, to Stonehaven on the eastern coast. It is a very interesting fact that the mountain ranges and prin-



GLENCOE.

cipal valleys run parallel to that dividing line. Even the friths pierce the coast in lines parallel to it.

Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland, is situated in the Lowlands near the Frith of Forth. From the midst of the plain rises a lofty ridge of rock. The outlook over the surrounding plains and hills is a fine one. The early Scots, recognizing how easily this spot could be defended against an enemy, built a castle here; a colony of peasants settled at the foot of the crag; and thus Edinburgh was founded.

It reminds the traveler strongly of Quebec. In both cities there is the same lofty fortress, the same old town with tall, quaint houses clustering thickly up the slopes of the hill, and the same new town with its orderly arrangement of broad streets and its well-built houses of modern date. Quebec has its St. Lawrence; Edinburgh has its Forth and glimpse of the breezy sea. Quebec has a wide outlook over the Canadian farms and hills; Edinburgh commands an equally interesting view of the Pentland Hills to the south and of the Salisbury Crags nearer at hand.

Edinburgh has also been likened to Athens. The citizens were much pleased by this comparison. Perhaps they thought that the resemblance went deeper than the mere physical features of the town, and included the people as well. At all events, they thought it an excellent plan to try to increase the likeness between Athens and Edinburgh.

One of the landmarks of Athens is a building called the Parthenon, which stands on a hill. The Scotch started to erect an exact copy of it upon the summit of

a hill within their town. They intended it as a monument to the Scotch soldiers who fell at Waterloo. The building has never been finished. Thus, all unconsciously, its resemblance to the ruined Parthenon has been increased.

Of course the most interesting object in Edinburgh is the castle. It consists of a large number of massive buildings surrounding a huge court. The most ancient of these buildings is over nine hundred years old. On three sides the hill descends abruptly to the valley below. The fourth side slopes more gradually; and, in time of war, it was this face which needed to be most carefully guarded and defended.

Within the castle is a confusing array of chambers, twisted corridors, and low vaulted passages. But for the guide, we should be hopelessly lost in the winding maze. The rooms occupied by the sovereigns of Scotland at different times are here shown.

On the south side of the castle is the chamber in which James VI. of Scotland, son of Mary Stuart, was born. This happened in stormy times. His mother had many political enemies. When James was only a few days old, it was necessary to lower him in a basket from the castle. In this way he escaped from falling into the hands of his mother's enemies.

Think of the little creature descending a hundred feet in a swaying basket. If the cord had given way, the Stuarts would never have come to the English throne, and history would have been very different.

The Scottish crown jewels are kept in the castle, beneath plate glass protected by an iron cage. Their

number is small, although, when the last of the Stuarts died, the family jewels were returned to Scotland. Perhaps the most reverenced article is the crown of Robert Bruce, the defender of the liberties of Scotland against the powerful Edwards of England.

Holyrood Palace to the east of the castle is a solid, quadrangular structure of stone. Its front is flanked by double towers of great strength. The building is a plain but substantial one, and it is rendered exceedingly interesting from its associations with Mary Stuart, who is perhaps the most well-known character in Scottish history.

She is remembered for her fascinating beauty, her varied life, and her mournful end on the scaffold. The world has always differed in its judgment of Mary. Many have thought her as good as she was beautiful; others have believed that her lovely face was the fair mask that hid a deceitful and unscrupulous character.

Mary was married to her second husband, Lord Darnley, in Holyrood Chapel, which forms part of the palace. The chapel is a lovely ruin. There is no roof to the chancel, but the walls still stand, holding beautifully shaped windows, adorned with elegant tracery. Grass is growing on the stones over which the bridal procession passed to the altar, now marked by broken slabs.

Within the palace, Mary's reception room and bedroom may be seen. The reception room is a fine large hall, with paneled ceiling and carved walls. Coats of arms and initials appear on all sides. A large bedstead hung with embossed velvet occupies a prominent place

in the room. Upon the embroidered pillow two of the most unfortunate Stuarts have laid their heads. One was Charles I., and the other was the young Pretender, who slept here before the battle of Culloden.

Mary's bedroom is only a small apartment, but its walls are hung with French tapestry. The curtains and the crimson counterpane of the bed are faded, tattered, and threadbare. An unfinished piece of her needlework is kept here. While you are examining the work of the fair queen with interest, and are imagining the happy and peaceful hours she spent over it, the attendant opens a door and reveals a narrow flight of stairs with dark stains upon them. Instantly a dark scene of Mary's life is recalled.

She is taking tea in her room with her ladies and Rizzio, her secretary. Rizzio has so much power over Mary that the Scottish nobles are jealous of him, the more so as he is a foreigner. In the midst of the gay little tea, a few nobles led by Darnley come up the private staircase. Their looks are dark and threatening. Rizzio knows they have come for him. He implores Mary to protect him. She commands the nobles to do him no harm; but, not heeding her words, they drag the helpless Rizzio through the doorway and kill him on the stairs. Those dark marks that we see today are his blood stains.

Let us turn to a monument that awakens only glad and happy thoughts. It is that of Sir Walter Scott, who, though born in Edinburgh, is held in grateful remembrance by every town and village throughout Scotland.

The architect, Mr. Kemp, had studied Roslyn Chapel and Melrose Abbey with enthusiastic love. They are considered to be the finest styles in Scotland of the florid Gothic architecture. With his mind full of the lines of these beautiful buildings, he designed the monument to Scott which he longed to make of equal beauty.

He succeeded. It is acknowledged to be one of the finest monuments in the world. It occupies a pleasing and conspicuous site, and encloses a noble marble statue of the author.

A pleasant excursion southward from Edinburgh is to Melrose. This town is famous for its beautiful abbey, which Scott has described, in one of his poems, with the silver moonlight flooding it. Melrose Abbey is five hundred years old. It is now a ruin from which, till recently, people felt at perfect liberty to take stone to use for building material. One valued relic of the abbey is the heart of Robert Bruce.

Not far from Melrose are Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter, and Dryburgh Abbey, his burial place. Abbotsford was once a mere shooting lodge; but Scott improved and added to it, until it became a lordly mansion, a palace fit for the abiding place of his princely spirit.

The study is the room which seems to bring visitors most nearly into the presence of the dead writer. Here one sees the chair in which he sat, the desk at which he wrote, the reference books he used while writing such novels as "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," and "The Abbot."

Both the hall, with its lofty ceiling and its armorial shields, and the library, with its valuable store of twenty

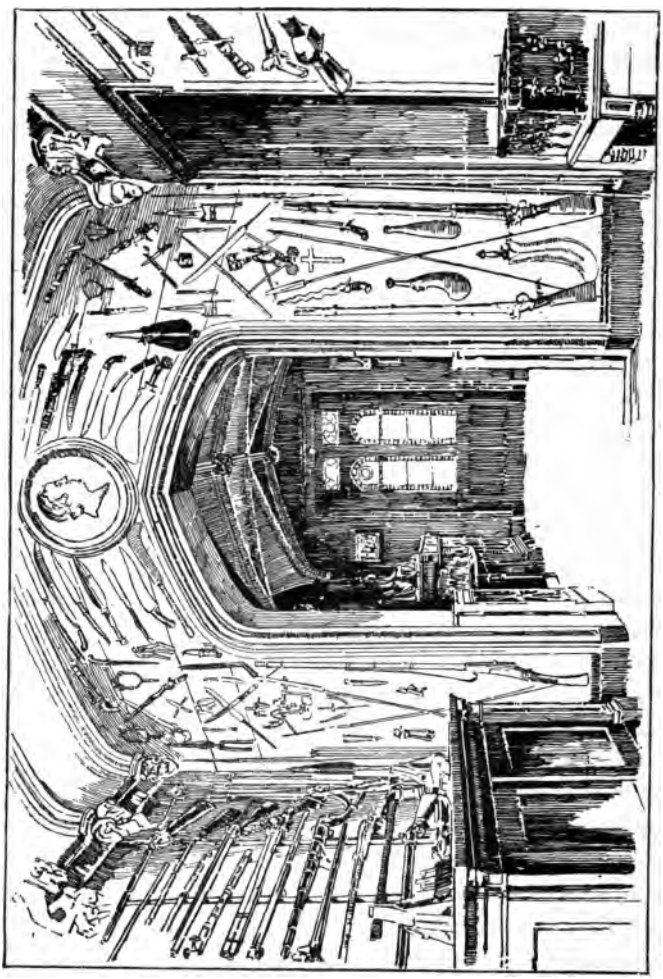
thousand books, are fine rooms. But what boys would like the best is the armory. Sir Walter made a collection of arms of different periods. They range from bows and arrows and Roman spears to muskets and rifles of the present century. Here you may see several queer instruments of torture, as well as Rob Roy's gun, marked with his initials, and Napoleon Bonaparte's pistol.

The last suit of clothes that Scott wore is exhibited at Abbotsford. It is very plain in style and material. Scott was almost rustic in his dress, and his manners were exceedingly simple.

Although lame, he delighted in long tramps across the pleasant country surrounding his home. It was quite usual for him, of a bright morning, to call his many fine dogs and set off on a three hours' tramp through the charming valley of the Tweed. He always had a kind word for the peasants he met. Often he entered into conversation with them, and at such times, he was doubtless making studies of character that would prove valuable to him afterwards.

Scotland is full of old castles. The one, however, most noted, after Edinburgh, is Stirling Castle. This castle was an important one, as it is situated at the head of the Forth. Like Edinburgh, it is built on a bluff rising abruptly from a plain, through which the river Forth winds its way in many silver links.

Stories of sieges and bombardments, of secret assassinations, of plots and counterplots, might be told concerning this weather-beaten old fortress. There are relics within the stout walls associated with the Earls of Douglas, and with John Knox, the famous Scotch



ARMORY AT ABBOTSFORD.

preacher. But we cannot pause now, as we are just entering the Highlands.

The most famous region in all the Highlands is that immediately surrounding Loch Katrine. The country here consists of many lofty mountains and ranges of hills. In the valleys between the hills lie beautiful lakes. They are none of them large. Loch Lomond, the largest, is about twenty-five miles long and ten miles wide.

The lakes are studded with small islands. Some are mere rocks bearing aloft a solitary cluster of pines. Others cover an acre, and are suitable for cultivation.

In the center of Loch Katrine is Ellen's Isle. Ellen was the daughter of a banished Earl of Douglas, who made his home here in secret. Scott has made her the heroine of one of his poems, called "The Lady of the Lake."

Ellen is the fair and gentle lady who used to row on Loch Katrine, and watch for hours the play of light and shade on the rugged sides of Ben An and Ben Venue. She hardly knew whether she most preferred the morning glow on the green hills and the blue peaks, or the evening light on the lake, which changed its waters and shores to rich purple tints.

How varied and picturesque the shores seemed to the Highland girl, as she let her eye move from the edge of the lake up, up, to the bold summit of Ben An! The lake was bordered with weeping willows, whose drooping branches swept its surface. Here and there the willows gave place to sandy beaches sprinkled with gleaming white pebbles.

The lower spurs of the hills were covered with gray aspens and birch trees. Above, sturdy ashes and oaks anchored themselves against the mountain winds, by sending strong supporting roots downward into the crevices between the rocks. Above these waved graceful pines, while the higher mountain slopes were covered with heather.

Still higher, vegetation ceased, and the bald gray crown of the mountain appeared in all its stern impressiveness. Here was the home of the fierce-eyed eagle.

The woods on the lower slopes were bright with flowers, which flourished notwithstanding the shade and the constant showers. Hawthorn shrubs put forth pink and white blossoms, and violets, foxgloves, primroses, and harebells were plentiful. The deadly nightshade grew here, while the brier rose covered many a rocky slope with its green streamers. Larks sang high in the sky, and the note of the blackbird and the speckled thrush sounded in the wood. Amid such surroundings dwelt the Lady of the Lake.

Every year coaches and the small lake steamers carry tourists through this charming region. They all hold copies of Scott's "Lady of the Lake," to which they refer at every turn. It has been agreed that no better guidebook of the locality has been published than this celebrated poem.

But as yet we have seen only a small part of the Highlands. On the northern side of the Grampian Hills is Balmoral Castle, the summer residence of Queen Victoria, and still farther north is the interesting Caledonian Canal.

There was a deep natural valley in the place where the canal was cut. This valley was partially filled by Loch Ness and several smaller lakes. In order to save time for vessels passing between the east and west coasts of Scotland, the Caledonian Canal was made. Only twenty-three miles of cutting were necessary, as lakes occupied the rest of the channel. One end of the canal is at Fort William; the other is at Inverness.

Scotland, north of the Grampians, consists chiefly of lofty mountains and lonely and endless wastes of moorland. The moors are covered with the heather and the broom. The heather is a small prickly shrub that bears a cluster of purplish pink flowers. The broom is a stronger, taller plant, which becomes a mass of yellow glory in the fall.

The Scotchmen love their moors passionately. The bare sweep of ground, the gray sky overhead, the stream flowing through its rocky valley with no overhanging tree on its shores, all seem dearer and lovelier to him than the sleekest English landscape or most fertile Italian plain. The green heather, the golden broom, the purple thistle, satisfy Scotch hearts. Scott used to say, "If I could not see the heather once a year, *I should die.*" And that is the unvoiced feeling of many of the peasant farmers and rough shepherds who tend their flocks of sheep on the uplands.

The deer hunting and salmon fishing attract Englishmen and sometimes Americans. The poor Scotch lords find it exceedingly profitable to let their preserves of game and their Highland moors to these young men with full purses. The young hunter from the south

lives in the shooting box through the late summer and fall, and perhaps induces a friend or two to share his solitude with a promise of a fine pair of deer horns.

They go out in charge of the old gamekeeper and tramp over miles and miles of moorland, wade streams, climb up hillsides, and lie hours in the wet bracken, for the chance of a shot at the red deer. A pelting storm comes on; but they must only turn up their coat collars, and draw down their hat brims, and plod on more sturdily after old Roderick or Donald. If the shower turns into a severe storm, the keeper may perhaps consent to let the party shelter itself beneath an overhanging bank until the rain clouds blow away.

Salmon fishing is only less exciting. To handle a long line, to trail it to and fro over a dark foamy pool lying just below a roaring miniature waterfall, to see the speckled darling lying in the shade, and to tempt him continually with a brilliant London fly,—this is indeed delightful. But oh, the joy, the fierce glow of the contest, when a salmon is fairly hooked and is fighting for life at the far end of the line, bending and swaying the rod in the trembling hands of the eager fisherman. At last the line is wound in; the salmon exhausted; and old Donald, with one dip of the gaff, lands the silvery fish upon the bank. Here he lies amid the crushed ferns. A beauty! a monster of his kind! a twenty-pounder! Another fly, good Donald, and we will try it again.

Such are the delights of the Highlands.

On the western coast, at the mouth of the River Clyde, stands Glasgow, the largest and most prosperous

city in Scotland. This is the city of James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine. It is through his invention that Glasgow is the rich city she is to-day. Her great industry is the building of steamboats and fitting them with engines. Frequently steamboats built elsewhere are sent here to be supplied with engines. Two-thirds of all the steamships owned by Great Britain were made at Glasgow. Besides these, there are hundreds and thousands of steamships manufactured for other countries.

The docks on both sides of the Clyde, the immense shipyards covering many acres and employing thousands of men, the forests of lofty smoking chimneys shooting up all over the city, impress the traveler immediately with the industry of Glasgow. The manufacture of cast iron and wrought iron is a profitable business. Glasgow has also chemical works, cotton and woolen mills, and establishments for the extensive production of pottery and glass.

Ayr is a county to the south of Glasgow, which is celebrated for having been the home of the poet, Robert Burns. He wrote little songs about the hills, the streams, and the flowers of his native land. English-speaking people know them so well that the mere mention of a familiar place in Ayrshire, such as the Yarrow, or Doon River, seems music in their ears, as it instantly recalls some sweet little song of Burns.

The Scotch people love Robbie Burns dearly. His poems are known by heart both by young and old, and his memory is green throughout Scotland. The money for the monument to Burns in Glasgow was chiefly

obtained through sixpenny and shilling contributions of the poor.

Burns was born in a village a few miles from Ayr. His home, a low cottage with a thatched roof and quaint windows, standing close to the village street, may still be seen. The interior of the cottage is a picture of neatness with its whitewashed walls and pipe-clayed stone floor. An old dresser set with gleaming dishes stands at one end of the room.

One of the most amusing poems of Burns is "Tam O'Shanter." The scene of the story was laid in this very neighborhood.

Tam O'Shanter had been drinking with companions at a well-known inn in Glasgow. It grew late; and, the company breaking up, Tam mounted his horse, and rode towards home. It was a dark night, but Tam was bold as a lion. Passing by Alloway Kirk, the village church, he saw a bright light, and heard unusual sounds of festivity. It seemed strange to him that the church should be the place selected for merrymaking at that time of the night. He peeked in stealthily, and beheld a company of witches dancing in the holy place.

He watched them for awhile, and then started home. But the witches had discovered him, and they started after him on their broomstick steeds. Tam's horse was mad with terror, and went like the wind; but the witches were fleeter. They were gaining on him, and no one knows what fearful punishment he might have received, when his horse with one last desperate effort clattered over the Brig of Doon. With a cry of baffled rage the witches turned and fled; for you know that,

as witches cannot cross running water, Tam was safe as soon as he passed the middle of the bridge.

Don't you think that is a good story? In Ayr they show the very inn from which Tam started that night. It is now called in his honor, The Tam O'Shanter Inn. Here may be seen his chair and the cup from which he drank on that eventful night.

Not far from the birthplace of Burns is Alloway Kirk, and the Brig of Doon still crosses the lovely stream, whose flowing waters saved Tam's life and also inspired Burns to write one of his best known and most beautiful songs. It begins, "Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon." Other well-known poems of his are "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled," "A Man's a Man for a' that," and "Auld Lang Syne."

Any account of Scotland would seem incomplete without mention of the Hebrides that fringe its western shores. At Oban the tourist takes the little steamer which cruises among the islands far out on the surging Atlantic billows. It is said that there are, in all, four hundred and ninety islands of the Hebrides, but only one-fourth of them are inhabited. Fully one-half of them are barren rocks, with perhaps pasturage for half a dozen sheep.

The landscape is strange out here. It seems as if the sea were all islands, so thickly are they scattered about. Most of them are black mountains rising most forbiddingly above the white breakers, which gnaw and chafe at their feet. The Atlantic booms in their caves, and seabirds rise and wing away over the waves. They may scream, but no one hears them, as the thunder of the sea drowns all lesser sounds.

At sunset these islands and the surface of the ocean are flooded with purple, green, blue, and crimson light. Perhaps a distant peak rises dark against the western sky.

The largest islands are Mull, Skye, and the Lewis. Like all the Hebrides, they consist of desolate moorland, lofty mountains, and lonely lakes. The lakes are occasionally surrounded by bogs or swamps. Rain falls much of the time. The people live in small stone or earthen cottages, and burn peat, which they cut on the moors.

Stornaway on the Lewis is the principal town of the Hebrides Islands. It is a growing fishing-port; boats are drawn up on the beach, and nets and tackle lie around in picturesque confusion.

Of the small islands, the most interesting are Iona and Staffa. Iona has a ruined chapel five hundred years old. In the sixth century, a monastery was founded here by a good old monk called St. Colomba, who came from Ireland on a missionary tour. The chapel is named for him, the Church of St. Colomba.

It is quite an interesting little building. The carving is excellent; and the gray stone walls and pavements are beautified by a small yellow flower, which grows in the crevices of the stones.

Staffa, a smaller and bolder island than Iona, contains the celebrated Fingal's Cave. This cave is two hundred feet deep, sixty feet high, and thirty feet broad at its entrance. The excursion steamers send off parties in small boats to visit it. The floor of the strange cavern is the sea, while its walls are columns curiously wrought by the action of the waves into strong resemblances to

FINGAL'S CAVE.

the pillars of a cathedral. Within, the water appears of an intense blue, brightened by the reflection of the light from without.

From the farthest depths of the cave comes a hollow roaring. It is the sound of the sea, echoing and reëchoing in the far interior. When great storms arise, the sound of the sea in Fingal's Cave is like the crash of cannon. The little boats are rocked gently by the Atlantic swell to-day. But in bad weather the fisherman's boat is lost, that drifts into the mighty tide setting towards Staffa.

CHAPTER IV.

WHERE THE SHAMROCK GROWS.

Ireland is west of the island of Great Britain. It is, of all the continent of Europe, the land that lies nearest to the New World on the farther side of the tossing Atlantic.

Ireland is a picturesque and interesting country. It consists of a great central plain bordered on the north and south by ranges of mountains. These mountains, when softened by distance, are a misty blue or gray; but near at hand, they are seen to be black and threatening.

Down their sides dash torrents, whose white foam contrasts strongly with the dark rocks on either hand. When the torrents reach the valleys, they either expand into broad streams bordered by trees, bushes, and vines

of an almost tropical wildness and richness of growth, or else they glide sullenly and almost imperceptibly through a bog or swamp.

Bogs are abundant in Ireland. There is a broad belt of bog land extending across the island, from Limerick on the west coast to Dublin on the east. Long ago this region was covered by a forest of grand oaks. Gradually moss and other plants gathered on the trunks and branches of the oaks. They sent their roots down into the wood, and took for themselves the sap that the faithful roots of the oaks had gathered. The trees grew feebler; then they died, and fell to the ground.

They were succeeded by a forest of firs. But they, in their turn, were killed by the moss, and added themselves to the pile of decaying wood on the ground.

Other plants sprang up and died. Ages passed, and to-day we find, in the place of the ancient forests, a peat bog many square miles in extent.

The depth of the bog is from twenty-five to forty feet. The vegetable matter composing it varies in color, according to the depth. Near the surface it is light brown. At a depth of thirty feet it is dark brown, almost black. It resembles coal, and would undoubtedly have become coal in the course of a few more centuries.

The turf forming the bog, which is known as peat, is cut up into squares, and dried in the open air and scanty sunshine. It is then stored in the cottages, and used for fuel. Peat burns with a pale blue smoke, which may be seen rising from the rude thatch-covered chimneys of the humble cottages throughout Ireland.

It also gives out a peculiar odor, which is delightful to those who are used to it.

The deep holes made by the cutting of peat often fill with water. As all the water passing through a bog is changed to a gloomy black, these holes are not easily seen. They are, therefore, dangerous to any one who has lost his way.

Like Scotland, Ireland has many castles, but they are not as well known to the world as those of her sister countries of England and Scotland. Lofty promontories running out into the sea, solitary islands in secluded little lakes, or barren hillsides commanding the surrounding plains are the sites that have been chosen for castles. Many of them are in ruins, and add to the beauty of the scenery.

The floors may have fallen in, the windows may be sashless, and the ornaments defaced. An oak may be growing in the centre of the old dining-hall, and pigs and chickens from the neighboring village may be wandering through the echoing courtyards.

But notwithstanding all this, the ruin is beautiful. It is so, because it is covered "from turret to foundation stone" with ivy. The ivy mats itself on every side of the ancient fortress, and covers with its deep green leaves every scar the old castle has received in its five hundred years of contest with the elements and with man.

The stories that are told about the castles are legion. Some of them, I fear, are made up by the Irish peasants for the express purpose of interesting the traveler. But, true or untrue, they are nearly always excellent stories.

The chief actors are witches, fairies, and ghosts. Nearly every fine old Irish family like the O'Neals, the Mahoneys, and the O'Donahues has a banshee. That is a spirit who comes to warn the family of the approaching death of one of its members. The banshee is always a woman, generally young and beautiful. She utters her warning by crying, sobbing, and at times shrieking, either in the deserted rooms of the castle, or around the towers and walls outside.

There are hosts of stories proving the truth of the banshee's warnings. The noble families in Ireland believe in them, and as for the tenants, they consider them infallible.

The Irish peasantry, as a rule, appear to be most poor and miserable. Their homes are small cottages of stone, brick, or mud. The roof is usually thatched; and, as the thatch holds the smoke from the peat fire, the atmosphere of the cottage is nearly always smoky and disagreeable.

The father is a strong, able-bodied man. He raises potatoes in his garden; but, as they require very little attention, he could earn considerable as a laborer if work was forthcoming. The mother wears a cotton waist, a coarse petticoat, and a large apron. Her outside garment is invariably the long Irish cloak. She usually has her sleeves rolled up, and is barefooted.

The poor little ragged children patter about on their small bare feet, seeking for tourists, who serve as ministering angels to the Irish peasants.

Many Irish families live upon what they can beg from the traveler. Sometimes they offer for sale cheap

jewelry, photographs, shillalahs, bouquets, bits of bog oak, and shamrock flowers. More often they declare themselves starving and entreat the stranger's pity. If you give one old woman a shilling, instantly a dozen will gather around imploring the same. Experienced travelers sometimes shake off the unfortunate creatures by talking French, or by pretending deafness.

The children readily follow the example of their elders. They lie in wait for the coach or carriage, and then swarm all over it. What is to be done when on all sides of you are ducking heads, and smiling mouths. uttering in the sweetest brogue imaginable, "Give us a pinney, if yez plase?" A few pence are tossed into the road. Every chick and child leaps from the coach to scramble for them, and the traveler enjoys the sight for a while.

Beggars haunt the fairest scenes in Ireland, and intrude their claims upon the traveler when he is most engrossed in the prospect. The Irish wit is remarkably ingenious in devising reasons for securing money.

A beggar following a tourist fell by accident into a running stream. The traveler laughed. Instantly the man was on his feet, requesting a sixpence because he had amused the stranger.

These instances illustrate the grinding state of poverty to which the Irish peasantry have been reduced. Certainly something must be decidedly amiss in the English rule, under which such a state of society exists. Again and again the heart of the sympathetic traveler aches, at glimpses he obtains of utterly forlorn homes and listless, hopeless tenants.

In southern Ireland the scenery is most beautiful. The inward bound and the outward bound steamers between Liverpool and the Atlantic seaports of the United States stop at Queenstown to land and receive passengers and mails. Most of the Irish emigrating to the United States embark here. As the steamer stops several hours, passengers from America are able to land and see a little of Cork and the surrounding country.

Queenstown has a fine large harbor, well sheltered from ocean storms. The shores are lofty green hillsides, with here and there a cluster of white cottages and a lighthouse.

The city appears very attractive to passengers who have been gazing at the sea for the past ten days. It is built upon terraces. Aristocracy, here as elsewhere, is at the top. The loftiest houses belong to the wealthiest people. The street at the foot of the hill consists chiefly of hotels and shops for the accommodation of sailors and tourists.

In the streets of Queenstown may be seen bronzed old captains with rolling gait, slim young yachtsmen, important officials, wondering visitors, and a few invalids staying here on account of the mildness of the weather. About the wharves are gathered the usual motley crowd of beggars.

Eleven miles up the river Lee, which empties into Queenstown harbor, is Cork, the second city in Ireland. Cork is a bustling, somewhat dirty town. It is celebrated for containing the famous Shandon Bells. An old ballad sings of them:

"The bells of Shandon
They sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee."

Not far from Cork is the thriving town of Blarney. Blarney is prospering, because some capitalists have recently established cloth factories in the place. Leaving the town with its mills and its tenement houses, we come to a relic of Old Ireland. It is no other than Blarney Castle.

You must have heard of the Blarney Stone, which is said to confer the gift of eloquent and palavering speech upon the lips that kiss it. Of course every visitor is eager to salute the magic stone, and is disappointed at learning that it is a difficult undertaking. The stone is at the top of the tower on the outside, but so far down the side of the wall that the ambitious tourist must hang by his heels from the battlements in order to reach it.

Some people allow themselves to be let down in this way. They are generally very young and giddy persons, who have thought little upon the advantages a sound neck has over a broken one. An amusing incident is related of a college graduate who was let down by two fellow students. He forgot to take the money from his pockets, and a heavy rain of sixpences, shillings, and sovereigns fell upon the grass at the foot of the castle.

This is as much of Ireland as the delay of the steamer will permit the traveler to see, who is on the way to Liverpool. He is fortunate who has more time to spend

in the Emerald Isle. In that case he will be well rewarded by a visit to the Lakes of Killarney.

Much of the trip to Killarney will be made upon a jaunting car. This is a four-wheeled, open carriage, where the seats are placed back to back. There is a seat facing the span of horses for the driver. Such a jaunting car will hold from six to eight persons. There are smaller ones which have but a single pair of wheels, and carry only four passengers.

There are three lakes of Killarney. They are all very small, the largest one being no more than five miles long and three miles wide. They are situated deep down in a glen, which from the hilltops appears gloomy and barren, but which really is filled with a lovely tangle of trees, shrubs, hedgerows, and flowers.

The lakes have small rocky islands dotting their surfaces, and are bordered by most beautiful shores. A portion of the lake side is included in the park of a wealthy member of Parliament. His grounds contain Muckross Abbey, an interesting old ruin. He charges a shilling to travelers who wish to visit it. This money is used for repairs upon his place.

Ross Castle stands upon the shore of one of the lakes. It was once the home of the O'Donahue. The man who rows you over the lake rests on his oars beneath the castle; and, fixing his eyes upon the yawning casements, tells you with many expressive gestures the ghost story of the place.

It is said that, on a certain night every year, O'Donahue comes from his grave in the churchyard, mounts upon his snow-white steed which stands waiting for him,

and rides over the lake to his old home, "the white hoofs of the horse skimming over the waves and never sinking." When he comes opposite the castle, "he fitches a blast of his horn," and lo! the castle is rebuilt, as whole and fine as in the "Auld Lang Syne." O'Donahue enters his ancient home and has a fine feast. But, as the morning light touches the eastern hilltops, the castle falls into a ruin once more, and O'Donahue returns to his grave.

Ask your narrator if he believes this story, and he will affirm it with true Celtic fire. He would almost peril his hope of heaven on the certainty of this exploit of the great O'Donahue.

The lakes are charming because of the faithful way in which they mirror the sudden changes of the sky above them. In bursts of sunshine, they sparkle and gleam like liquid sapphires and emeralds. When rain clouds darken the heavens, the lakes also deepen to jet.

There are very many interesting places in the immediate vicinity of the lakes. There is the Gap of Dunloe, a wild narrow pass between two ranges of hills. Down the descent of one side of the pass flows the Blackwater River. It is so named, because its pools and currents are changed to deep brown by the peaty country it drains.

The Colleen Bawn Cavern is romantic in the extreme. It is a deep, cool grotto, with rocks above and around, and water below. It is entered by several archways in the rock, beneath which the rowboats glide.

The chief cities on the western coast are Limerick and Galway. Limerick is celebrated for its manufact-

ures of fishhooks and lace. The lace is of two kinds,—pillow lace and loom lace. The former is the more expensive. It is made by hand, the Irish women working out their exceedingly fine patterns on small pillows. The loom lace is made by machinery, and is far cheaper.

Galway is a sleepy old place that has lost hope and energy and is plainly falling behind the more enterprising cities of to-day. One quarter of the town is inhabited by a class of Irish men and women who cling obstinately to their old customs. They wear the ancient Irish dress, and speak the ancient Irish language. They live apart from the other inhabitants of the town, and have their own form of government.

The capital of Ireland is Dublin, situated on the eastern coast. Although the largest city in Ireland, it is not the largest Irish city in the world. New York is said to contain more Irish than Dublin itself.

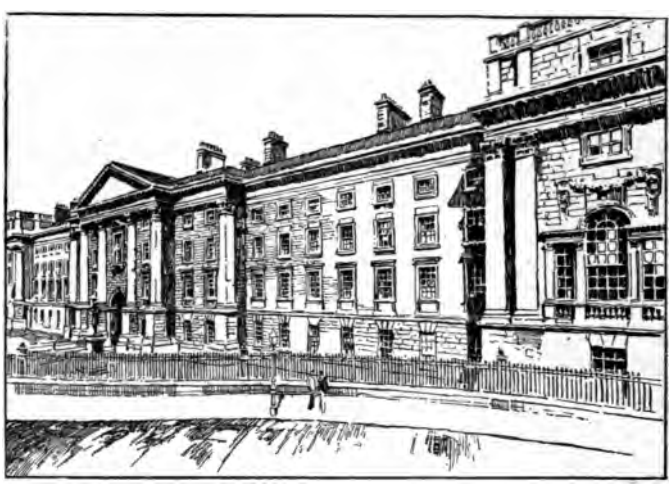
Dublin is a well-built city situated at the mouth of the Liffey River. It is the seat of several important industries, chief among which are the manufacture of Irish poplin and porter. Distilleries are found in all the large cities of Ireland, and large quantities of whiskey and porter are consumed at home and sent abroad.

St. Patrick's Cathedral and Dublin University are two of the most important public buildings. St. Patrick is the patron saint of Ireland. It is said that the island was once infested with snakes. The saint drove them out, and thereby earned the eternal gratitude of the Irish people. The cathedral is rather poorly situated. It stands on low and marshy land. It has recently been repaired and re-decorated through the generosity of a

wealthy Dublin brewer, who gave the church one hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

The university is a famous old building, very proud of its illustrious sons, among whom are numbered Goldsmith, Burke, Moore, and O'Connell.

The birthplace of Moore may be seen in Dublin. It is a tall, narrow, unpretentious-looking building. The lower floor is occupied by a grocery, while above the



DUBLIN UNIVERSITY.

windows of the second story is a niche in which stands a bust of the poet. Tom Moore is the song writer of Ireland, as Burns is of Scotland.

A memorial to Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish leader, stands in the cemetery. It is shaped like the round towers which are plentifully scattered throughout Ire-

land. The original towers are relics of antiquity; the tower to O'Connell is of recent date, but an exact copy of the older buildings.

It is one hundred and seventy feet in height, and is shaped like a post with a conical top. It contains several floors, and each of these is lighted by one window, with the exception of the top story, which has four windows facing due north, east, south, and west. The door of the tower is about nine feet from the ground.

Authorities are divided in their opinion as to the use of the rude towers. It has been thought they were used as watchtowers, because of their lofty height and their four upper windows.

The Duke of Wellington was born in Dublin, and the city has honored his memory by raising a lofty obelisk to commemorate his name.

Dublin has the largest park in all the British Isles. Phœnix Park, as it is called, extends over seventeen hundred acres. Much of it is covered with grand old oaks, elms, and ash trees. In the northeast section of the park are the Zoölogical Gardens, which contain many valuable birds and other animals.

The poverty of Dublin is most distressing. The poorer class of people live in one quarter of the city, and are so crowded that one hundred persons occupy one floor of a house. Poor women may be seen standing upon the corners of the wider, richer streets, offering two or three onions for sale. They have old cloaks drawn about them, and wear a hopeless, pitiful expression on their pale, pinched faces.

The most interesting bit of natural scenery on the

northern coast of Ireland is the Giant's Causeway. To reach it the traveler passes through Belfast, a bright and enterprising place, which is growing rapidly. It is the seat of the linen trade, for which Ireland has always

GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

been noted, and also a center for the building of iron steamships. All the steamers of the White Star line are made in Belfast.

This is the only city in Ireland where the Protestants at all approach the Catholics in number and power. All

the rest of Ireland is strongly Catholic in its religion. There have been many wars in the past between the adherents to these two forms of religious faith; and the politics of this century has not tended to lessen the bitter feelings of either party.

Causeway means a paved street. The Giant's Causeway, which we have come to see, is made up of innumerable rock pillars, rising from the ocean and fitting so closely together that the tops of the columns, which are hexagonal in shape, form what appears a paved pathway. It slopes downward into the sea, and there the way seems to stop. But it really does not, the people say. It crosses the sea to the island of Staffa, off the opposite coast of Scotland, where these same peculiar columns appear.

The Irish have a tradition to account for the causeway. They say that there was once an Irish giant who wished to fight a giant living across the sea in Scotland. He invited him over, but the Scottish giant could not swim. The Irish giant then built a stone road between Ireland and Scotland. Some time after, it was broken by the sea; but the two ends of the bridge are visible to-day. Such is the history of the Giant's Causeway.

Tradition does not say which giant beat in the battle. You may be very sure to which the Irish award the victory; and, as we are visiting Ireland, I think it is only polite to accept their side of the story. Don't you?

CHAPTER V.

THE SCANDINAVIAN PENINSULA.

The northwestern corner of Europe consists of a large peninsula, known as Scandinavia. Two countries occupy this peninsula. They are Norway and Sweden.

Norway and Sweden might almost be called twin sisters among the nations of Europe, for they resemble each other closely. Their people belong to the same race, speak languages very nearly alike, wear similar clothing, and live in similar houses.

For many years the two countries have been united under one king. Norway was once a province of Denmark, but when, in the beginning of the nineteenth century, she separated from Denmark, she was united to Sweden, and the king of the Swedes became her king also. Some months of the year he spends in Norway, and the remaining time he lives in Sweden.

He rules over a very mild and beautiful country, as travelers are just discovering. For many years tourists have been flocking to gaze at the wonderful mountains, glaciers, and lakes of Switzerland. Englishmen have thronged across France and Germany to Switzerland every summer, entirely ignorant of the fact that, just across the North Sea, in almost unknown Scandinavia, are mountains and lakes nearly, if not quite, as grand as those of Switzerland. To-day Norway and Sweden are becoming better known.

Nearly the whole of Norway is rocky and mountainous. The western coast is unusually wild and barren.

There are hundreds, if not thousands, of bays, or fiords, running into the land. A number of the larger fiords extend one hundred miles into the mainland. They are surrounded by dark mountains, which tower four or five thousand feet into the gray sky.

Some of the mountains are bare, with not a bit of moss or lichen covering their dark walls. Others have forests of pine and fir upon their sides. Snow is often seen upon the summits of the higher mountains. Sometimes beautiful foamy cascades come leaping hundreds of feet down the mountains to fall into the clear green water of the fiord.

The surface of the fiord is usually tranquil because of the protecting chain of islands which skirt the coast. These islands break the mighty swell of the Atlantic, so that waves are seldom aroused in the fiords beyond. The majesty and beauty of the surrounding shore are therefore perfectly reflected in the mirror-like fiord.

At the head of each fiord are situated one or more small fishing stations. Each station consists of a few cottages and perhaps one small inn; near by are the quaint fishing boats moored by the shore. A narrow valley, dotted with a few farmhouses, follows the river up among the hills.

Occasionally one sees, a mile above the fiord, a tiny hut perched upon a mountain side. There, in that perilous spot, miles and miles from neighbors, a Norwegian family is living. The farmer has found a bit of land easy to cultivate, which is very rare in many regions of Norway.

He has here made his home, quite unconcerned by the fact that his toddling sons and daughters have to be tethered by lines to the house or the trees to prevent their falling down from their airy home and being killed.

The only level region of Norway is in the extreme south; while the only fertile districts lie around the cities of Christiania and Trondhjem. Notwithstanding this fact, most of the Norwegians are farmers. They are very industrious, and fairly wrest their living from the hard hand of Nature.

With infinite toil, they slowly cut down the forests which cover the hillsides and fill the river valleys. These valleys, heaped with giant bowlders which have choked up the rivers for generations, are cleared and planted with crops. All over Norway is seen the farmhouse, now in the river valley, now on the hillside, and now among the mountains. Sometimes several are near together, making a small settlement; but oftener the farmhouse is a solitary building, situated miles from any other dwelling.

The farmer, his family, and his servants form a small kingdom of themselves. They are forced to supply all their simple needs for themselves; and in their lonely, monotonous life together, they develop a strong, silent trust and dependence one upon the other.

The Norwegian peasant is tall and muscular, and usually has blue or gray eyes and a light beard. He is an intelligent man, if somewhat slow and deliberate in the expression of his thoughts. He is much better educated than the small English farmer of corresponding

station. His wife and children, though not especially pretty, have an intelligent and pleasant appearance.

The ordinary dress of the Norwegian peasants is of homespun; but on festive occasions their costume appears gorgeous by contrast with their usual apparel. The men wear short coats and trousers and very gay vests. The women are dressed in cloth jackets, dark skirts, long white aprons, and much silver jewelry. In some regions they wear close-fitting dark caps; in other places, large white caps with butterfly frills at the top. Little girls have kerchiefs folded about their heads and knotted under their chins.

As the farmer rarely builds more than three rooms beneath one roof, he needs many little houses to take the place of the large, commodious farmhouse that we are used to see in New England. One house contains the kitchen, another serves as the bedroom of the men servants, and so on. These separate buildings are arranged so as to form a quadrangle, and near by stand the barn and various sheds.

The farmhouse proper consists of two large rooms. One is called the guest's room; but when no one is visiting, it is used as a storeroom. The other room is the living room. Here the family eat, work, and perhaps sleep.

The room is large and lofty. The dark beams are unpainted, and the floors uncarpeted. Rough wooden shelves hang from the ceiling, and solid wooden settees and chairs stand about.

In one corner of the room is a bed reached by a couple of steps. Its top and sides are of wood. Like all

Swedish beds, it is somewhat short and narrow. A grown person has to double himself like the letter S; and the short beds are one of the chief causes of complaint among travelers passing through Sweden and Norway. The bed clothing is sheep and goat skins which have been very nicely dressed.

One corner of the room is filled by the lofty fireplace. Here cooking goes on continually. When there is nothing else to cook, the housewife makes a peculiar kind of bread from rye, barley, or oats, called "flat bread."

The dough is rolled out into a flat cake about a foot and a half in diameter. The cake might almost be called a wafer, because it is nearly as thin as paper. The next step is to bake the cake upon a large griddle or a flat stone. The woman sits before the fire, and bakes so rapidly that she soon has a large pile of "flat bread" beside her on the hearth. It is crisp, and reminds one of brown wrapping paper, but it gives very little nourishment. The Norwegian table is always piled high with the national bread; but, though one should eat twenty cakes, he would still go away hungry.

There is frequently an outer kitchen in a small shed, where the rough cooking, the brewing, and the boiling of lye, are carried on.

Among the numerous barns, sheds, and pens stands the large storehouse. It is particularly well built, and is mounted upon four wooden piles to keep it from the damp ground. In the different compartments are stored the family stock of food for the year. Here stand the flour barrels; there hang the smoked meats and the

dried beef and pork. Along the floor is stacked the "flat bread."

If the farm is a large one, there are usually several cottages belonging to the farmer. He lets them to tenants, who help in the work. The cottages are clustered together at a little distance from the farm-house.

There is often, far up on the hillside among the pastures, another small building known as the mountain dairy. During the summer months the cows are driven to the uplands, where they crop the sweet, short, sparse grass growing among rocks and bowlders. They are tended by a herdboy, who, in the late twilight, drives them to the dairy, where they are milked by the farmer's daughter and the dairymaid that she has with her.

These girls live through the summer at the dairy farm, and they grow to love the life they lead. During the day they are occupied in caring for the milk and making butter and cheese. But their time is passed outdoors; and, at any moment, they have only to raise their heads to behold, spread out before them, most beautiful views of mountain, lake, and quiet valley. The air is most invigorating, and the life is simply delightful.

Any one who has ever spent a summer on a mountain dairy farm has a strong desire, at the opening of every succeeding summer, to return to the simple, happy, outdoor life. Even the cows share the love for the mountains; and, in spring, they have to be watched, lest, at the first warm day, they start off for their old lofty haunts.

There are many varieties of cheese made in Norway. One kind looks and smells like a cake of dark soap; other kinds are more attractive. Oftentimes at the hotels or on shipboard, they set out as many as a dozen different varieties of cheese, causing the table to appear like a table at an agricultural fair.

The farmer's food is very simple. It consists of porridge and milk, fish, dried and salted meats, potatoes, cheese, and bread.

The whole family, including the servants, gather about the rough board table. Here their manners are far from elegant. If they desire some distant article of food at the farther end of the table, they will rise and walk to it and help themselves. Every one seems thinking of his own wants, rather than of the wants of others.

The summers of Norway are very short. Crops are, in some regions, planted, tended, and harvested within six weeks.

A Norwegian farmer has many difficulties to contend with. Violent rainstorms wash away the growing grain, and early frosts blight the corn. He generally calculates upon one, if not two, unsuccessful years in every five.

The growth of grass is scanty. To secure hay for the cattle, every tuft of grass growing among the rocks must be carefully cut. Even flowers and brakes find their way into the fodder.

Barns, in which hay is stored, are built on the mountain pastures. As winter approaches, the hay is removed to the home barn. When there is no road from the past-

ure to the farm, a pulley is rigged and bundles of hay are shot down the mountain side on ropes. A stranger is often greatly startled at seeing such a bundle flying through the air like some great unknown bird.

If the crops on the farm fail, the farmer joins either the fishermen or the lumbermen in their work. In the depths of winter the farmer's wife packs her husband's little knapsack of birch bark with flour, dried meats, herring, butter, cheese, coffee, and sugar. Shouldering this, he tramps away on snowshoes into the lonely forest.

He joins two lumbermen, and together they build a small log hut, twelve feet long and eight feet wide. The crevices between the logs are stuffed with moss. One man can scarcely crawl through the doorway, which is made as small as possible to keep out the cold. The hut contains merely a flat stone for a fireplace, on which rude cooking is done, and a bed.

You would not think their rough couch worthy the name of bed, for it is made of logs rolled close to one another, and spread with hay and dried moss. The men do not remove their clothing at night, and sleep as near the fire as possible. They need all the warmth they can get; for while on the side towards the blazing fire their clothes are steaming with heat, on the other side they freeze to the wall, so piercing are the keen winter nights.

The logs reach the manufacturing villages and towns by the mountain stream, which broadens and deepens, on its way, into a river. When the spring freshets come, the logs are rapidly carried down to the sawmills.

But it is often difficult to transport the logs from the forest high in the mountain to the stream deep in the valley. Sometimes they are allowed to slide down the mountain side; then again, they are loaded upon wagons drawn by horses. The roads are often so steep that the horses are forced to sit down and slide rapidly along the descending slopes.

When the logs are once launched upon the stream, the lumberman's labor is not yet over. He has now to guide, or "float," them down to the town.

On the large rivers there is very little peril to the "floater," as the lumberman is now called. But on the abrupt mountain streams where the logs are continually running aground, or blocking each other's way, it is very different.

The "floater" spends much of his time in water above his knees. As the water is icy cold, and he has no chance to change or dry his clothes before night, his feet frequently become frozen, or he catches a serious cold.

Again, while running out upon the logs, he may fall into the river between them and be jammed to death. In removing one log which may be blocking the rest, he may remain a little too late and be overwhelmed by the descending avalanche.

There are many sawmills throughout Norway, and lumber is one of the chief articles of export. Some enterprising Norwegian capitalists have even bought forests in Sweden.

The capital of this land of woods and mountains is Christiania, situated in the fertile, level district at the

southeast. It stands at the head of a fiord twenty miles in length, which forms an excellent harbor and is always thronged with ships and steamers, many of which bear the flags of England, Holland, France, and Germany.

The appearance of Christiania is very attractive. The streets are wide and well paved, and many of them are shaded by large trees. The square and substantial buildings are nearly all of stone. There have been so many destructive fires that a law has been passed forbidding the erection of wooden buildings.

The fronts of the dwelling houses are bright with large windows filled with most flourishing and brilliant roses, geraniums, and fuchsias.

The stores are large and well stocked. The salesmen are very courteous. They almost overwhelm the customer with bows. In an interview of five minutes fully twenty bows will be exchanged. The customer must be careful to return the number exactly, or the overwhelming politeness of the clerk will be changed to positive rudeness.

Christiania seems somewhat like a small Paris, except that the streets are silent and deserted. The one noisy spot is the fishmarket in the early morning. The fishermen and women have brought their boats as near to the stone pavement as possible. Some have landed and stand beside their boats; others remain in them. But one and all are talking at the top of their voices, and urging their fish upon the old and young housewives of Christiania, who have come to purchase the day's dinner. They have ample opportunity to satisfy their goodman's taste, as cod, mackerel, eels, and herring are offered for sale.

See this sturdy fishwoman. She is dressed in dark homespun, and a quaint white cap contrasts strongly with her red, sunburned face. She is seated in the stern of her boat, where a leafy bough is fixed to make a shade. She is flourishing a large green lobster, and addressing herself to a slender, fair-faced matron, who shakes her head at the high price demanded.

The fishwoman calls attention to the fineness of the lobster. But the city woman turns away and makes a feint of departing. Then the other raises her voice and calls loudly for her to return. An animated consultation ensues; and at last the bargain is concluded, the lady buying some fish, also, which the other woman draws up in a small net from the dark cool hold of the boat.

Next to Christiania, the two largest cities of Norway are Bergen and Trondhjem. Both of them are situated on the western coast. They can be reached by steamers from Christiania; but there are overland routes to both cities which travelers are fond of taking, because they thus obtain most interesting glimpses of rural life and scenery in central Norway.

The vehicle in which the journey is made is something like a gig. A pair of large wheels is fastened to two long shafts, across which is built a seat for one person. The traveler takes this seat; the rude reins of rope are handed to him; his luggage is placed on the shafts behind him; and the postboy takes his seat upon the luggage.

The roads of Norway are good. At intervals along the way are stations established by the government. The law requires that these stations, which are usually

farmhouses, should be ready to offer simple entertainment to the traveler in the way of food and lodging, and have ready a supply of fresh horses and postboys to send him on his way.

At each station the traveler is accustomed to change horse and postboy. The boy and horse then return to the station from which they came.

Stations are of two kinds, — fast and slow. At a fast station a certain number of horses are on hand all the time. At a slow station the traveler may be obliged to wait until they are brought from a distant farm. The post horses belong to the farmers living along the way, who pay taxes in this fashion.

There are advantages and disadvantages in such traveling. Often the inn where one passes the night is rough in the extreme. The bed is hard, short, and uncomfortable; the food is coarse and unpalatable; the innkeeper is rough and unaccommodating. One often has difficulty in making himself understood. Even the liveliest gestures fail to fulfill the office of the tongue.

The Norwegian horses are very provoking. They rarely accomplish more than four miles an hour. If the traveler attempts to make them go faster, the postboy interferes. The Norwegians love their horses dearly, and are very careful that they do not wear themselves out on the hilly roads. Whips are almost never used. The driver urges on the horse by means of hissing and clucking sounds.

When a party of travelers is passing through Norway, the little gigs follow one another so closely that the noses of all the horses but the leader almost touch the

faces of the postboys in the preceding carriages. While the horses behind appear to gallop, the leader seems to walk; and not for all the impatient shouts from behind will he mend his pace.

The traveler in the first gig has a hard time. The others urge him to drive faster; but, try as he may, his horse jogs along at its own sweet will.

Perhaps some impatient tourist in the rear passes by the other carriages, and essays to lead. Immediately his horse, which appeared so eager to advance, sinks into a slow jog. The unfortunate man hears the jeers and impatient exclamations of those behind, formerly addressed to his comrade, now hurled at him. No voice appears so loud in his ears as that of the recent leader. It is funny, but provoking.

These are the disadvantages of the trip. But the opportunities of living and moving daily among the dark, lonely mountains, the breezy moors, and the lofty forests; of seeing the patient, industrious people at their toil; of breathing the wonderfully invigorating air, — these are advantages far outweighing the trifling discomforts of the way.

Bergen, a former capital of Norway, is situated at the head of a fine, deep harbor. The principal street of the city runs by the water's edge.

Branching off from this are numerous steep, side streets that climb the hills on which much of the city is built.

The situation of Bergen is quite picturesque, but it is considered by some travelers as somewhat unhealthful. The mountains near the city condense the rain clouds,

and fully two hundred days in the year it rains in Bergen. The annual rainfall amounts to seventy inches. One writer says that a waterproof and umbrella are the first presents given to each baby born in this "weeping city."

Notwithstanding this fact, Bergen appears to be a thoroughly live city. The harbor, wharves, and warehouses are the center of activity. The chief articles of export are dried codfish, herring, and cod-liver oil.

The fish are brought from the fishing grounds at the north in curious boats, which resemble the ancient vessels of the Northmen. They are quite broad, and have very high, curving bows, so that when the fish are packed high up about the mast, the helmsman can still see the bows to aid him in his steering. The single mast, placed at the center of the boat, is rigged with one huge, square sail.

The warehouses in which the cod are placed stand very close together. They are of wood, and a slight fire would easily destroy the whole line of buildings with their very dry and combustible contents.

Most of the houses are built of wood, with sharply peaked roofs. They turn their gable ends to the street, and contribute much toward giving the city the German look which it undoubtedly wears.

Like Bergen, Trondhjem was an ancient capital of Norway. The name means Throne's Home, and it was there that the king lived. There were situated the palaces, the government buildings, and the cathedral.

To-day, the royal presence is a rare sight in Trondhjem, and the royal buildings are at Christiania. The

cathedral alone remains, and its beauty and stateliness still cast a glory about the ancient town. The custom of crowning the kings in this cathedral is still maintained.

Two principal streets of Trondhjem cross each other at right angles. Standing in the central space and looking up the streets in the four directions, one sees the vistas closed on three sides by mountains, and on the fourth side by the green sea.

This central space is used as a market place. Every week the peasants come in from the suburbs, and cheese, butter, homespun cloth, and linen are offered here for sale.

Trondhjem has been burned four times, and now a law has been passed that all the buildings erected in the city shall be of brick or stone. The cathedral has suffered much from fire. It was built in the twelfth century of a bluish-gray stone found in the neighborhood. It is the only building of architectural value that the united kingdoms possess.

An effort has been made to raise money to repair it, but contributions come in slowly. Work is going on now, but the renovations are being made in a lighter style of architecture, that scarcely harmonizes with the strength and simple grandeur of the old building.

Trondhjem is situated in one of the few fertile spots of Norway. Grassy fields and flowery hillsides are close by the city. A beautiful graveyard lies about the cathedral, and upon most of the graves are set small urns or vases filled with flowers.

One expedition which is made by most visitors to Norway is that to the North Cape. An accommodation

steamer from Trondhjem makes the round trip in eleven days; a fast-sailing steamer takes but eight.

The voyage is enjoyed by every one, because the way lies between the shore and the chain of rocky islands which break the swell of the Atlantic waves. The water is calm, so that travelers are rarely seasick.

The scenery is remarkably beautiful. The mountains on each side tower into the sky, and are perfectly reflected in the water. Although only one-half the height of the Alps, they appear quite as tall, because they rise directly from the level surface of the sea. Snow crowns the tops of the mountains, while glaciers creep down their sides. Forests and waterfalls give variety and softening beauty to the stern country. We pass many rivers famous for the large salmon found in their waters. Some of the streams have been let to Englishmen for the summer sport.

Now and then the steamer runs into a school of porpoises, or the spout of a whale is seen against the sky. Gulls and eider ducks fly screaming from the islands on the left.

These ducks are protected by law, as they form a means of livelihood to people in this district. They make their nests of sedge, and line them with feathers plucked from their breasts. The feathers are gathered and exported. The birds will line the nest three times. If its third lining is stolen, they will then desert it.

The down is remarkably soft, warm, and elastic. It is used in lining quilts and in trimming cloaks, dresses, and wraps.

The steamer is now approaching the Lofoden Islands,

where the scenery is finest. Tourists say that here Norway fully equals Switzerland in grand beauty. The maelstrom, about which such marvelous stories have been told, is situated between two of the south-most islands. It was once believed to be a wonderful whirlpool, which had sucked into its awful depths mighty ships and even whole fleets. But the facts have been greatly exaggerated. The maelstrom is merely a swift current running between the two islands; it would only be dangerous to navigate if a storm should arise from the northwest. Whales may have been caught there and drowned, but that is all.

The Lofoden Islands are the center of the cod fishing, which takes place in the spring of the year. At other seasons the islands and fiords are deserted; but in February and March fishing boats and their crews are everywhere.

Fish throng about the northwestern coast of Norway, because of the abundance of sea creatures which are brought down by the Arctic current flowing past the east coast of Greenland. The warm Gulf Stream also bathes this western coast; and that is why Norway, though in the latitude of Iceland and Greenland, is not much colder than the northern United States.

East of the Lofoden Islands are three banks beneath the sea. Here, in this shallow water, cod gather in the spring. They are taken by nets and by trawls.

The nets are left in the same place for several days. The fish are always caught at night, and every morning the nets are examined and the fish removed. One thousand fish are sometimes taken in a single night.

The cod are spread either upon the rocks or upon rough wooden frames. In the latter case, they are dried by the action of both sun and air; in the former case, by the sun alone. They are then salted and exported to France, Spain, and Italy. The heads of the cod are used in enriching the soil; and the oil is manufactured into cod-liver oil, so prized by doctors, so hated by patients.

The cod is the central fishery of Norway. The herring fishery lies to the south, and the seal and whale fisheries to the far north, near the island of Spitzbergen.

Leaving the Lofoden Islands, we set sail for Tromsöe, Hammerfest, and the remote North Cape. Ever since the vessel left Trondhjem, we have been witnessing the strange phenomenon of the "midnight sun." No candles are needed during the entire voyage, for the nights are nearly as light as the days. One can read the finest print at midnight, and sleepless passengers often amuse themselves by writing letters or reading.

It is difficult to tell when it is time to go to bed, and when to get up. Watches are very little help unless they are set every day. The time changes continually, as the vessel is moving east all the way to the cape.

The reason why there is this constant light is that during the summer months, the only time when the trips to the cape can be taken, the sun never goes far below the horizon. It always throws some light over the sky.

Every place within the Arctic circle has one or more summer days, when the sun never sets. It can be watched all day circling about the heavens, now high in

the sky, now low near the horizon line, but visible throughout the twenty-four hours. Each place has just as many days of midday darkness as it has days of midnight light.

As we sail northward, the sunrises and sunsets become wonderfully beautiful. They also approach one another.

The sun sinks below the horizon leaving a flood of sunset gold behind. While those on deck are still watching the sky, a singular change appears. A pink glow arises near the golden sunset, and lo! the sun appears again. But this time he is a rising, not a setting, sun.

The combined colors are thrown upon the snowy mountain peaks, and reflected in the smooth sea. The whole trip abounds in strikingly beautiful sights.

The steamer stops at Tromsöe, where eider quilts and wraps can be purchased, and then goes on to Hammerfest. This, the most northern town in Europe, is a fishing station. All along the shore may be seen fish drying on wooden frames. There are also numerous cod-liver oil factories.

After a few hours' sail from Hammerfest, we come in sight of the North Cape. It is a bare rock about one thousand feet high, with the dark gray Arctic Ocean rolling round it on all sides. There is a sheltered cove on the southern side, where the steamer anchors and the passengers are taken ashore in boats.

The sides of the cape are most abrupt. A zigzag path runs directly up the face of the cliff, with a rope balustrade in the most dangerous places. After a hard climb of twenty minutes, the summit is reached.

It is a bleak tableland, with nothing growing upon it but moss and lichens. A pathway, indicated by a wire line supported by low posts, leads to the northern side of the cape. It is necessary to have a guide of some sort, lest, in cloudy weather, tourists should lose their way and fall into the sea.

When we arrive on the northern side, we look across a gray ocean rolling beneath a gray sky. To the east and west stretches the cold coast line of Europe. Aside from our small party, there is no sign of life except the little steamer which has circled the cape and is now rocking below.

Presently there is a deep echoing boom from the ship's cannon. The captain is saluting his passengers on the cape. At the sound, thousands of screaming sea-gulls rise from the water and the sides of the cape. For several moments the air seems full of whirring wings, and then all is as silent as before.

Sometimes travelers camp on the North Cape for a day or two in order to see the "midnight sun." Oftener than not, parties who have journeyed across the ocean to stand on North Cape and watch that sight see nothing but storm and clouds, and are obliged to return to Hammerfest and wait for better weather.

That portion of Norway and Sweden which lies within the Arctic circle is known as Lapland. The section of Arctic Russia lying west of the White Sea is also included in Lapland.

The Lapps are a most peculiar-looking people. They are quite short, not being more than four feet high, and stout. They have a dark yellowish complexion, straight

black hair, small blue eyes, high cheek bones, turned-up noses, and wide mouths. They dress chiefly in reindeer skins.

Their huts are dome-shaped, and are made of stones covered with turf. In the center of the floor is a stone fireplace, over which an iron pot or kettle is suspended

LAPP'S HUT.

from a tripod. The place is very smoky and dirty. Babies and dogs tumble about the floor, while the grown people sit before the fire on mounds of hay covered with skins.

Reindeer form the chief wealth of the Laplanders. A single encampment of Lapps may possess as many as five thousand. The skin forms their dress, and the

flesh and milk their food. All the articles which they offer the tourist are made from the skin and horns of the reindeer.

Of the skin they make beautiful soft rugs and curious slippers, turned up at the toes and bound with red. Horn knives, spoons, and needlecases are very ingeniously carved by them, and pairs of antlers are always in demand.

The encampment of Lapps near Tromsöe are very accommodating, and often drive reindeer down the mountain to satisfy the curiosity of the traveler. The deer seem very wild, and their knees crack loudly as they run around the fenced pasture.

Now let us leave Norway, and turn to its sister country of Sweden. Sweden is larger than Norway, and is much more level. Forests of pine, fir, and birch cover one half of its surface, while most of the remaining half is made up of lakes and rivers.

The Swedes, like the Norwegians, are farmers. The farm life in the two countries is very much alike, except that lonely farms are less common in Sweden. Both Norwegians and Swedes are intelligent, industrious people.

Sweden is more like the other nations of Europe in the prompt way in which her steamers and trains run. In Norway, a boat is considered on time if it arrives one hour either before or after the time set. Often the unfortunate traveler is called at three in the morning to take a boat which does not arrive till five; or, to his dismay, he awakes to hear at one o'clock the departing whistle of the boat he was to be aroused to take at

three. It would be very provoking, if it were not so funny.

To form a good idea of Sweden the traveler should visit the copper and iron regions and make a tour of the Gotha Canal, staying a short time in the cities of Stockholm and Gothenburg, which it connects.

The copper mines are at Falun, a town a little over a hundred miles northwest of Stockholm. The mass of copper is in the shape of an immense cone, with the apex pointed downward. The shaft of the mine is three hundred feet deep, and is descended by steep, winding stairs.

At the base of the shaft is a chamber one thousand feet square, with smaller chambers leading from it. In one of these chambers a banquet was once served to the king and queen of Sweden, and at the same time the mine was illuminated. Royal and noted names may be seen carved upon the wall. Many of them have been enclosed in glass cases.

If any one cares, he may descend seven hundred feet farther, to the lowest depth that the mine has yet been worked. Throughout, the ventilation is perfect.

Leaving Falun and its great copper mountain, we will proceed southeasterly to the marshy plain of Denemora, where are situated the celebrated iron mines. The shaft is five hundred feet deep, and can be descended either by ladders or by baskets worked by pulleys. The iron is of good quality, and is further improved by being smelted with charcoal. The steel made from this iron is very fine.

There are other valuable iron mines in Sweden, but

they are situated in such inaccessible regions that they are not worked. Both iron and steel are exported from Sweden.

The train from Denemora to Stockholm takes us by Upsala. In the streets of Upsala are seen many a fair-faced Swedish boy, upon whose bright head rests a black and white college cap with a rosette of the Swedish national colors conspicuously fastened in front.

Upsala is a university town. It contains, besides a cathedral, the college buildings and the house of the great botanist Linnæus. The house has been turned into a kind of memorial museum of Linnæus, though his collections were purchased by England and removed to that country.

In the neighborhood of Upsala are various relics of antiquity, such as great mounds which are said to be the burial places of the old Scandinavian gods, Thor, Odin, and Frey, and rocks where the early kings were elected and on which they stood to make their addresses and to receive the allegiance of their people.

As one approaches Stockholm, the capital of Sweden, it appears as if a dense cloud were overhanging it. But a nearer view shows the cloud to be but a close network of telephone wires. There are more telephones in Stockholm, in proportion to its inhabitants, than in any other city in Europe. It costs but two and a half cents to send a message.

Stockholm was built six hundred years ago on three little islands at the mouth of the Maelar Lake. This lake, though really an arm of the sea, contains fresh water, owing to the numerous rivers flowing into it. Stockholm

has grown so that it now occupies nine islands and both shores of the mainland. The different fractions of the city are connected by small bridges, and little steam launches ply back and forth through the place continually. The name of "the Venice of the North" has been very aptly applied to Stockholm.

Perhaps the most noticeable feature of the city is the great number of small parks and gardens that it contains. In the summer Stockholm is as light as day till midnight, and the people enjoy themselves after their work. At nine o'clock many of them walk to the nearest hill to see the sunset. Then they resort to one of the parks or gardens.

Near every park are several café and concert gardens, which present a very attractive appearance. The trees are hung with lanterns, not because their light is needed, but merely that their glow may give an added brilliancy to the scene. Beneath the trees are tables, where family parties or opera parties are served with black coffee, ices, or Swedish punch, by the busy waiters in dress suits.

In every garden is a brass band which plays continually, to the great delight of the Swedes, who are a music-loving people. It is not until midnight that the festive sounds of music cease, or the streets become deserted.

In a suburb of Stockholm is the house of Emanuel Swedenborg, the founder of the Church of the New Jerusalem. His faith has more followers in the United States than in his own country. The stronghold of the Swedenborgians is in Boston.

Stockholm is connected with Gothenburg, the second city of Sweden, by the Gotha Canal. It was thought

that if such a canal were built, it would be of great advantage in case of war. If you glance at the map, you will see how the peninsula of Jutland commands the Cattegat. If she wished, Denmark might easily prevent any vessels from passing through the strait. Suppose the Swedish war ships were at Stockholm, and were seriously needed at Gothenburg. Before the building of the canal their way could be blocked by Denmark; but now that the canal is built, there is nothing to prevent free passage between the east and west coasts.

The canal was opened in 1855. It was an exceedingly difficult piece of work to accomplish, and the government had been working on it fitfully ever since the beginning of the nineteenth century. Much of the route could be accomplished by lakes and rivers, but in several places deep cuttings had to be made.

The most difficult bit of work in the whole canal was the cutting about the Trollhättan Falls, in the Gotha River, some little distance above Gothenburg. A channel, one hundred and twenty feet long, ten feet deep, ninety feet wide at the surface, and fifty feet at the bottom, was cut through the solid rock.

The whole canal is three hundred and seventy miles in length. For the first hundred miles from Stockholm it closely follows the coast line of the Baltic Sea southward, before turning toward the west. Small steamers run four times a week, accommodating about twenty passengers. The trip occupies two days and a half; but as the steamers run during the night, the traveler loses much of the scenery.

The Swedish landscape, though not wildly beautiful like that of Norway, is quiet and peaceful. There is much sameness in the succession of level fields and dark forests. Sometimes the branches meet over the canal in perfect arches, and the shady sail through the thick woods seems strange and beautiful. Again, the steamer bumps its way through a long line of locks. As most of the way the canal is either ascending or descending, there are, in all, seventy-four locks by means of which the steamer is raised or lowered to the different levels of the channel.

The highest point the canal reaches is between Lakes Wetter and Wener. These are the two largest lakes in Sweden, and indeed Lake Wener is the third in size in Europe. Only Lakes Ladoga and Onega in Russia exceed it in size.

The scenery on the shores of Lake Wener is very beautiful. The lake is one hundred miles long and fifty wide. In crossing it, we lose sight of land.

Perhaps the most picturesque spot on the way is the Trollhättan Falls. While the steamer is slowly circling through the wonderful cut, the passenger strolls up to look at the falls. There are seven cataracts. They do not seem high to one fresh from the falls of Norway, but they are remarkable for the immense volume of water passing over them.

The shores and the few islands among the falls are clothed with dark fir trees. The white, foamy water stuns every one with its roar. No voice but its own can be heard on its banks. The falls are well named; for Trollhättan means the "home of the water witches."

Gothenburg, the terminus of the Gotha Canal, is the chief city on the western coast. It was once the center of the fisheries on the Skager Rack. It is a very important commercial city, having close connection by steamer with nearly every country in western and southwestern Europe.

The influence of the English is felt everywhere. The traveler who lands at Gothenburg, is very much surprised to find in this, his first Swedish town, English spoken on the street and at the wharves and warehouses. This is owing to the fact that many English merchants have come here to live.

Gothenburg is like a Dutch city in having canals running through its long, straight streets. Square brick houses line the ways, and a statue of Gustavus Adolphus adorns the principal square. The inhabitants seem fully to appreciate their fine parks, for on all occasions they are thronged. The Swedes have a great fondness for outdoor life.

It is at Gothenburg that we take the steamer for Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LAND OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Every child is familiar with the name of Hans Andersen, the Danish story teller. The beeches and birches whispered their secrets to him, and the great waves of the sea, the long lines of sand hills, and even the birds

and beasts told him their stories. The great man listened like a child to the voice of nature, and then turned and told, in the words of a child, what had been imparted to him. He spoke directly to the children; but their elders are often glad to gather about him too, and listen to his kind, wise words.

Hans Andersen has been dead a number of years, but his stories of "The Little Match Girl," "The Ugly Duckling," "The Marsh King's Daughter," and "The Tin Soldier" are known and loved in many English and American homes.

Denmark consists of the northern half of the peninsula of Jutland, and a group of several islands lying to the east and nearly filling the entrance to the Baltic Sea. The largest of these islands is Zealand. The second in size is Fünen, on the northeastern corner of which is the town of Odense. Here, in 1805, Hans Andersen was born.

His family was poor, but the boy was exceedingly ambitious. From a mere child he had longed to be an actor and to make plays. Having saved about eight dollars, he begged his mother to let him go to Copenhagen, the capital, and seek his fortune. His mother consulted a wise woman, or, as we should say to-day, a fortune teller. The woman studied a pack of cards intently, and then said, "Your son will be a great man, and, in honor of him, one day Odense will be illuminated."

For once a fortune teller was right. The ignorant mother gave Andersen his wish, and the poor, inexperienced, talented boy crossed the Great Belt, the rough

channel between his home and the island of Zealand, and, on landing, knelt in prayer before journeying on to the city of Copenhagen. What it looked like then I cannot tell you exactly. Many of the buildings and towers are the same on which the boy Hans fixed his trusting gray eyes, but there have been many changes of course in three-quarters of a century. It is the Copenhagen of to-day that I shall try to show you.

Copenhagen resembles Stockholm in being a city made up of bits of land and water. It is almost a mosaic of blue lake and sea, and of island and peninsula, either green with park or garden, or gray, red, and brown with buildings. The city has two main divisions, one lying on the eastern side of the island of Zealand, the other on the western side of the island of Amager. The two divisions face each other, while between them rolls an arm of the Sound which forms their fine, well-protected harbor.

The word Copenhagen means merchant's haven, and the throngs of ships and steamers lying along both shores seem to testify to the fact that the merchants are indeed growing rich in this flourishing city. Merchandise is piled everywhere on the long piers. Ships are being laden with corn and dairy products. Only England and Belgium raise more corn than does Denmark. This is the more remarkable, as much of the peninsula of Jutland, the largest section of Denmark, consists of bogs, sandy flats, and heather-covered plains. Danish butter is famous for its sweetness and freshness. The exporters have a method of packing it so as to exclude the air, which other dealers have vainly tried to discover.

The barren fields of Denmark afford excellent pasturage, and cattle and horses form one of the chief exports of the country. Many beautiful, spirited horses are sent to Germany to serve as war horses in the Emperor's army.

Shipbuilding is a profitable industry of Copenhagen, and the skeleton frames of mighty ships are seen rising from day to day in the many shipyards bordering the harbor.

The streets are winding and narrow, but exquisitely clean. Omnibuses and carts go rattling through them, past the tall, straight lines of houses with brown chimneys, red-tiled roofs, and tiny dormer windows. The shops are built over very high basements, so that their show windows are on a level with the eyes of passers-by. Book and photograph stores are numerous. In the windows of the latter are displayed pictures of Andersen and Thorwaldsen, the two heroes of Denmark.

Many of the streets on the east have canals running through them; there the city has a Dutch appearance, especially when sailboats are moored far up the canal, so that their masts rise amid the dark chimneys of the houses.

Another section of this same city resembles Paris. This is because its high surrounding walls have been removed and the space thus obtained has been laid out in ornamental walks and boulevards. Copenhagen is healthier, now that the close, shading walls have given place to sunlight and fresh air.

A most interesting view of Copenhagen can be obtained by climbing any one of the lofty towers that dot

ıe city here and there. To the west are forests of dark reen beech, the native tree of Denmark. To the north nd south are emerald green pastures, with here and ıere an old windmill lazily swinging its sails in the entle morning wind. A train is creeping over the level lain toward the city, which lies about the tower and to he eastward. The east is a confused jumble of ware-ouses, canals, masts, smokestacks, lake, and sea. As he eye moves still further in the same direction, it be-olds great blue, foam-crested waves rolling into the ound, and, most distant of all, the faint line of the wedish coast.

The country spread out before us is remarkably flat. t is the same with the whole of Denmark. It is, per-aps, next to Holland, the flattest country in Europe. ı hill one hundred feet high seems to the Danes like a ıountain. The consequence of this general flatness is ıat the drainage of Copenhagen is so poor that fevers nd cholera are frequent.

Looking more directly at the city itself, we can but otice, among hosts of other less conspicuous buildings, wo great palaces standing in courts or gardens of their wn, one spire, and one huge tower. The palaces, hristiansborg and Rosenborg, we shall visit presently; ut the others we can study from our airy perch.

The spire rises from a fine brick building which is sed as the Exchange. It is formed of four bronze ragons with their tails twisted together high in the air. t has a foreign, almost eastern effect, as the cold north-rn sunlight glints and gleams from the bronze. How-ver, it was not brought from Persia, Turkey, or India,

but from Sweden yonder. When the two countries were at war, this spire was taken as booty, carried bodily over the Sound, and set up in Copenhagen.

The tower we have noted is remarkable for being ascended by a covered road. This road is carried upward in a spiral to the summit, which is a great bronze dome commanding a beautiful prospect. Two Russian sovereigns have visited the tower,—Peter the Great and, years later, Queen Catherine. The ascent is so smooth and easy that there is little doubt as to the truth of the stories that Peter cantered up on his horse, and that Catherine rode up in a coach and four.

While we are proceeding to the square on which Christiansborg Palace fronts, let me tell you something of Bertel Thorwaldsen, the man of whom we are reminded at every turn. He was born in 1770 in Copenhagen. He was a poor man's son; but he came into the world endowed with a wonderful power both of imagining strong and beautiful faces and figures, and of carving out his visions.

His father made the figureheads for many strong Danish ships. Bertel helped him in his work, and displayed such talent that at the age of eleven he was sent to the Academy of Arts. From that time, by his own industry, he made his way upward, till he gained the gold medal which gave him the opportunity and means for traveling and studying.

He went to Rome, and there toiled ceaselessly. At the end of six years, poor, discouraged, and friendless, he was about to return in despair to his native land. In this crisis he was found by a wealthy Englishman,

who, seeing the plaster model of the afterwards celebrated "Jason," ordered it to be executed in marble.

From that time Thorwaldsen went on from honor to glory. On each of his few visits to Denmark, he was received like a prince and entertained at the royal palace. At the age of sixty-eight he packed up his works of art and the treasures he had collected at Rome, and returned to end his days in his native city. He died six years afterward. As a sculptor he ranks next to Michael Angelo.

He and Andersen were great friends. Thorwaldsen used to enjoy hearing Andersen narrate his own stories. Once he clapped his old friend on the shoulder and asked eagerly, "Shall we little ones have any fairy stories to-night?" Perhaps he asked for "The Top and the Ball," or "The Ugly Duckling," for those were his favorites.

The Christiansborg Palace, which faces on a large square, is but an immense, white, uninteresting object when compared with a low building of brick and stucco that occupies another side of the square. This is the Thorwaldsen Museum, a great monument to a great man.

The building is constructed with an interior court, in the center of which is buried the sculptor. His tomb is marked by a low mound covered with ivy.

In the forty-two rooms of the surrounding museum are collected all Thorwaldsen's works. When the original marble is not present, it is represented by a plaster cast. There are one hundred and nine works in marble, and several hundred plaster casts of statues, busts, re-

liefs, and monuments. One very interesting room contains the gems, coins, vases, and paintings collected by him while in Rome. Another room contains his furniture and personal belongings.

Thorwaldsen had his wish. He lies amid the works of his hand which he had bequeathed to the city of his birth. This is considered by many the most interesting spot in all Denmark. It has been called the "Mecca of the North."

Over the doorway of the museum is placed a bronze statue of Victory, while around three sides of the building is a bas-relief, representing the arrival and unloading of the ships bringing Thorwaldsen and his works from Rome to Copenhagen.

Perhaps the most perfect statue that Thorwaldsen ever executed is of the Saviour. It is placed in the Church of Our Lady, which is chiefly remarkable for containing many of the works of the great sculptor. Several friezes decorate the vestibule and the entrances to the chapels. There is a most exquisite marble angel kneeling by the baptismal font. But undoubtedly the most noticeable figures are those of Christ and his disciples.

The disciples stand in line on each side of the nave, and lead the way to the central figure above the altar. Christ is represented with open arms, saying to the world, "Come unto me and I will give you rest." It is considered the most perfect statue of Christ in the world. Thorwaldsen did the whole work himself, not entrusting any portion of it to his pupils, as was his custom. When it was finished, he was seized with

despondency. "My genius is decaying," he said to his friends, "my statue of Christ is the first of my works that I have ever felt satisfied with. Till now my idea has always been far beyond what I could execute; but it is so no longer. I shall never have a great idea again."

One could study the history of the Danes from the earliest period down to the present time from two great collections. One is contained in the Museum of Northern Antiquities, and the other in Rosenborg Palace. The Scandinavian and German nations are much interested in the collection and study of antiquities, while their lands are rich in buried curiosities of all sorts.

In the museum weapons of war, domestic utensils, articles of the chase, pottery, and many other kinds of articles are arranged and classified into those belonging to the five different periods of antiquity, — the flint, the bronze, the iron, the mediæval, and the modern. Students may often be seen in the building studying and drawing the various valuable objects.

Rosenborg Castle forms a similar museum for a similar collection belonging to modern times. For nearly three hundred years a suite of rooms has been given to each king of Denmark. Each sovereign has furnished his rooms according to the style of his times. In them he has also collected every rare and precious coin, gem, vase, or ornament which was valued and sought after in his reign. His coronation robes, weapons, and suits of armor are here.

One room contains the royal jewels. In the center of the floor stands a pyramid of solid plate glass, beneath

which, on a purple velvet background, are displayed countless precious stones worth millions of dollars. They glisten and gleam in the sunshine with a blinding light.

Another room contains a priceless collection of glass. Many of the vases are equal to precious stones in value. In the collection are some vases of thread glass. The secret of making them is lost. One man invented the process, and made his fortune. But he refused to tell his precious secret; and when he died, the art was lost.

The mirror room would interest and amuse you. Its ceiling, walls, floors, doors, and windows are all mirrors. It is curious, even startling, to see so many images of one's self at the same time.

It is impossible to mention all the striking, interesting, and magnificent objects one sees on every hand. Here is an exquisitely carved silver and ivory horn that a fairy from the mountain is said to have given Count Otto, a prince of Denmark. Near by is a saddle and bridle studded with pearls, emeralds, and diamonds, to the value of half a million. Still farther on lie the blood-stained clothes that Christian IV. wore at the battle of Fünen. It was a terrible battle for him, for he received twenty-three wounds and lost an eye.

The two coronation chairs for the king and queen of Denmark always attract attention. They are made of the ivory of the Arctic narwhal and decorated with the teeth of the tropical unicorn, which are more precious than gold. Here are also three enormous silver lions, known as the "Great Belt," the "Little Belt," and

the "Sound." Although of great weight, they are always borne through the city in the coronation and funeral processions of the sovereigns. I suppose they represent the three principal Danish channels as paying allegiance to Denmark.

The Rosenborg Palace is of brick and has several towers. It is surrounded by pretty gardens which contain a statue of Hans Andersen. The author is represented as telling a story to several children, who are grouped about him in very affectionate and intent attitudes.

The Danes, like the Norwegians and Swedes, are a well-educated, enterprising people. They are also excessively polite. The bowing and, at times, the kissing that the men perform on the streets is remarkable. The peddlers and the expressmen salute one another like eastern princes.

The custom of wearing gloves is universal. Fortunately gloves are not expensive, being made of lambskin and costing very little more than forty cents a pair. The market women wear gloves with the fingers cut off. They appear to handle their fruits and vegetables in the daintiest manner imaginable, owing to their gloved hands.

The Danes differ from their brothers of the North in having a more vivacious temperament. They are like the Parisians in their fondness for dancing, cards, and the theater. One of their chief places of amusement is the Tivoli, a pleasure park which is crowded every evening. Here one may see the Dane enjoying himself after his day's work. From six to eleven o'clock there

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is a mixed entertainment, the character of which changes every half hour.

In order to examine the gardens themselves before the crowd gathers, we will go at five. We pay the entrance fee of thirteen cents, and find ourselves within an immense garden laid out with shady avenues, little walks lined with copies of Thorwaldsen's works, bowers, and grottoes. Here and there are band stands, booths, and cafés. In the center is a lake, over which a small steamer is bravely puffing its way with a deck-load of delighted passengers.

If you have spare change, you may add to your enjoyment by taking a ride in this dizzy merry-go-round, or rush up and down hill at a crazy rate and fancy you are tobogganing. Here in this tent are people satisfying their curiosity as to how a fat man or a living skeleton may appear. Others are peeping at a panorama, and still others are occupied in testing the power of their lungs by blowing.

At six the entertainment begins with a band concert; then comes a short dramatic performance in one of the small theaters; then sixty different instruments play works of Wagner or Beethoven.

When that is over, there is a rush to another part of the grounds to see "The Cannon King." This celebrity tosses cannon balls in the air and catches them upon his head, his arms, and his toes. As a final proof of his regency over the cannon, he stands before the gun and is shot. He catches the ball in his arms and thus saves his valuable life.

This attraction is followed by another band concert, an

operetta, a trapeze movement, and circus dancing on a wire. Before this time darkness has come on, and all the small restaurants, having been illuminated with colored lights, present a most attractive appearance. Outside, lanterns are hung on the trees, beneath which small tables are spread. The crowds of people seat themselves, and eat cold sausage and drink beer to the sound of sweet music.

One more place you must visit before leaving Denmark, and that is Elsinore, on the northern point of the island of Zealand. Just a little way out of the small uninteresting town, on the point of land nearest the Swedish coast, stands the Castle of Kronberg. Here was the home of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, the hero of one of Shakespeare's greatest plays. It is a square, gray old castle with broad walls, deep moats, and many towers. One broad platform, over which the red Danish colors float to-day, is pointed out as the place where Hamlet first met the ghost of his murdered father.

Whatever ghastly scene may have taken place then, the platform is a cheerful place to-day, commanding a fine view of the bright waters of the sound, white with many sails. With the crystal sunlight all about one, it is as hard to bring back the gloomy Hamlet as it is to revive those nearer days when Kronberg planted its cannon on the battlements and exacted toll of every passing foreign vessel.

There are many quaint legends, aside from that of Hamlet, clustering around old Kronberg. It was formerly said that the dungeons were haunted. Men volunteered to explore them, but those who went never were

heard of again. Once a brave youth entered the crypt. He was gone only a few moments, but returned with a white head and a crazed brain.

For a long time the dungeons were let alone. At last a slave who had been condemned to death was told that, if he would explore the dungeons and return to tell the fearful sights that met his eye, he should have his liberty.

He went bravely down, lower and lower, while smoke, and hot air, and fearful shrieks and groans met him at every step. At last he paused at the door of the lowest dungeon, within which he saw a table surrounded by a circle of knights in armor, all with their faces bowed on their hands. At the head of the table was seated a noble warrior, whom the trembling slave recognized as Ogier, the Dane, an ancient hero of Denmark, who had fought in Charlemagne's wars.

On seeing the intruder Ogier rose to his feet. The table into which his long beard had grown was overturned by his action. All the knights raised their heads and turned their eyes toward the door.

Ogier asked several questions as to the welfare of Denmark. Pleased with the answers he received, he held out his hand. The slave was afraid to place his hand in the mailed clasp of Ogier; so he held out an iron bar, which the Dane took with such a grip that the marks of his fingers were seen upon it. This bar the slave took to the upper world and showed to his masters. "His story of the dungeons must be true," they said, "for there was the iron bar."

CHAPTER VII.

THE LAND OF THE GLORIOUS SUNSETS.

You have read of walled cities, — cities that have been fortified against the attacks of the enemy by strong walls. But I doubt if ever before you have heard of a walled country. Holland is such a country. Its eternal enemy is the sea, which, day after day and year after year, dashes itself against the land, and retreats with a deep roar of discomfiture.

These walls are of three kinds. First, there are the natural high hills; second, there are the long low hills of crowded sand, called dunes, which the wind has heaped up along the coast; and thirdly, there are the dikes, the great walls of earth and stone which the patient Dutchman has raised to defend his home from the pitiless North Sea.

Another name for Holland is "The Netherlands," which means *the low lands*. Holland is the lowest country in Europe, for much of it is below the level of the sea. Over some of the greenest, most productive fields the waves once rolled. How did the Dutch ever get possession of this land?

The ocean bed sloped very gradually indeed, and perhaps fifty feet from the shore the water would be only six feet deep. Watching their chances, the men of the neighboring villages would, at low tide and at favorable seasons of the year, build dikes. When a bit of sea was thus enclosed, the water would be pumped out and a great piece of valuable land would have been added to the country.

In this way most of the province of Zealand, in the southwestern part of Holland, has been made. A piece of land gained in this way is called a polder.

As it is always probable that the sea may sometime recover its own, the dikes must be built high and strong. The Westkappel dike, for example, is over twelve thousand feet long, twenty-three feet high, and thirty-nine feet thick.

Dikes are made of compact earth, with here and there heavy stone buttresses built out into the sea. Those portions of a dike which are subjected to a strain are strengthened by plankings of oak and great rocks that are imported from abroad, since there are no rocks in Holland. Sometimes huge mats of straw and reeds are fastened against the side of the dike; then, again, it is faced with concrete.

A common grass is planted and encouraged to grow over the sand dunes and the dikes. It has numerous roots which grow in a tangle, and which, by knotting in and out through the sand where they grow, effectually prevent the wind from blowing it away.

Every child knows that he must not pluck this grass; and even the little toddlers in these districts wear a care-worn, apprehensive look, doubtless caught from their elders. The grown people are never free from the fear that, in some great storm, the sea may sweep over the dikes and destroy their villages, and drown them and their dear ones. Whenever the alarm bell rings, all flock to the dikes, and men, women, and children labor to repair the old dike or to build a new one just within the old. If the first dike should go, they would then be protected by the second.

Their great fear and tireless labor at such moments is justified by the terrible tales of the past. Look at the map of Holland, and you will see in the southwest several large islands. They are North Beveland, South Beveland, and Walcheren. These are all polders. Some time ago communication between them was frequent, and the cities and towns on each island carried on an active trade with those on the neighboring islands.

One night there came a terrible westerly storm, and the people of Walcheren, looking out the next morning, found to their terror that North Beveland had vanished. The dikes had fallen, and the ocean had overwhelmed the whole populous island. They knew they should never see the faces of their friends and neighbors again. And then their thoughts returned to themselves and their own danger. Walcheren was also below the level of the sea, and only that strong brown rim kept death from them.

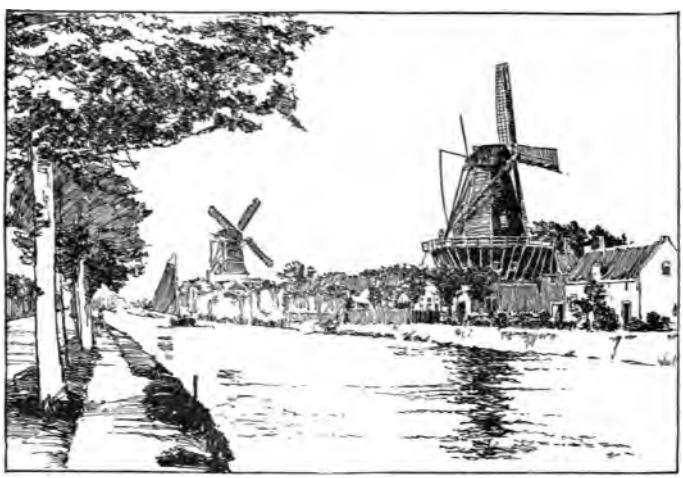
Afterward Walcheren was destroyed and also South Beveland. But they have been since regained.

And so the battle goes. The sea gnaws at the coast and the dikes, and the Hollanders build their dikes higher and stronger. Sometimes the sea swallows a whole province; then the people make another somewhere else. But it is said that the whole country of Holland is gradually sinking below the level of the ocean. The sea will probably win in the end, but meanwhile the Dutch hold their own valiantly.

Besides being low, Holland is remarkably flat. The whole country is so level that from a certain tower in Utrecht, a city in central Holland, a view can be ob-

tained of the whole kingdom. Holland is four-fifths the size of Scotland; but imagine any one being able to see the whole of hilly, mountainous Scotland at once!

Looking from this tower of Utrecht, all the country is spread out before us like a brightly tinted map. Land is gained and held with so much effort here, that it is considered very precious. Therefore every inch receives



DUTCH WINDMILL.

the utmost care, and the result is that the grass is an emerald green and soft as plush. Straight canals run like silver ribbons across the country; tall willows, elms, and poplars grow at intervals along the canals; while here and there quaint windmills flap their huge sails in the air. Occasionally a small village of white, blue, and green cottages with lofty, red-tiled roofs is

dotted down, with its church spire rising among the trees.

The windmills are the characteristic feature of Dutch scenery. They are painted bright red, blue, and green; and have sails either white and new or gray and time-worn. They are used to grind corn, to pound rocks into sand, and to saw wood; but their chief use is to pump water from the canals. They are so picturesque that it is sad to think that their days are numbered.

Their work is now to be done by steam, and brick buildings with tall chimneys are taking the place of the windmills. In fifty years there will probably be no sign of them remaining, but meanwhile they flap their great arms with a motion so giddy that it gives one a head-ache to look at their reeling sails. A few years ago there were ninety-nine hundred large windmills in Holland, costing annually ten million dollars to keep them running.

Now I should like to have you visit a Dutch town with me. As we enter the first street, the people we meet stare very curiously at us. In some places the next glance will be at our feet, to see that our shoes are free of dust and dirt.

Holland is the cleanest place in the world. If we had entered this town early in the morning, we should have found sturdy maidservants in wooden shoes shaped like boats, shortened petticoats, and with all varieties of mops and pails, cleaning the fronts of the houses, the window-panes, the steps, and even the sidewalks and streets. Their zeal is commendable, but the unwary traveler is likely to receive an unexpected drenching.

The houses are so brightly painted that they appear radiant after their morning bath. Red, blue, green, and yellow are favorite colors, and the sashes of the windows are a dazzling white.

The houses are frequently six stories in height. The first three stories will be alike; while the three upper stories will each be narrower than the one below. Thus the house rises into a peak. The lofty roof is covered with velvety red tiles, and surmounted with gilded weathervanes that stand out sharply against the blue-gray sky. Windows with tiny leaded panes are scattered over the front of the house, which is further decorated by a scroll or date in iron work.

The polished door bears a huge brass knocker, in which the visitor may see his face. Another curious feature is that a small mirror is placed at the side of several of the windows, so that those within doors may see who knocks without being seen themselves. This must be very convenient in case the unwelcome peddler calls.

Entering the house, we should probably first be relieved of our shoes and presented with felt slippers, suitable for walking over the dainty polished floors. We should then enter a large room having red-tiled floors, and many windows shaded with curtains of blue and white chintz.

There is a great fireplace with a lofty mantel. The fireplace is surrounded by deep blue and creamy white Dutch tiles, picturing early Bible stories. When little Hans and Gretchen are told about the ark and Abraham and Isaac, their parents can point to the pictures in

the tiles, as they are lit up by the flickering firelight. Brass candlesticks and pipes rest upon the mantel. The pipes vary in color from a cream white to a rich brown.

The Hollander is rarely seen without his pipe, which keeps him warm in his damp climate. One of his great objects in life seems to be to smoke a new white pipe until it turns to a dark brown. The more brown pipes, the finer the smoker. It is said that some Dutchmen sleep with their pipes in their mouths, and light them if they waken in the night. "Smoke," the Dutchmen say, "is our second breath."

Brass-bound chests, heavy carved chairs, and carved buffets trimmed with brass and laden with old blue and white china, fine porcelain, and solid silver tankards, constitute the rest of the furniture. Perhaps a warming-pan hangs upon the wall, serving as a useful mirror.

If the family had any seafaring members, there might be Chinese or Japanese curiosities in the antique cabinets. Once the Dutch had the monopoly of the trade in the East Indian seas, and quantities of beautiful and curious china were carried to Holland. Now it is taken to other countries as well.

Half the village streets are water streets, or canals. The houses stand close beside the canals, and are mirrored in the calm, stagnant water. Many of them are built upon piles driven into the marshy ground near the canals. Sometimes they lean forward as if to see their reflections better; again, they tilt backward; and then again, to one side.

summerhouse is splashed with water by a barge sailing past. There are flowers and cakes upon the table, a quaint Dutch or Latin motto over the door, and everything in the surroundings is odd and peaceful. The only drawback is that the summerhouse is apt to be damp, and at times the bouquet of odors is more varied than agreeable.

One would think that, in their "misty, moisty" climate, the Dutch would be afflicted with rheumatism. But it is not so. They are a most healthy people. The rosy cheeks and bright eyes of the women and children are very noticeable.

In the cities the people wear the usual European suit. The cut of a coat or a dress often plainly bears the stamp of Paris. To find rare or national costumes, we must go into the country.

The women in northern Holland wear a bright-colored jacket studded with silver buttons, a short dark petticoat, and wooden shoes that would make the smallest feet look large and clumsy. Their headdress consists of a helmet of pure gold, fitting closely to the head and concealing the hair. There are gold rosettes at the temples, and gold curls, like corkscrews, dangling from them beside the face.

These helmets and accessories are worth hundreds of dollars, and their wearers are very proud of them. They often carry all their wealth in this way.

The helmet is sometimes covered by a cap of priceless lace, or by a Parisian bonnet with fluttering ribbons and plumes. Occasionally all three are worn at once, and then the effect is very amusing.

The men wear velvet trousers or knickerbockers. They have four great silver waist buttons, which are oblong and look more like pieces of a broken silver belt than like buttons. Their knee and shoe buckles are also of silver. The Dutch fisherman shows his profession by wearing a fur cap in all weathers. The children are dressed like the grown people, except that the girls do not wear elaborate headdresses.

The important cities of Holland are all situated in the western third of the country. We have only time to hurry through them, stopping to look at a street or building, or to hear some famous story that is always recalled when the city's name is mentioned, and which therefore has become as much a part of the city as its walls and paving stones.

Amsterdam, the great business center of Holland, is situated on the southern side of the branch of the Zuyder Zee, called the Y. The city is crescent-shaped or bow-shaped, the line of the whipcord lying along the Y. Canals run through Amsterdam in curves parallel with the bow side of the city. Lesser canals intersect them, making the whole place appear like a very orderly and very geometrical spider's web.

The land upon which Amsterdam is built is low, and many of the houses are built on piles. Occasionally the land into which the piles have been driven has sunk, and the houses are tipped at various angles, — forward, backward, and to the side. Some of the streets are so narrow that people in opposite houses can shake hands, high above the small canal or the rough cobble pavement below.

build new and stronger entrenchments, just within the old walls. Month after month passed; and when the enemy at last succeeded in carrying the walls in one place, it was only to dash against an unexpected barrier within.

A year and a half dragged by, and the city was starving. Hundreds were dying in the streets. Spears of grass, growing between the paving stones and houses, were all the food left. In this terrible strait, the Dutch resolved to form themselves into a square with the strongest on the outside, and then, at a given signal, to rush into the ranks of the enemy and try to fight their way through.

The Spaniards heard of this; and, knowing there was nothing the Dutch would not do, resolved to make terms. They promised to pardon and spare the lives of the citizens, if the town were surrendered to them. The Dutch surrendered in all good faith; but the wicked Spaniards failed to keep their word, and massacred the whole city, sparing neither the old nor the young, the women nor the children. This is one of the most terrible deeds in history.

There is an old gateway belonging to the historic wall, still standing; but all the rest of the famous fortifications have been pulled down, and broad roads have been made in their places. Haarlem is rapidly becoming a city with modern improvements after the French type.

The church of St. Bavon's, the most celebrated building in Haarlem, occupies one side of the central square. At one time in their religious history, the Dutch

thought it wrong to have gloriously colored pictures and rich decorations upon their church walls. So they covered the interiors of all their churches with whitewash. This most unfortunate step destroyed the chief beauty of the buildings.

The organ of St. Bavon's was, at one time, the finest in the world. It has five thousand pipes, some of which are good-sized tunnels through which a man might crawl, while others are the size of a lead pencil. There are also three keyboards. When the great organ is played, it is like the deep roar of the sea or of a thunder storm. It is said that "God save the Queen" played upon it is enough to loosen all one's teeth.

Both Mozart and Handel have played this organ. Handel entered the church alone, and began to play. The church organist heard the thunder of the organ, and paused affrighted in the church porch. He thought at first it might be Satan, but came to the conclusion that it could be none but the great Handel. "But, sir, no two hands could strike all the notes which you struck during that piece," declared the wondering and awestruck organist. "No," Handel admitted; "and for that reason I was obliged to strike some with my nose."

In the square outside the church stands a bronze statue of Laurenze Janson, the coster, or sexton, of the cathedral. The Dutch claim that he invented the art of printing, and that, just as he was about to reveal his secret to the world, his blocks were stolen by his servant. This servant was the brother of Gutenberg, the man whom the Germans claim discovered the art of printing. There has been an examination into the two

claims, and the world has accepted Gutenberg as the inventor; but the Dutch still remain unconvinced.

Sandy soil mixed with marsh mould is best fitted for the growing of bulbs. The soil about Haarlem is of this character. During the spring and summer, bright yellow and purple crocuses and gorgeous red and white tulips raise their heads, and dainty pink and blue hyacinths swing their bells in every neat little garden plot.

In the latter half of the sixteenth century there was a perfect craze over tulips. The demand for rare and curious varieties became so great that fabulous prices were paid for them. Carriages and horses and even furnished houses and grounds were given in exchange for a single bulb.

A cook, mistaking a tulip for an onion, was thrown into prison. A botanist, who was visiting Holland at this time, began to cut up and study a bulb which he had found in a friend's conservatory. When his host entered, he heaped reproaches upon the unfortunate man, who found he had destroyed what was worth sixteen hundred dollars.

The craze grew wilder and wilder. Fortunes were made and lost in a day by speculating in tulips. Even women joined in the insane speculation. At length the government interfered; and, in the restored tranquillity, the people awoke to the knowledge of the absurdity of their actions.

Leaving Haarlem, we move south to Leyden. On our right are the sand dunes, overgrown with straggling grass, and, in some places, burrowed with rabbit holes.

On the left is a low, flat, green meadow, where was once the Haarlem Lake.

This lake used to be agitated by storms, and there was often danger that it might unite with the ocean in flooding the land. Therefore, with a view of securing greater safety to the country, and also because they coveted the ground under water, the Dutch decided that Haarlem Lake should be pumped dry. It was a work of twelve years, but at length was accomplished.

Many characteristic pictures catch our eyes on every side. Here is a low cottage, whose thatched roof is surmounted by an enormous stork's nest. One stork, perched upon the edge of the nest, is feeding the eager, wide-mouthed little ones.

The Dutch and other nations of northern Europe believe that the stork brings good luck. The great birds consider cart wheels excellent foundations for their nests, and so, on many of the cottage roofs, wheels have been placed to induce them to settle there.

Before us now is a low moor, with a most exquisite purple haze resting over it. A lone heron is flying slowly across with his long legs hanging in perfectly straight lines.

Leyden is situated on fifty small islands at the mouth of the river Rhine. There the Rhine is not the wide beautiful stream, rushing through romantic scenery, that it is in Germany. Unlike most rivers, it contracts near its mouth, and straggles slowly and monotonously along through fens and marshes.

Leyden is a sleepy city with quiet, grass-grown streets. If, three hundred years ago, it was like what it is to-

day it must have been a perfect haven of rest to the storm-tossed Pilgrim fathers. It was here that they lived under the kindly pastoral care of John Robinson, and it was this safe and sheltered home that they finally quitted for the woods and shores of New England.

Leyden also had its siege, which happily did not end as disastrously as did that of Haarlem. Soon after the fall of the latter city, the Spaniards surrounded Leyden. The citizens had learned what to expect from the mercy of their enemies, and resolved never to surrender.

Carrier pigeons flew over the heads of the enemy, bearing messages back and forth between the besieged and the Dutch army, commanded by the Prince of Orange. After weary months, word was brought that their Prince had cut the dikes and that the Dutch fleet, bringing provisions, would sail up to the gates of the city.

But the water let loose upon the land did not rise as high as was expected. A long period of suspense followed, which was hard for the starving people in the city. Only a northwesterly storm could, by driving the water upon the land, bring help to Leyden. Day by day men and women climbed the dunes to look for signs of rain. The weaker ones at the foot called upward, "Do you see a cloud?" And a despairing, "Not yet, not yet," was the constant answer.

Once a crowd of citizens sought Van der Werf, the burgomaster and defender of the city. They attempted to force him to surrender. He answered: "I have sworn to defend this city, and with God's help I mean to do it! If my body can satisfy your hunger, take it, and divide it among you; but expect no surrender while I *am* alive."

At last the prayers of the people of Leyden were answered, and a northwesterly storm broke upon them. One dark night the gale whipped the waters of the North Sea upon the land, and the Spaniards were obliged to flee from their flooded camp. That same night, the city wall fell down. If the besiegers had but known it, Leyden was at their mercy. But they hastened away in utter ignorance of its defenceless condition.

The dawn brought relief boats with provisions; it also brought William the Silent, their beloved prince, who had suffered with his people through all their trials.

Before they would touch a morsel of food, they sought the church to sing a thanksgiving hymn. Imagine the cathedral filled with gaunt, hollow-eyed men and women, their clothes hanging on their skeleton frames. The hymn rose clear and sweet; higher and higher it soared; then, suddenly it changed to sobbing. No one there could sing another note.

As a reward for their brave defense, the Prince offered to release them forever from taxes. They answered that they should prefer to have a university. And that was how Leyden University came to be established.

The Hague is a most charming little capital. It is very much like a French city in the prettiness and brightness of its streets, and in the gaiety of its people. This is the social center of Holland, as Amsterdam is the commercial center.

Perhaps the most attractive feature in the neighborhood of the Hague is the Bosch. This is a magnificent forest of oaks several miles square, with a palace in the center which is sometimes used as a royal residence. The

forest is hundreds of years old, and is treated as reverently as if it were one of the sacred groves of the Druids or of the ancient Greeks.

The Greeks believed that a nymph inhabited every tree, and that the breaking of a bough or twig inflicted an injury upon her. This forest is just as carefully cherished. Children never break its branches; axes are never heard within its limits; foreign armies, ruthlessly destroying cities and slaughtering men, have never injured the sacred wood. Even the Duke of Alva spared it.

So year by year the oaks grow taller and grander; their shadows stretch farther and farther over the velvety lawn; their boughs are mirrored peacefully in the unruffled waters of the tiny lakes.

There is a museum at the Hague, rich in Japanese collections. Here may be seen articles of dress and jewelry, armor, and weapons both of war and of peace. The weapons of peace are doctor's instruments. There is, besides, a Japanese village, with dolls to represent the people engaged in their daily tasks.

A most perfectly furnished doll's house illustrates the way in which the Dutch live. It is diminutive, but so perfect that it would set the hearts of all little girls in the world to beating. Dutch dolls, representing the ladies and gentlemen, occupy the drawing-room chairs and sofas, while a Dutch housemaid, as natural as life, stands by the kitchen stove.

The emblem on the coat of arms of the capital is a stork. There are several of these great birds kept at the city's expense. They are boarded in the large

market; and, though chained by the leg, are allowed to walk about and select their food. They are admired and petted by everybody; but there is a dull, sunken look to their eyes, showing that, notwithstanding the honors, they miss their freedom.

Rotterdam, southeast of the Hague, is the second commercial city of Holland and the rival of Amsterdam. The visitor to the city must not fail to stroll down to the Boompjes Pier, a fine quay planted with noble elms. On one side of the pier is drawn up a long line of brightly painted river steamers, which traverse the Moselle and the Rhine; on the other side, lie the great Indiamen and other ocean ships and steamers that ply between this almost submarine country and its foreign possessions. Borneo, Java, and Sumatra, — these are the names painted upon the sterns, carrying suggestions of tropical wealth in fruits and spices. Eighty vessels run from Rotterdam to India in the course of a year. The city also exports timber, which is brought upon rafts down the Rhine and the Moselle from the forests of Bavaria and southern Germany.

Rotterdam has not the culture of Amsterdam, it has not its museums and art galleries; but it has a great future before it, and it will eventually surpass Amsterdam. For Dutchmen, the citizens are wonderfully enterprising and daring financially. "At Rotterdam fortunes are made; at Amsterdam they are consolidated; at the Hague they are spent."

There is a general impression that the Hollanders are a heavy, dull, uninteresting set of people. Nothing is more untrue. Their minds are accurate and sensible.

They have also a certain self-respect that is quite fine.

They are unpretentious in their manner of living, no matter how wealthy they may be. Through economy, even the poor in Holland are rich, and put guilder after guilder into the old stocking that serves as their bank. Here there are no desperately poor people, as there are in nearly every other country of Europe.

The Dutch also have a curious air of being sufficient unto themselves. The salesmen show their goods indifferently. They will accommodate you, but there is really no need of their urging you to buy. The innkeepers are equally cool; at times they have even been known to refuse to receive tourists because "they were strangers."

It would be interesting to see much more of Holland. Delightful hours might be spent in Delft, where the Dutch blue and white ware is made, in Gonda, where cheeses are made and weighed, and in Friesland, where quaint customs and costumes prevail; but we must now leave Holland and enter Belgium.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LAND OF THE WOODEN SHOE.

Belgium, though one of the smallest countries of Europe, is the most thickly settled. The land is fertile, and crops are raised sufficient to support all the people of the country. Very few nations of modern

times are, like Belgium, able to supply bread enough to feed all their people; most nations have to import some of it from abroad. But little Belgium, like ancient Egypt, is, in this respect, independent of the whole world.

The land consists of three regions, — the eastern, western, and central. The eastern region contains the few low ranges of hills that enter Belgium from France. These rolling hills are clothed with thick forests. The rest of the region is made up of marshes and rough pastures. Here coal is found in abundance.

Toward the center of Belgium the forests give place to farms, which yield rich crops of wheat, corn, oats, and rye. Each farm is very small, often only as large as one of our New England pastures; but every foot is made to produce the utmost possible. Rye is the principal food of the common people. The Belgian farmers are not ready to accept improved methods of farming, but cling tenaciously to old-fashioned tools and old-fashioned ways.

The west and northwest region might be called the garden of Belgium. The country is here as flat as Holland; and is protected from the rivers by dikes, and from the sea by long lines of sand hills, or dunes, on which slender pines wave their branches in the keen ocean breezes.

The land enclosed by the dikes and the dunes is remarkably green and fertile. This is partly owing to the many silvery canals that cross it in all directions. The crops raised are unusually large. This whole tract is the admiration of foreigners and the pride of the Bel-

gians. Bruges, Ghent, and Antwerp, three towns that we shall visit shortly, are all situated in this green belt of Belgium.

The route of the English tourist through Belgium is apt to be this: he lands at Ostend, visits Bruges, Ghent, and Antwerp, and then turns southward to spend the remainder of his time in Brussels, the modern capital. This plan of seeing Belgium is a good one, as it takes us through the most famous cities. So if you have no objection, little fellow traveler, we will follow it.

Ostend is a noted resort. Every summer Russians, Germans, French, and English come here to spend the months of July and August. The most delightful promenade is along the sea wall, an immense structure of brick and stone. The dance hall is situated close by the wall. There, every evening, crowds of people gather and dance in a heated atmosphere to the sound of the flute and violin.

The wiser folks stay outside in the fresh breeze from the sea, and listen to the grand roar of the ocean. The view is wide and beautiful. Before us stretch the tossing white-capped waves of the Strait of Dover; over them bends the dark blue sky, set here and there with a glittering star. Two mighty breakwaters reach ghostly fingers out from the land; while at the quaint little pier, an English steamer is landing a number of seasick, disheartened tourists. The merciless English Channel has been unusually rough to-night. Below the wall on which we stand is a stretch of sand; and, in a dark huddle at one end of the beach, are the bathing

houses, or, as they are called abroad, the bathing machines.

By eleven o'clock the next morning the shore is at its liveliest. Every one in Ostend seems to be on the beach. If he is not bathing himself, he is watching the bathers with great interest.

Men and women in the queerest toilets swim, float, dive, or wade in the little bay. One and all forget their years, their dignity, their titles perhaps, and become children again. Very noisy children they are too! The shrieks of the ladies, as a great roller takes them off their feet and lands them far up the beach, would be alarming and terrifying if they were not so constantly repeated. It is the story of the farmer's boy and the wolf over again. As the alarms are all false, the cries cease to be heartrending, and merely deafen the ears with their noise.

The children alone, their faces bronzed notwithstanding their protecting straw hats, are indifferent to the bathing of their relatives and friends. Like the warlike little Germans and Frenchmen that they are, they build castles and forts in the sand. Each group of children is guarded by several nurses in white caps and aprons.

The oysters of Ostend are famous throughout Europe, and form no small attraction to the place. They are small and have a most delicious flavor. Colonies of them were originally brought from England, and established on this coast.

Ostend forms one of a line of fortresses by which the border of Belgium is defended from France. When

every nation in Europe is armed to the teeth, and when Germany has her daily drills, Belgium cannot leave herself entirely undefended.

You might suppose that such a little country as Belgium would be gobbled up at any moment by the ambitious nations, greedy for more territory, which means to them more power. But no! Belgium's size is her best safeguard, as the shrewd little nation is well aware. She is too small to be divided among four or five countries; and she knows that the jealousy existing between all the nations will prevent any one of them from being allowed to seize her. She is so safe that her people enjoy much more freedom than do the French or Germans, so constantly drawn up in line of battle.

Bruges and Ghent can be reached from Ostend by canals. The land intervening is very much like Holland. There are the flat green meadows, cut into huge, wedge-shaped bits of green by the many canals. Lines of poplars and willows border the canals, and red and yellow windmills flap their dark sails upon the horizon in a way that seems strangely familiar. We notice that the thatch on these nearer windmills is smooth and fine as fur.

Yes, the landscape is Dutch; and so are many of the people that we meet, so far as we can judge by dress and conversation. Their words have a harshness of sound, which is noticed in no language besides the Dutch and the Russian.

Bruges and Ghent, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, belonged to the Count of Flanders. Ghent was the capital, but Bruges was the chief commercial city, not only of Flanders but of the world.

Six hundred years ago the tradesmen had no rights as citizens. They were at the mercy of their lord or duke, and all the wealth that they gained through their own exertions they held merely at his good pleasure. He could demand either the whole or a large part of it, whenever he wished.

As the tradesmen grew richer, they felt their power. They determined to secure legal rights for themselves, and thus protect the trade of their cities. In Germany, Italy, and Flanders leagues of cities were formed; and, after sharp struggles with the lords, the cities gained charters.

Ghent and Bruges took the lead among the Flemish cities. At one time Ghent alone stood opposed to the Count of Flanders. Her people were starving; and at last five thousand men of Ghent set off against the Count's army, that was feasting in Bruges. There were forty thousand against them, but the courage of despair turned these starving, tottering men into an army of heroes. They won the day, and entered Bruges with their gallant leader, Philip van Artevelde, at their head. To celebrate their victory, they carried in triumph from Bruges to Ghent a gilt dragon, which they set up on their belfry tower.

From that day the cities of Belgium were comparatively free, and unusual prosperity blessed them.

Bruges, though now an inland city, was at that time on the sea. One hundred and fifty vessels rode at anchor in her harbors. Merchants from Asia Minor and northern Italy came bringing the silks and pearls of India and the tapestries of Arabia, in exchange for her linen and woolen goods.

The citizens of Bruges were the best spinners and weavers in the world. It always pays to be the best or the first in any industry. They showed that it paid by wearing clothes of velvet and fine cloth trimmed with dark fur. Over their broad chests gleamed many a chain of gold.

Some of these wealthy tradesmen, or burghers, whose quaint old warehouses were stuffed with oriental goods, were, moreover, knights of the Golden Fleece. You would scarcely believe it, but this society was established by a Duke of Flanders. His name was Philip the Good; and he honored industry, and especially the industry of weaving wool, when he gave the name of Golden Fleece to his order. Kings were proud to belong to the same order as the burghers of Bruges.

Those golden days are fled. The broad paved streets of Bruges are silent now. Grass grows thickly between the paving stones. Empty are the old warehouses, and so are many of the dwelling houses with their high roofs, dormer windows, ornamental iron balconies, and scrolled and dated gables. In the shadow of the old mansions sit pretty maidens, whose nimble fingers make the bobbins fly as they weave the fine Valenciennes lace.

The population of Bruges in the fifteenth century was two hundred thousand; it is now less than fifty thousand. The life and industry of the city have visibly shrunk.

The most famous object in the town is the old belfry, or watchtower. It stands in the market place, where old women with dark brown faces sit at its foot selling fish. There is a wide view of the surrounding country

from its top. In time of danger the bells in the tower were rung to give the alarm. How often those solemn bells pealed forth in the days of the old city league!

"The Belgians are as fond of chimes as the Dutch are of stagnant water." So the belfry of Bruges is provided with a set of forty-eight bells, which weigh all the way from two pounds to eleven thousand. The tones vary from the highest, sweetest little treble to the deepest, most sonorous bass. Every fifteen minutes the chimes ring; and on the hour they play a tune. They are said to be the finest chimes in Europe.

One seems to walk the streets to music, so often do the bells fling their sweet sounds down upon the unheeding city below.

Next to chimes, which in some cities peal every seven and a half minutes, the most frequent sound is that of wooden shoes. These are usually too large and too loose for the feet, which they scarcely can be said to adorn. The consequence is two clicks as they are set down, — the click of the toe, and the clank of the heel. When a crowd of people are together, the sound is astonishingly loud.

Ghent, like Bruges, has seen its best days. It has the same silent canals, on which float many chunky canal boats. It has fully two hundred and seventy bridges, crossing these canals and connecting the wide, quiet streets. Ghent has lost less of its population than Bruges, and is consequently a little more lively and thrifty. One marked difference between the two towns is that grass does not grow in the streets of Ghent.

Here is also a belfry; and, gleaming from its top, is the gilt dragon brought from Bruges so long ago. In this belfry hangs the old bell, Roland, that was rung by the citizens on the approach of an enemy or after a victory. Our independence bell was rung but once, and is honored highly. This bell has been tolled and pealed through all the hundreds of years that mark the history of Ghent.

Roland has become almost a person to the people of Belgium. He is a patriot, a hero, a leader in all rebellion against unrighteous authority.

Charles V. came so to hate this bell, as a mouthpiece of the rebels, that when he had conquered Ghent in a struggle many years after those of which I have just been speaking, he ordered that Roland should be condemned and sentenced to a speedy removal from the belfry.

It is this glorious old bell that Longfellow speaks of in his poem, "The Belfry of Bruges:"

"Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dike of sand,
I am Roland! I am Roland! there is victory in the land!"

St. Bavon's is the chief church of Ghent. It is a vast building with the interior beautifully finished in black and white marble. There are many finely carved tombs of bishops and nobles throughout the church; marble statues adorn the many niches of the walls; the elegant pulpit is of carved wood.

Before the altar stand four tall copper candlesticks that once belonged to Charles I. They have the English coat of arms upon them, and formerly stood either in

Whitehall Chapel or St. Paul's Church. The story goes that they were sold in the time of Cromwell.

The choir is beautified by the arms of the knights of the Golden Fleece, which form a bright frieze high up on the marble wall. There are twenty-four chapels leading from the main cathedral. Nearly all of them contain remarkably fine pictures, which we may see by passing through the brass gates that separate each chapel from the main church.

"The Adoration of the Spotless Lamb," by the brothers Van Eyck, is considered the finest picture of the early Belgian painters. There are three hundred heads in the painting, each of which is finished with most conscientious care. The Madonna has a beautiful countenance.

Rubens's "St. Bavon Renouncing his Profession of a Soldier" is in another chapel. St. Bavon, after whom the cathedral is named, gave up a soldier's life to become a monk. This painting is considered one of Rubens's greatest works.

Antwerp in the sixteenth century was a more important commercial city than London. It was even more; it was the richest city in all Europe. Like Ghent and Bruges, its power afterwards declined, but within this century prosperity has returned to it. It is still the first port in Belgium.

Antwerp may thank Napoleon the First for restored wealth and prosperity. He deepened the river Scheldt, so that vessels of larger tonnage could approach the town. By enlarging the harbor, he made it one of the best in Europe. His object was to establish here a

military depot, whence he could menace the power of England. He hoped that Antwerp might become a formidable commercial rival to London. But the battle of Waterloo checkmated his plans.

On entering the harbor, the most noticeable landmark is the cathedral spire. It impresses the traveler as a most beautiful object; and all the while he remains in Antwerp this spire casts over him the spell of its graceful and delicate beauty.

Antwerp cathedral is five hundred feet long and two hundred and fifty feet wide. The spire is four hundred and six feet in height, and like the cathedral is of stone and iron. The spire begins with most solid and rich Gothic architecture; but, as it rises, it grows lighter and more airy, and the carving becomes marvelously fine and delicate. Charles the Fifth, emperor of Germany, said that the spire ought to be kept under a glass case. Three hundred years later, Napoleon First, emperor of France, compared it to Mechlin lace.

It was Napoleon's custom on conquering a city, to send off all its most famous and striking works of art to Paris, to adorn his capital. If he had been able, no doubt he would have transported the spire of the Antwerp cathedral to Paris, and set it up in the gardens of the Tuileries. As he could not do so, he did the next best thing. He carried away "The Raising of the Cross" and "The Descent from the Cross," two famous pictures by Rubens, which, after the spire, were the chief attractions of the cathedral. "The Descent from the Cross" is Rubens's masterpiece. Both paintings have recently been returned to their first home.

In the spire is a chime of ninety-nine bells. The largest bell is so bulky that it requires sixteen men to ring it. Charles V. stood godfather to it when the bells were first hung in place.

The beauty of the cathedral is a little marred by its poor, not to say squalid, surroundings. Second-rate shops and booths cluster at its base. The cathedral itself is falling into decay.

Germany is poor, Belgium is rich. Yet Germany can give vast sums of money to repair and finish Cologne cathedral, while Belgium allows this beautiful monument of her national faith gradually to wear away.

If you should go to the museum of Antwerp, I fear you would be more interested in a certain painter named Mr. Charles Felu than in the fine pictures. Mr. Felu has no arms, but he has so trained his toes that they are able to serve as fingers. Besides holding his brush with his toes, he can mix his colors, and unscrew and screw the covers to those trying little tubes in which the paint comes packed. He is a very skillful copyist, and his paintings bring a good price in the city.

Rubens's house and pretty garden may be seen at Antwerp. The summerhouse, where he was fond of working, and his stone bench and table, remain as he left them nearly two hundred and fifty years ago.

Twenty-five miles south of Antwerp is Brussels, the capital of Belgium. Brussels consists of two towns, an upper and a lower.

The upper town is the newer. It contains many pleasant promenades and a park, which, though small, is prettier than the famous park, the Bois de Boulogne

in Paris. It is the resemblance of this section of the town to Paris that causes people to give to Brussels the name of Little Paris.

The lower town is more interesting to the student of history. There are many quaint old houses along the narrow streets. The only building of note is the Hôtel de Ville, or the townhall. The spire, a lofty one, is surmounted by a statue of St. Michael. From the square, St. Michael appears very small, but he is really seventeen feet tall. He is swung to and fro by the wind, and serves as a weathervane to the city.

In the square before the Hôtel de Ville, two leaders of the people against the Spaniards were executed,—Count Egmont and Admiral Horn. From the square may be seen the house where they spent their last night alive, and also the window where Alva watched their execution. It is said that tears poured down his cheeks at the time. Do you believe it? I do not. A man who could boast that he had executed eighteen thousand six hundred Netherlanders, during the time that he was governor, would scarcely mourn at the death of any one.

In the streets of Brussels may be seen the quaint figures of the working people. The milk seller is perhaps as interesting as any. She wears a huge white cap and large gold earrings, and walks sedately by her cart with a careful eye upon the two rough, good-natured dogs who draw it. The cart is filled with straw, in which are set curiously shaped pitchers of brass, containing the milk. Sometimes she carries one pitcher in her hand, as an advertisement of what her cart contains.

Belgium has been the spot where, for hundreds of years, the nations of Europe have fought out their quarrels. This has been hard for Belgium, as she has never waged war of her own accord. Whenever she has fought, it has been because she has been dragged into the conflict.

About twelve miles south of Brussels is one of the world's great battlefields, — the plain of Waterloo. Here it was that the English and Germans, under Wellington and Blücher, finally defeated the French under Napoleon I. The field includes a beautiful stretch of orchards, villages, and meadows. Everything is green and rural, and it seems as if peace had always smiled on the plain.

In one place rises a huge mound with a lion, the emblem of Belgium, upon the summit. In obtaining the earth for this mound, the workmen were so unfortunate as to alter important slopes in the field. When Wellington visited it, he was thoroughly disgusted with the change. Referring to the cost of the monument, he said: "A million francs to spoil the field! I will never visit it again."

CHAPTER IX.

THROUGH RHINELAND.

The word Rhine awakens no particular emotions in your mind, my American boy, beyond perhaps a slight feeling of interest. But it arouses most intense emo-

tions in the heart of the German boy. These emotions are a high pride and an enthusiastic love.

He is proud of the Rhine, first, for its beautiful natural scenery, and secondly, for its associations with the past.

The scenery is indeed most beautiful, — with its beetling crags, rocky hillsides, shady islands, and long stretches of sunny vineyards softening and brightening with tender green the dark walls of the river.

The Rhine is also historic ground. To write the history of the Rhine would be to write the history of Europe. Cæsar and his legions have thundered by the Rhine; Goths and Huns have fought by its shore, with each other and with the more civilized nations of their times, so often that we seem to fail to pierce the darkness of the Middle Ages, by reason of the clouds of arrows and of spears. Everywhere the voice of war is heard; and the martial sounds are echoed down the centuries, from the contests of the robber chieftains and the tradesmen to the terrible wars of Napoleon and the Franco-Prussian war.

You know how objects receive an impress from the life about them. Your mother's room looks unlike any other room to you. It contains the articles that she needs, and that she has slowly gathered around her during many years. Some old houses are individualized in this way by the lives of their owners.

Whenever life has been very intense, it must of necessity leave a deep imprint upon its surroundings, or the stage on which it worked out its emotions. So the Rhine has become crowded with suggestions of the past.

The ruined castles and towers are so many cast-off shells, which the rough tides of time have left high and dry upon the Rhineland shore, to speak to us to-day of the stormy past.

As in putting a seashell to your ear you hear the distant murmur of the sea, so walking within the ruined walls of these castles you hear, in the silence and in the low moaning of the wind through the casements, the echoes of the past.

All the course of the blue Rhine is embossed with quaint legends and fantastic stories, as a golden girdle is set with gems. It seems as if the well-known tales of every nation had some equivalent here. We hear of imprisoned princesses, and princesses turned to stone; of fights with dragons and other uncanny foes; and of whirlpools and sirens. Later, mixed with these heathen stories, come curious miracles of the early Church. Hosts of songs and tiny poems, by known and unknown poets, cluster round the river and sing along its waves.

You can easily see how proud the Germans might be of such a river, renowned for its beauty, its history, and its poetry. But their love is aroused a little differently.

Will you think of the feeling of the Egyptians for the Nile, and the Romans for the Tiber? Each nation owed much of its prosperity to its river, and each nation worshiped it as a kindly god. It was, "O Tiber, Father Tiber, to whom the Romans pray."

The Germans, centuries ago, worshiped the Rhine; and some of this strong, reverent emotion has come down to the Christian nation of to-day. The Rhine is still to

the German a precious river, like no other of his beautiful streams. But it stands to him now more as a national monument, in short as the embodiment of his nation, in its strong and gracious beauty, its grand historic worth, and its sweet poetry.

We have nothing in America that we regard in this way, unless it may be the stars and stripes of our own glorious flag. But in the heart of every true German is this stanch, deep pride and love, born perhaps of superstition, for "Father Rhine."

Some of the stories that we shall hear of special places by the river will illustrate this devotion.

In southeastern Switzerland stands the lofty mountain of St. Gothard. Its huge bulk, rising sharply nine thousand feet into the cold air, separates the valley of the Rhine on the north from the valley of the Rhone on the south. One clear stream goes to the sunny Mediterranean: the other, to the dull blue waters of the North Sea.

Amid the glaciers on the northern mountain slope is the cold white cradle of the Rhine. Bright, swift, and joyous, it dashes on its way, carrying along in its young might earth and stones from the hillside. It is a dark brown color when it enters Lake Constance, but when it leaves the lake it is again a beautiful rich blue. The dark earth has been left in the lake.

For some distance now the Rhine forms the boundary between Germany and Switzerland. There are many falls in its course, some of which are both beautiful and noted. When at length the river turns northward and enters Germany, it flows between Alsace and Baden.

Strasburg, the capital of Alsace, is situated a few miles from the Rhine on a little river of its own. But as this river is also a tributary of the Rhine, Strasburg, with many other German towns similarly situated, may be said to form a part of Rhineland.

The most noted object in Strasburg is the cathedral. Compared with other cathedrals, it is chiefly remarkable for its clock and its spire.

You may have seen a cuckoo clock. When the hour strikes, a dear little bird pops out from within the case, flaps its wings, and sings its pretty note. Of course there is much complicated machinery within the clock, to make the little bird come out just at the right time.

The Strasburg clock is even more wonderful than the cuckoo clock. It is almost like a small theater, there are so many people and animals that have their little part to play as the hours of the day go by. The hours are struck by angels, and at midday and midnight life-size figures of Christ and his twelve disciples come from a door and walk about on a platform. Then a gilded cock upon the upper turret of the clock flaps its wings and crows.

The spire, which is four hundred and sixty feet in height, is the tallest one in Europe, taller even than the spire of St. Paul's in London. At the time of the French Revolution, the Republicans were destroying cathedrals, churches, and public buildings of all kinds, in order to show their hatred for everything established by government. Strasburg Cathedral was threatened; but some quick-witted ecclesiastic hung upon the steeple a metal republican cap of the kind the insurgents were wearing.

This pleased them, and they spared the church. The metal cross on the steeple was bent during the siege of Strasburg in the late Franco-Prussian war.

The Germans and the French have for centuries been struggling over the possession of Alsace and Lorraine. The French cry: "Give us natural frontiers. Let us have the Rhine for the boundary line between our two nations. It was so in Cæsar's time, why not in ours?" But the Germans answer: "Not so. Why should Cæsar be an authority to-day? The Rhine should and shall be 'Germany's river, not Germany's frontier.'"

And so, during the centuries, whenever treaties were signed in Europe, closing wars in which Germany and France were opposed to each other, Alsace and Lorraine were handed over to the winning nation. They were bandied to and fro in a most bewildering fashion. France had held them for nearly four hundred years with a firm grip; but in 1870 the Germans invaded France, besieged Strasburg and other frontier towns, and recaptured the two long-coveted provinces.

These stanzas from a song composed by a German soldier, which was to be sung when they marched in triumph into Strasburg, may show you the spirit of the times: —

"In Alsace, over the Rhine,
There lives a brother of mine;
It grieves my soul to say
He hath forgot the day
We were one land and line.

"Dear brother, torn apart,
Is't true that changed thou art?

The French have clasped on thee
Their fetters, as we see;
Have they Frenchified thy heart?

"Hark! that's the Prussian drum,
And it tells the time has come;
We have made one Germany,
One 'Deutschland' firm and free;
And our civil strifes are dumb.

"Thee also, fighting sore,
Ankle-deep in German gore,
We have won. Ah, brother dear!
Thou art German — dost thou hear?
They shall never part us more."

So the Germans sing; but it is said that France will never be content till she has wiped out the stain of defeat in the late war, and recaptured the two provinces.

Some seventy miles north of Strasburg another tributary joins the Rhine. This is the Neckar, by following which we come to Heidelberg. Perhaps it would be safer not to go there if we wish to see what further wonders this Rhine voyage will unfold. Travelers have said that any one who goes to Heidelberg never wants to leave it.

The town is certainly charming. The houses are of all degrees of the picturesque, from the low cottages with tiny casements and heavily barred shutters to the tall brick mansions with pointed roofs. These border steep streets, paved with rough cobblestones running up to the castle and down to the Neckar. The castle crowns the summit of the hill, on the slopes and at the foot of which the town is built.

Heidelberg Castle is, next to the Alhambra in Spain, the finest ruin in Europe. This castle is what gives Heidelberg its abiding charm. It holds the traveler like a magnet, and well repays the study of weeks and months.

Its position is a fine one. Hills covered with waving trees rise above it at the back. From the terrace on the front one may see the valleys of the Neckar and the Rhine, and, far away on the horizon line, the blue billowy outlines of the Alsatian hills.

The castle is an immense pile, somewhat oblong in shape. It consists of twelve different buildings surrounding a court yard. These buildings, which are palaces, towers, and strongholds, have been erected from time to time in the course of the centuries. They illustrate all the varying styles of architecture from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century. There are buildings with straight, severe lines, and there are others most elaborately ornamented with carvings, and with niches holding each its own beautiful statue.

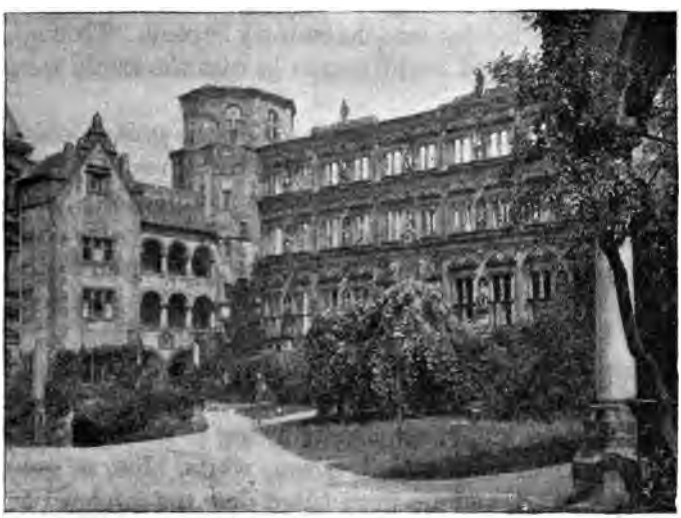
In the old days Heidelberg Castle was both a palace, where the elector palatine lived, and also a fort. It has been besieged many times, and has twice been surrendered to the French.

It bears many interesting marks of these sieges. There is one tower called the Blown-up Tower. Half of this tower fell into the moat during one siege. Lindens grow from the remaining half, and make a delightful, shady nook of the place.

On one side of the castle is the garden which one of the electors palatine had made for his English bride, Elizabeth, the daughter of James the First. There seems

to be a tragic air still hanging about the English garden, as it is called. The story of this English woman and her husband resembles that of Macbeth and his wife.

Elizabeth was a very ambitious woman. When the German princes offered a crown to her husband, he hesitated. Elizabeth then said, "If you do not desire to be king, you do not deserve to have the daughter of a



HEIDELBERG CASTLE.

king for your wife." This stimulated the weak man into undertaking more than he could possibly carry through. War broke out, and the elector palatine lost not only his new kingdom but also his palatinate.

There are many old stories connected with the castle. There is a ghost story about one dusty old turret chamber that I dare not tell you, it is so frightful.

One may wander for days through the grounds, climbing moss-grown stairs and discovering old fountains, shady grottoes, and hidden statues of marble somewhat darkened by time. Within the castle, the stranger might easily lose himself in the winding corridors, the vaults, and the dungeons beneath the walls. There are many arched doorways, now bricked up, that perhaps once opened into underground passages that ran beneath the moat and led out into the country beyond. Through these the besieged could escape in case the castle were captured.

In one of the vaults may be seen the great Heidelberg tun. It is a tremendous wine barrel resting on its side, and is capable of holding eight hundred hogsheads of wine. The French thought it was full of wine; and after the capture of the castle, they made frantic but ineffectual efforts to open the cask. The marks of their hatchets may still be seen in its tough sides.

Heidelberg is a university town, and at all hours of the day students may be seen upon the streets. They have quite a jaunty air, chiefly owing to their hats and canes. Their hats of red, green, white, blue, or gold are very small, and are worn tilted over the forehead on one side. They are held in place by an elastic passing beneath the hair. Their canes are very small and slender and have a button on the end.

One very remarkable fact is that the handsome blonde faces of the students are seamed and crossed either by scars or by strips of court plaster. Some look like the grotesquely painted faces of the circus clown. A student considers each scar upon his "human face divine" an

honor. Duelling among the students is the custom at Heidelberg. They never try to wound the body, but always the face. There is an inn on the outskirts of the town, where both the drinking and the sword duels take place.

Every August, when the university closes, there is a gala night. The castle and the bridge across the Neckar are illuminated, and the students float on the river in lighted boats. The stars shine bright in the sky, the nightingales sing in the castle gardens, and all is enchanting.

Hurrying by Mainz, in the shadow of whose beautiful cathedral stands the statue of Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, we come to Bingen. Here begins the most beautiful part of the whole course of the Rhine. Throughout the next seventy miles, the river valley is very narrow indeed. The steep cliffs draw close to the river, leaving room only for the railroad and carriage road.

Bingen is a sunny little town, opposite which stands the celebrated "Mouse Tower." That is a funny name for a castle, but it came to be called so in this way.

There was once a terrible famine on the Rhine. People were starving everywhere. Bishop Hatto of Bingen, whose barns were filled with corn, refused to open them to the people. They cried out against him, and at last he appeared to relent. He told them all to come to his barn. When they entered it hoping for food, he locked the door behind them and set the barn on fire. He only laughed when he heard their shrieks, and said, "Hear the rats cry." Soon an army of mice

appeared and devoured his corn. He fled before them to his tower on the Rhine; but they swam the river, gnawed through the walls, and ended by eating the cruel bishop.

We come next to Bacharach, a village which is famous for its wines. There is a rock in the river which is used as a gauge of the grape crop. If it is seen in a certain month, the peasants count on a plentiful harvest.

The vineyards lie mainly between Mainz and Bonn. They cover the steep hillsides thickly. The least scrap of earth in the crevices of the cliffs is utilized. Low stone walls are built about it, in order to prevent the rains from washing the soil away. Poles from four to six feet high are planted there, and grape vines trained upon them.

The cliffs have been terraced with infinite care. In many cases, all the soil and the enrichment of it have been carried by men and women up the cliffs in baskets. They sometimes are obliged to crawl up the narrow mountain paths on their knees. With the long, pannier-like baskets upon their backs, they then look like beasts of burden.

At the end of October or the beginning of November the vintage begins on the Rhine. The heavy clusters of white or purple grapes have a beautiful bloom by this time and a most cool, delicious flavor. They are gathered and brought down to the village by young men and maidens. They are then poured into huge vats, in which small boys stamp out the juice with their heavy wooden shoes or thick leather boots. They do not laugh or shout at their tasks. A solemn look of re-

sponsibility rests upon each square, boyish face. When the grapes are all plucked in a vineyard, the owners set off fireworks to announce the joyful news.

The white wines coming from this section of Germany are the finest in the world. The pope once gave orders that a cask of this wine should be sent to him each year.

It was in this vicinity that the Prussians under Blücher crossed the Rhine in 1814. When the first regiments saw the noble river, they rushed forward and knelt, shouting: "The Rhine! the Rhine!" Those in the rear hastened forward, supposing, from the excitement, that their comrades had come upon the enemy.

Some distance below Bacharach a rock rises in midstream to the height of four hundred feet. This is the Lorelei. Just below the rock is a dangerous whirlpool, and, as a further addition to the terrors of the place, there is an echo which reverberates fifteen times. It is a dangerous spot for boatmen to pass on a dark night.

So many lost their lives in the whirlpool that there came to be a general belief that some uncanny and wicked genius haunted the place. The Germans pictured this genius as a lovely siren with the most beautiful golden locks and the sweetest voice in the world. She combed her locks to bewitching music. The listening fishermen forgot their perils, until they found themselves in the clutch of the whirlpool.

Castles cluster thickly along this part of the river. Here is Rhinefels, six hundred years old and the finest ruin on the Rhine. Like many of the other castles, it was built and held by a robber baron, who would

allow no vessel to pass his castle until it had paid a heavy toll. These barons made themselves so hated that at length a confederation of sixty cities was formed against them. Armies were raised, and many castles, Rhinefels among the number, were besieged and captured.

Here are the grim castles of Liebenstein and Sternenfels, and here the lovely old ruin of Stolzenfels, with its shattered casements and ruined arches. A bishop once lived here, who longed to find the Philosopher's Stone. It was believed that everything that stone touched would change to pure gold. Day after day, year after year, the man, growing graver daily, bent over his crucible. It was a hopeless task. He never discovered what he sought, and he lost what was more precious than any stone, — the best opportunities of his life.

The Moselle River joins the Rhine on the left-hand side. At its mouth is the city of Coblenz, opposite which, on the other side of the Rhine, rises the strong fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, the "Broad Stone of Honor." This fortress occupies a commanding position on a hill nearly five hundred feet high. It is, next to the fortresses of Gibraltar and Malta, the strongest fort in Europe. It has been called the Gibraltar of the Rhine. It is well that it should be strong, for whoever holds it holds the Rhine.

It is now thinly garrisoned; but, taking in the town of Coblenz, a garrison of one hundred thousand men can be accommodated here at any time.

There is a fountain in Coblenz which has two amusing inscriptions upon it. When a French general was

passing through Coblenz on his way to Russia in 1814, he caused this fountain to be erected, as the inscription declares, "In memory of the campaign against Russia." He was sure of victory; but, as it happened, the French were disastrously defeated.

Soon after, the Russian general passed through Coblenz. He saw this fountain, and with grim humor caused these words to be added, "Seen and approved by the Russian general."

Perhaps the most beautiful bit of the Rhine is at Rolandseck. Two crags crowned by ruined towers rise on each side of the river. That on the left hand is Rolandseck; that on the right, the Drachenfels, one of a long range of seven mountains, which stretches nearly down to Cologne. Between the two mountains is the green island of Nonnenwerth. Beneath dark linden trees shine the white walls of the convent of Nonnenwerth.

Once there was a brave knight called Roland, who loved a gentle lady named Hildegard. He was obliged to go to war against the Spaniards with his king, Charlemagne. On his return they were to be married. He was gone a long time, so long that Hildegard finally gave up all hope of seeing him again. Then she heard of his death, and in her despair she became a nun in the convent of Nonnenwerth.

But the brave and good Roland was not dead. He returned soon after, and was overcome with sorrow at the loss of his beautiful Hildegard. He built this tower commanding a view of the island, and spent the rest of his life in gazing at Nonnenwerth and listening

to the chiming convent bells. It seems a pity for a brave young knight thus to throw away his life, but the Germans assure you that the story is a true one.

Drachenfels means Dragon's Height. Once a fiery dragon lived in a cave half way up the mountain side. Siegfried, a brave German hero, came to fight the dragon, and after a hard battle succeeded in killing it. He then bathed himself from head to foot in the blood of the dragon, which made his flesh become as hard as horn and as capable of resisting blows as armor. One little place between his shoulders he could not reach, and only there might an arrow or sword kill him.

Does n't this remind you of another brave chieftain? Yes, it was the Grecian Achilles. His mother dipped him, when a child, in the river Styx. After that he could only be wounded in the heel by which she was obliged to hold him.

The blood of the dragon soaked into the soil, and to this day all the grapes that grow on the hill are blood-red. The wine made from them is called "Dragon's Blood."

Hurrying by Bonn, the birthplace of Beethoven, one of the many great German musicians, we reach Cologne, where our journey down the Rhine ends.

Cologne is the third city where we have seen a bridge of boats, the other cities being Strasburg and Coblenz. These curious bridges are made in this way. Boats are moored in a line across the stream, and then planking is laid from one boat to the next. Of course no vessels can pass under such a bridge, and so it is arranged to open and shut while they pass through. It is quite

entertaining to see the bridge slowly open for one of those great timber rafts which we have occasionally noticed on our journey. They remind us of the Canadian rafts on the Ottawa and St. Lawrence Rivers, that we read of in "Our American Neighbors."

Single logs or small rafts come floating down the tributaries of the Rhine. At the upper towns they are bound into large rafts from three to five hundred feet long, and perhaps two hundred feet wide. From two to four hundred men guide them down the river. Their families live in small cottages upon the raft. So they sail slowly down between the beautiful and romantic shores of the German Rhine into Holland, and so on to Dort. There the rafts are broken up; and the timber goes to Rotterdam, either to be exported or to be used in ship building.

The cathedral of Cologne is one of the most beautiful buildings in Europe. It was begun in the thirteenth century, and has only been finished within the last decade.

All the arches of the cathedral are narrow and pointed. This shows that it belongs to the Gothic style of architecture. It would take you a long time to count the points on the cathedral front. Every line forms a pointed arch with some other line, and they all combine to give the cathedral the appearance of rising far toward heaven.

The interior, with its marble floors and carved pillars, is equally magnificent. Back of the altar is a chapel containing the most precious relics in the cathedral. They are the bones of the three wise men who came to worship the child Christ. They are inclosed in a golden

COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

casket with the names of the wise men written upon it in gleaming jewels.

What reverence these poor bones and skulls have awakened in the past! The old robber barons would swear by everything sacred in heaven, and break their vows as soon as made. But once get them to swear by these three kings of Cologne, and they never broke their word.

The church of St. Ursula, though not so beautiful, is nearly as interesting as the cathedral. St. Ursula, — so the story goes, — before her marriage made a pilgrimage to Rome. She was accompanied on her pious journey by eleven thousand maidens. On their return they encountered an army of Huns, and were slain near Cologne.

The bones of these maidens, or virgins, can be seen in the church of St. Ursula. The sight is a ghastly one, for the walls are lined with bones, bones are intertwined in lattices overhead, and the white teeth of skulls gleam on every side. If one of those virgins should come back to life as young and fair as of old, she would immediately die of fright at finding herself amid such hideous surroundings.

From this point, the course of the river Rhine is so uninteresting that travelers rarely sail below Cologne. The river makes its way over flat, level plains; and after it enters Holland it is walled in by dikes, so high that no view of the surrounding prospect is obtained.

The Rhine itself seems to lose its individuality in Holland. It sends off so many arms to other streams that it becomes but a sluggish river, inclined to lose itself in

the sand, and having to be guided and helped on its way by dikes and canals. It saunters past quaint old Leyden, and on to the North Sea. And so, "Fare thee well, Father Rhine!"

CHAPTER X.

THREE WEALTHY CITIES OF GERMANY.

Travelers say that when one has seen Paris, he has seen France. This is because Paris has gathered to herself all the valuable or interesting works of art and all the historical relics that are contained in the republic. Here we find numerous picture galleries, museums, and collections; and we find them almost nowhere else in France. Havre, Lyons, Marseilles, and Bordeaux are nearly as bare of such possessions as if a conqueror had swept through their streets, carrying off all desirable objects of beauty to his own country. Paris is, indeed, the center of beauty in France.

It is very different in Germany. There we find many such centers. The reason for it is this. Up to the year 1870, Germany consisted of many kingdoms or dukedoms, each ruled by its own particular king or duke. Each small state had its own capital, which its rulers beautified, from time to time, by laying out parks and pleasure grounds, and by building palaces and museums. So when all these states united to form the empire, it came to pass that Germany had many rich and interesting cities. There were Berlin, Dresden, Munich,

Stuttgart, Hanover, and many others,— all of which had been capitals of states.

Nearly every small town in Germany is noted for something. Perhaps it contains a ruined castle, or is the birthplace of some poet or painter. Perhaps some great battle or siege once caused its quiet streets to resound with the din of war. It takes a Paris to hold the treasures of France; it would take half a dozen Parises to contain the treasures of Germany.

I wish we might visit all the large cities, but there is time for but three. Those are Berlin, Dresden, and Hamburg. First of all, we must pay our respects to the German capital.

Berlin is undoubtedly a beautiful city, but it appears very new indeed to one who has just turned away from the hoary castles of the Rhine.

One of the best views of the city is obtained from the Tower of Victory, which stands in a beautiful park at the southern side of the city. From there, we see the fine wide streets stretching away for the distance of two miles or two miles and a half. They are paved with asphalt, and are so smooth that horses continually slip on them and painfully regain their balance. There are many public buildings, most of which, however, have been built since the capture of Berlin by Napoleon early in the century.

The dwelling houses are of many stories. Each story is occupied by a family. The rich live in the central stories, while the attics and the cellars are often occupied by the poor. They suffer much in the cold weather, as the German houses are not so well heated as ours.

Descending the Tower of Victory, we approach the Brandenburg gate. This gateway is built in the Greek style. It consists of five archways ornamented by a beautiful bronze statue, representing the Goddess of Victory riding in her car. When Napoleon Bonaparte captured Berlin, he carried this away to Paris; but eight years later, the Germans proudly brought it home again and set it up in its old place.

If you should attempt to pass through the central arch, a soldier would spring forward to stop you. Only the royal family can pass under that arch. The other four are for the public.

The Brandenburg gate stands at one end of the finest street in Germany, Unter den Linden, which means under the linden trees. A footpath runs down the middle of the street, on each side of which are planted two rows of lindens. Beyond the lindens again are carriage roads. The street is lined with shops and houses.

This is the most fashionable drive in the city, and at certain hours of the day, elegant equipages carrying princes, generals, statesmen, and their families, dash through Unter den Linden in the direction either of the Brandenburg gate or of the old Schloss, or castle, which forms the northern termination of the walk under the lindens. The half of the street toward the castle is crowded with state buildings. There are the palace of the emperor, the university, the royal library, the theater, and one or two embassies.

Opposite the palace of the emperor stands the statue of Frederick the Great. For over one hundred years he has been the idol of the German people. Old Fritz, as

STATUE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

they call him, was one of the greatest generals of modern times. He fought and won the Silesian War and the Seven Years' War, although the odds against him were enormous.

The coffin of Frederick is at Potsdam, a town about sixteen miles from Berlin. Napoleon visited it after he had taken Berlin, and exclaimed, as he gazed down upon the small plain casket, "I should never have been here, if thou hadst lived." Frederick made Prussia one of the foremost powers of the German states, and so may be said to have prepared the way for the empire.

To-day, his statue stands opposite the emperor's home, as if, by showing what a man Germany has had in her hour of need, to quicken her present rulers to a like consciousness of their glorious powers.

The statue of bronze is mounted upon a stone pedestal, decorated with many bas-reliefs and small figures of the generals and statesmen of the age of Frederick. He himself is seated on horseback. He wears his coronation robes, and carries a cane. Beneath his cocked hat his keen, sharp, thoroughly French face looks out over his free and united Fatherland. This is said to be the finest and most costly bronze statue in the world.

The Schloss, at the end of Unter den Linden, is the one thoroughly old castle in Berlin. It was built in the fifteenth century and contains six hundred rooms, many of which are open to the visitor.

We, in America, can have no idea of the elegance of these apartments or of the vast sums of money spent upon them. The furnishing of the "White Room"

alone cost six hundred thousand dollars, twice as much as the whole cost of building and furnishing the White House. And this is only one room in six hundred; and this is only one castle in hundreds. Think of it! Our Executive Mansion must appear very cheap in the eyes of foreigners used to such splendor.

WILLIAM II.

The Schloss has hundreds of halls with elegant carved ceilings, walls either painted or hung with silk tapestry, and mirror-like floors of marble or polished wood. Most beautifully carved chairs and tables stand about. The pictures, armor, china, and bric-à-brac are of corresponding elegance. We visit the room in which Frederick the Great was born, and at last, thoroughly wearied with the magnificence, we cross to the museum through the pretty park on which the castle faces.

The museum consists of two buildings connected by a corridor. One is the old museum, and the other, the new. Both are long, low buildings with pillared fronts and many shallow steps, leading up to the vestibule. There are two bronze statues, one on each side of the steps, while the inner walls of the vestibule are decorated with a series of beautiful and interesting paintings.

There are three floors in each building, and on each

the arrangement of the exhibit is the same. The lower floor of both museums is devoted to antiquities; the middle floor, to statues; and the upper, to paintings. The collection of paintings is good, but not so fine as that of Dresden or Munich.

The third side of this square upon which the Schloss and the museum face, is occupied by the cathedral. It is not a remarkable building. Indeed, Berlin is somewhat poor, so far as churches go. It has very few, considering its great size; and these are neither very old nor very famous. Only about one tenth of the population of Berlin attend church on Sundays.

The rear of the Schloss looks out on the Spree, a tributary of the Elbe, which flows through Berlin. Across the river at this point is a fine bridge, whose parapet is decorated at intervals by statues that form a series representing eight different stages in the ideal warrior's life. The first statue represents the boy listening to the stories of the old heroes told him by Victory. This is exceedingly lovely. The other statues show him learning to fight, receiving his arms, being crowned after battle, being aided by the gods in danger, receiving his mortal wound, and being led away to Olympus.

The Germans are a nation of soldiers, and the traveler is most conscious of the fact in Berlin. At all hours of the day the officers may be seen upon the streets, with their long swords jingling beside them and striking against the pavement as they walk. The regiments are drilled daily, and sham battles take place almost as frequently.

A stranger in the city, entering one of the squares where such a battle is going on, would believe that the engagement was a serious one. The men go through the movements with the accuracy and precision of machinery. It seems as if nothing could stand against them.

Every German, even the crown prince, has to serve a certain length of time in the army. Many afterwards remain all their lives. The pay is exceedingly small, but so poor are the German people that every vacant place in the ranks is easily filled.

BISMARK.

The whole city looks as if it were drilled. The houses wheel into line, and even the infants, placed in their little carriages so as to face the nurse, fix their eyes upon her as if waiting the command: "Attention, Battalion! Forward,—march!"

One hundred miles south of Berlin is the old city of Dresden, the capital of Saxony. Dresden is built on both sides of the Elbe, the old town lying on the southern side and the new on the northern.

Dresden is famed far and wide for its art galleries, which many people declare are the finest in Europe,—finer than those of Italy, finer even than those in Paris and Madrid. The collection is in a museum which forms the northern side of the Zwinger.

The Zwinger is a curious group of buildings which was originally designed as an entrance hall to a palace; but this palace was planned on so magnificent a scale that it has never been completed. The buildings of the Zwinger inclose three sides of an open court, which is laid out very prettily as a park with walks, gravel paths, and trees.

There are many picture galleries in the museum, all of which are lighted from above. One is not immediately dazzled with a display of fine pictures. It is only as he goes from room to room that the numbers, the value, and the great beauty of the art collection dawn upon him. It is not so much a blinding dazzle as a beautiful vista.

The glory of the collection is the Sistine Madonna (see Frontispiece), painted by Raphael. Turn and look at the picture of it at the beginning of this book. You see there are six people in the picture, who arrange themselves in groups of two. In the center stands the Madonna holding the infant Christ in her arms. The faces of both mother and child are very thoughtful and lovely. On either side, a little below the mother and child, are St. Sextus and St. Barbara. St. Sextus was once a pope, and his miter, or papal crown, is by his feet. At the lower edge of the painting are two little dimpled cherubs, looking upward at the baby Christ. Their beautiful little faces have been copied in sketch and photograph as often as the central group itself.

This picture forms one of the world's priceless possessions. Saxony has refused a million dollars for it. It is not so large a picture as you might suppose, being

about eight feet long by six wide. It has a room to itself in the Dresden gallery, and there are always crowds before it, gazing at its wonderful coloring and majestic beauty.

There is another picture here that perhaps you may have seen. Three royal children are standing together. They are dressed in elaborately embroidered silk dresses with broad lace collars, while quaint lace caps encircle their demure, pretty little faces. They are the children of Charles the First, painted by Vandyke. The original portrait of their illustrious father, by the same artist, is here also.

The gallery contains masterpieces of Paul Veronese and Titian, and has next to the largest number of Correggio's works in Europe.

Another famous collection of Dresden is that of the Green Vault. There the kings of Saxony have gathered together a mass of riches, worth millions of dollars. We see elegantly wrought bronzes, exquisite carvings in ivory, lovely mosaics and enamels, pictures, watches, goblets, statues, plates of solid silver and gold, and hosts of precious articles too numerous to mention. There are emeralds, rubies, pearls, and diamonds, either free or adorning the crowns, collars, and sword hilts of the dead and buried kings. Rings belonging to Luther and Melancthon are exhibited, and there is an interesting set of articles of coral and amber. Probably there is nowhere else in Europe so valuable a collection of treasures.

Hamburg, in the northeastern part of Germany, is the greatest commercial city on the continent of Europe.

It exports and imports more than the countries of Holland, Belgium, or Spain.

Somehow, commercial cities do not usually prove so interesting to visit as other cities. You remember what a stupid place the great commercial city of Rotterdam proved to be. It was so busy getting rich that it had no money to spare for museums or picture galleries. This is very nearly true of Hamburg. It has, however, some fine churches. The church of St. Nicholas has one of the highest spires in Europe.

You will be interested to know that Hamburg is celebrated for its fine candies and its cut flowers. Everywhere else in Germany flowers can only be bought made up into set bouquets, in which the flowers are sorted into rings according to variety and color. In Hamburg alone can flowers be bought in loose handfuls.

One feature of the city interested me exceedingly, and that was the canals, or "fleets," as they are called. Hamburg, you see, is in the neighborhood of Denmark and Holland, where most of the streets are waterways. Its canals, however, form merely the back streets of the city, and are lined with warehouses, cellars, and the houses of the very poor.

The Elbe is a tidal river. So it happens that sometimes the canals are perfectly dry, and then again the water in them is fifteen or twenty feet deep. When the canals are nearly dry, ragpickers and ashmen wander through them, hoping to find some article of value that may have fallen or been washed into the canal. If the tide should turn suddenly, these miserable people,

if not warned, would be drowned, like rats in a trap.

To avoid this possibility, daily, when the tide turns, word is flashed by telegraph from the mouth of the Elbe to Hamburg some sixty miles away. Then three guns are fired, and those in the fleets hasten out.

When it seems as if there is to be an unusually high tide, as is frequently the case at the time of the equinoxes, three more shots are fired. Then the dwellers beside the canals move out their goods, and leave their homes for some days. When the floods are over, they return to their water-soaked, oozy houses, thankful that their goods and lives have been preserved.

I suppose you have hardly thought a safe home on firm dry land something to be thankful for. If reading about Holland and Hamburg has made you grateful, you will be still more so when you enter Italy, and see cities against which fire and earth rise up, as well as water.

CHAPTER XI.

WHAT THE DANUBE SEES.

The Rhine is not the only famous river in Germany. It has a formidable rival in the Danube. This river is one thousand miles longer than the Rhine, and is the fourth river in size in Europe. It flows through country nearly as picturesque as that of the Rhine. The heights along its shores are crowned with the ruins of castles

and fortresses; while its vineyards are much more luxuriant and beautiful.

If you look at the course of the Danube River on the map, you cannot fail to notice the long bee line which it makes across the continent of Europe to the Black Sea. Southern Germany, Austria, Hungary, and the provinces of Servia, Bulgaria, and Roumania, all form a part of its valley. It bathes the feet of four capital cities. The rude villages of many different races cluster along its brink, and curious customs belong to the people that live in its valley.

Would it not be an interesting journey to follow this river from its source in quiet Baden down to the rough Black Sea? Then we shall see with our own eyes what the Danube has looked upon for years and years.

The mighty Danube River is formed by two small streams rising in the Black Forest region. The young river, growing stronger and steadier as it measures off every additional mile in its course, crosses Baden, Wurtemberg, and level Bavaria.

Much of Bavaria, the large southeastern province of Germany, is flat as a floor. It is a beautiful though monotonous country. Immense fields of yellow grain stretch away to the horizon. The blue flax flower and the scarlet poppy nod here and there beneath waving tufts of Indian corn. Straight white roads bisect the fields occasionally, yet there is almost no life whatever seen upon them.

Just before crossing the boundary line between Bavaria and Austria, the Danube is joined by two rivers coming from the southwest. They are the Isar and the

Inn, swift streams that rise in the mountains of the Austrian province called the Tyrol. They cut their way through the mountains, and bring down much earth to enrich the valley.

Did you ever read the famous poem of "Hohenlinden"? It begins,

> "On Linden when the sun was low,
> All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
> And dark as Egypt was the flow
> Of Isar rolling rapidly.'

I used to think that Isar was a volcano, but you see it is this dark, swift tributary of the Danube to which we have just been introduced. The poem goes on to describe the famous battle, fought at Hohenlinden on the Isar River, between the French and the Austrians. The French were victorious, and eighteen thousand of the enemy were left killed and wounded on the battle-field, to be covered by the pure, swiftly falling snow.

The Isar also passes through the city of Munich, the capital of Bavaria. Munich is one of the most remarkable of the German cities.

Imagine a traveler who had been all through Europe, but who had remained longest in Italy and Greece. Suppose this traveler, with his mind full of vivid impressions of the many famous cities and buildings he had seen, to become weary and to fall asleep. He has a nightmare in which the ghosts of all these buildings appear to dance before him. He sees St. Mark's in Venice, the Pitti Palace in Florence, and the Arch of Constantine, all planted upon one street.

Now this strange freak of a dream will be found to be a reality in Munich. The doubles of those famous buildings are really here. How did it come to pass?

You must know that in the early quarter of this century, Ludwig, king of Bavaria, determined to beautify his capital city of Munich. He had traveled much, and decided to erect here public buildings, some to be exact copies of what he had admired abroad, and others to resemble them in a degree. He laid out a wide boulevard called Ludwig Strasse, and proceeded to erect Grecian and Italian palaces, museums, libraries, and colleges along this street.

He employed so many architects, artists, and frescoers that the craze spread over the city. The whole population seconded the king in all his efforts. Classic-looking buildings sprang up on all sides; also gateways and pillars, built in ancient style. Maximilian Strasse, at right angles with Ludwig Strasse, is nearly as richly ornamented with imported monstrosities.

The city is interesting, but is not altogether an artistic success. The buildings, painted a cold gray or a dull yellow, need a blue sky and sunshine to bring out their lights and shadows. This they rarely get in rainy Munich. The climate is so damp that the frescoes look washed out, and the stucco-work is peeling.

The most delightful section of the city is the homely, old-fashioned quarter that King Ludwig did not deign to notice, and which, therefore, has no borrowed plumage in the shape of Italian palaces and Grecian temples.

Munich is celebrated for one thing more, besides its art buildings and its really fine picture galleries. This

is its beer. Bavarian beer is the best in Germany, and Munich beer is the best in Bavaria.

Every man, woman, and child seems to be of this opinion; for at all hours of the morning, afternoon, and evening you may see parties drinking in the shady beer gardens or in the great halls of the breweries and beer shops. Soldiers drink at their posts, and the empty beer mugs collect about them; servants carry trays of beer tankards through the streets; on rainy days, men will be seen holding beer mugs in one hand and their umbrellas in the other.

At noon, the crowd entering and leaving the popular breweries is amazing. Men form in line, and advance slowly to the counter. There they present their mugs, which are filled by the waiters. There are, say, six men behind the counter. Each seizes a dozen mugs at once. balances them on his hands and arms, holds them under the spigot of the barrel, and hurls them back on the counter, only to seize another armful of mugs and repeat the same performance.

The drinkers take their mugs and retreat to one of several dark halls which adjoin the taproom. Each hall is rudely furnished with plain wooden tables and benches. If the newcomers are so fortunate as to find seats, they drink and smoke their pipes, adding to the cloud of smoke, which gives an indistinct air to the hall and its inmates. If they do not find seats, they either wait till one is vacated, or retire to the outside court of the building and drink, leaning against the stone wall.

If they desire more beer, they wash their mugs themselves, and take their places again at the foot of the

line. As beer is only six cents a quart, one person may drink several gallons a day for quite a small sum.

It is said that the hogsheads filled with beer every year in Munich, if placed side by side, would reach across the United States from Boston to San Francisco. Amazing!

What story does the Inn murmur to the Danube as they travel on together? The Inn says: "I rise far away in the lonely mountains of the Tyrol. I flow through Innspruck, 'that pearl in Austria's beautiful crown of cities.' In that city is a wonderful balcony of gold, built by Frederick 'of the empty pockets,' who wished to show his people that his pockets were not so empty after all. There is also, in a dim old church of the city, a monument to Maximilian I. He is represented kneeling, while about him are grouped his relatives, friends, and favorite heroes. Among the latter is a noble statue of King Arthur of England, a very young and fair knight.

"Next I flow beneath tall crags for a while. Then Lombardy poplars draw their stiff lines around my banks, and cornfields and shade trees dot all my valley. So I flow till I meet with you, O stately Danube, and henceforth our way is the same."

At the Austrian frontier the mountains draw close to the Danube, and it runs through a narrow gorge for a while. Then the mountains retreat, and the river valley opens into the beautiful wide plain on which is situated Vienna.

Vienna has been called the "Little Paris" and the "Austrian Paris," on account of the beauty of its build-

ings and parks and the gaiety of its people. The Danube itself does not flow through Vienna. It sends off a small branch called the Danube Canal, which divides the city into two unequal parts. The smaller section to the east is occupied chiefly by Jews, of whom there are great numbers in Vienna.

Unlike most European cities, the oldest section of Vienna is the most beautiful. It was once surrounded by a wall, which has recently been removed. The space thus gained has been laid out in a grassy road two miles long and one hundred and fifty feet wide, called the Ring Strasse. Nearly all the fine buildings of the city — the palaces, the government buildings, and the museums — line the Ring Strasse.

On each side of the palace of the emperor is a garden. One is used chiefly by the nobility, the other by the common people. The latter, which is known as the Volkesgarten, is a very gay place on summer evenings. It is, in fact, one of those beer gardens with which we became so familiar while traveling in Germany.

The Austrians are Germans, just as much as are the Prussians and the Bavarians. It only happened that Austria was left out of the German empire, because Prussia was jealous of her size and influence over the smaller states. So you must not be surprised at meeting, in the Danube valley, customs that are precisely like those of the Rhine, the Elbe, and the Weser.

In the Volkesgarten, a band is always playing bright airs and dance music. Strauss's waltzes are very popular, among them being "Beautiful Blue Danube," which we in America know so well from hearing it ground out

every spring by the street organs. Crowds of happy, well-behaved people sit around the small tables with the omnipresent tankards of beer before them. Here is a rustic couple having a cozy little supper together. They are gazing with interest at a large cheese which has just been set before them. The cheese is flanked with radishes and with two frothing mugs of beer.

Although drinking is so general, the traveler rarely sees any one intoxicated.

During the summer the theaters and opera houses are open every night. The people who attend the plays nearly always have supper or light refreshments in the beer gardens. Every one, high and low alike, frequents them.

There is no city in Europe in which there is more laughter than in Vienna. Life seems all sparkle and fun. The natures of the Austrian and the Frenchman are very much alike. Both have a gay temperament and are passionately fond of music and dancing.

The Austrian women dress with nearly as much taste as the French women, and are as careful housekeepers and as dainty cooks.

The Austrian women are very beautiful. They are tall and slender, and form a marked contrast to the Prussian women, who are short and stout. The ladies of rank are quite accomplished. They speak several of the modern languages, and are very skillful with the needle. Whatever they learn to do, from music or lace work to making a pudding, they do thoroughly and well. They learn to swim, as a matter of course; it is as usual as to learn to read.

One of the interesting places in Vienna is the Prater. This is a large park on the outskirts of the city. Here much of the fashionable driving and riding takes place. All the Austrian women are fine riders, and may be seen any day skillfully guiding their horses through the crowded driveways of the Prater, which is to the Austrians what Hyde Park is to the English.

Vienna is not the great commercial center that one would suppose it to be from its position. It could have become the chief city of eastern Europe, if it had only been far-sighted enough to have opened up its great river to trade. Instead, it was slow and dilatory; and the result is that other cities have the wealth and power.

Vienna consoles itself with the grain trade, which is large. The grain raised in Hungary is sent to the Austrian capital, and is thence exported to Russia in the east and Germany in the northwest.

Vienna has a large university, and its medical schools are famous. Students flock from all quarters of the globe to attend the medical lectures of its professors.

The apartment system prevails here, as in Berlin and in most of the large European cities. This custom has of late years found its way into the larger cities of the United States. The "tenement houses," as they are called in Vienna, are large and handsome, and are finely decorated with painting and sculpture both within and without. Only the nobles and the very wealthy occupy a whole house.

Austria is, next to Russia, the largest country in Europe. It is made up of Austria, Hungary, Bohemia,

Transylvania, Galicia, and several minor provinces. All these countries are ruled by the emperor of Austria.

His empire is not a united one, as all the states hate and despise one another. The dependent states agree, however, in hating Austria and its capital most bitterly. It is only fear of the mailed hand of Austria that prevents this patchwork of an empire from falling to pieces. Hungary has its own money and its own postage stamps. It will not recognize those of Austria. Thus it cheats itself into thinking it is free.

A steamer makes the trip from Vienna to Buda-Pesth, the capital of Hungary, in eleven hours. If the steamer runs down to the Black Sea, there will be a motley crowd on board. There will be Germans, Hungarians, Sclavs, Bulgarians, Turks, Greeks, Jews, and perhaps a Russian or two.

When it is remembered that each person wears his own national dress and speaks his own national tongue, it can well be imagined that the impression made upon the traveler is overwhelming. He feels, indeed, that he is far from home. It seems to him that he is no longer in Europe, for all his surroundings are thoroughly oriental. The white linen robes, the brilliant yellows and scarlets, the fezzes, the swarthy complexions, the wild gestures, the bursts of song, even the inscriptions in unknown languages upon the white walls of the steamer, — all these increase the traveler's sense of isolation.

When he can at length turn his attention from his immediate surroundings to the scenery, he finds that he is passing through that section of the Danube most resembling the Rhine. There are the same bordering

mountains and hills, their slopes decked with vineyards and their summits dark with gray ruins and ancient-looking fortresses. Monasteries and prisons are seen occasionally.

Through the midst of all this beauty runs the blue Danube, about whose shores so many charming stories can be told. This ruined wall is all that is left of an old Roman fortification that stood here ages ago. Opposite is an old tower that has been besieged and taken by the Turks. The marks of their cannon balls can be plainly seen upon its ancient walls.

Here we are at Pressburg. The town is celebrated for being the place where the Hungarian kings were crowned. It was to Pressburg that Maria Theresa fled when her kingdom was being invaded on all sides.

Her dying father had left his crown to her, but many of the neighboring kings resented the idea of Austria belonging to a woman. They decided that her territory should be broken up, and that each king should have some coveted province for his own.

Maria Theresa hastened to Pressburg and summoned a diet, or parliament. She appeared before the Hungarian nobles with her infant son in her arms, and asked them to stand by her against the nations of Europe and help her maintain the rights of her son. Her speech was so courageous and her presence so dauntless that the rough nobles were inspired. With one accord, they sprang to their feet, and, drawing their swords, shouted, "We will die for our king, Maria Theresa." You will be glad to know that the brave woman succeeded in maintaining her cause.

As we approach Buda-Pesth, the aspect of the country becomes more ordinary. Low plains, with immense herds of cattle feeding upon them, stretch away to the distant mountains on the horizon line. These cattle are the pride of Hungary.

Small villages dot the shores. The houses are painted yellow, and the men in the streets wear loose white jackets and large, white, baggy trousers bordered with fringe. One or two half-ruined towns on the eastern shore seem to be given up entirely to the Jews. Now and then a bridge of boats across the river opens slowly to let our steamer pass.

Just without Buda-Pesth are a cluster of little water mills. Each mill is supported upon two boats, which are fastened together and moored in mid stream, so that the full force of the current can act on the wheel. The larger boat contains the mill and house of the miller and his family. The second boat serves as a support to the shaft on which the wheel is set. Throughout the remaining course of the Danube these groups of mills are a common sight.

There were once two cities lying on opposite sides of the Danube. That on the western side was known as Buda. Its neighbor was Pesth. Now the cities are united and are known as Buda-Pesth.

The shores are joined by many graceful bridges, while busy steamboats ply to and fro between the two towns. The most noticeable of the bridges is a suspension bridge thirteen hundred feet in length. At each end is a huge stone lion.

A young sculptor toiled over them day by day. He

hoped to make a name for himself by carving them perfectly. At last the work was done. The great day came when they were to be presented to the citizens. The people filled the streets and squares near the bridge. The young sculptor was near by. The coverings were removed and the wonderfully life-like animals stood revealed. The citizens uttered a great cry of admiration. The sculptor's heart seemed lifted up to heaven upon their voices. Suddenly some one said, "They have no tongues!" and the fickle crowd repeated the words. The sculptor was heartbroken, and that night, so the story goes, the foolish youth drowned himself in the Danube.

Pesth is the larger of the twin cities. It contains the shops and the government buildings, while Buda has the palace and the fortress.

Pesth has a most beautiful line of quays extending for three miles along the river. Its streets are wide and well paved with asphalt. As in Berlin, the horses slip and rise again continually. The houses are square, solid, and substantial. It is a surprise to find such a magnificent city in a country that has often been represented as half savage.

The shops have signs written in both Hungarian and German. They also have pictures painted upon them to distinguish them from one another. The pictures, however, never seem to bear any relation to the articles for sale within.

Here is a picture of a peasant girl in Hungarian dress, with staring blue eyes and gleaming yellow hair. She carries a shepherd's crook in her hand. The dingy

little shop beneath the gaudy sign is known as the "Beautiful Shepherdess," and there you buy candy. There may be some appropriateness in purchasing gloves of "The Bride," for we should expect her to have laid in a good supply in consideration of her coming wedding; but why the "White Cat" should furnish us with cigars, or the "Huntsman" with tooth powder is an unanswered question.

The people on the streets are as varied in character as were those we saw on the river steamboat. It seems as if representatives from every nation in eastern Europe and western Asia had come to Buda-Pesth. One writer says: "I have sat in a Turkish tavern between a German and a Hungarian, opposite a Sclav and a Bohemian, with a Turk at the head of the table and a Frenchman at the foot, while a swarthy Gypsy played the cymbals near by, and the waiter was a Russian."

The Gypsies are a strange people. They are terribly dirty, yet even their rags have an air of picturesqueness and forlorn dignity. Although great rogues, they often appear like angels of light. The straight, severe lines of their dark, thin faces are most attractive, and their large, dark, sad eyes rarely fail to awaken pity in the hearts of all who see them.

They are wonderful musicians, and play entirely from ear. When a party of Hungarians can engage a Gypsy to play dance music for them, they are perfectly happy. The music alternately wails, and rises triumphantly. It is very sad, yet beautiful. The Hungarian acknowledges that, even when he is dancing to this music, he feels like weeping.

Some one has said of the natives of Great Britain, "The English take their pleasures soberly." We might add, "The Hungarian amuses himself weeping."

Hungarians are acknowledged to be the handsomest men in Europe. If a citizen of Buda-Pesth appears like a poet or a hero in his ordinary dress, what must a noble seem when dressed in his silk and velvet robes of state, with rosettes, girdle, and long boots decorated with jewels!

There are one or two pretty customs prevailing in Hungary that we cannot fail to notice. After each meal, the gentlemen of the household kiss their wives and mothers upon the forehead and the cheek. If any lady guest is present, they kiss her hand.

A common salutation of the country is, "I kiss your hand, gracious lady." As the conductors of the street cars and the shopkeepers say this on all occasions, one may be glad that their words are not always literally true. But very often it happens that the action is suited to the word.

The scenery of the lower Danube is somewhat monotonous. The river, flowing now through a vast plain, has shores only a foot or so above its surface. Its waters are of a yellowish color, owing to its having washed away much soil from its low and crumbly banks. Thickets of willow and forests of dull green poplars line the shores, and stretch away over the vast plain as far as the eye can reach.

At rare intervals a village appears. The background consists of white and yellow houses, and a blue, red, or dazzling white church. The foreground is generally a

forlorn group of pigs, geese, oxen, children, and washer-women, who seem to have assembled to look at the passing steamer. Such is the scenery till Servia is entered, and its capital, Belgrade, is passed.

Then there is a marked change. For a short distance the river runs through gorges so steep and so varied in position that again and again it seems as if the steamer were going to run aground. In this region are the "Iron Gates." The name sounds very grand, and as if some terrible pass on the river were to be approached. But the Iron Gates are only a few small rocks in mid stream, which cause some insignificant eddies in the onward moving Danube.

Again the surroundings become uninteresting. Poplars reappear, and the few towns become even dirtier and more oriental looking. Minarets and mosques appear, and the people in the streets wear fezzes. We are now passing through the freed provinces, where only a short time ago the Turk reigned supreme.

The Danube enters the Black Sea through three mouths. The northern mouth is the largest, but the southern one is more adapted to trade. The delta consists of desolate marshes and fens. Some years ago a corporation started to improve the Danube. They commenced operations on the delta in a very promising manner; but international difficulties delayed and at last stopped the work.

The Danube has a great future before it; but as yet its commercial importance is far inferior to that of the Rhine, or indeed to many other rivers in western Europe.

CHAPTER XII.

GERMAN PEASANT LIFE.

We have wandered through several of the German cities, observing many sights and sounds of life in a crowd. Now shall we turn into the country, and become acquainted with the peasants and their ways?

Let us first go to the Tyrol. That is an Austrian province, one-third of which consists of mountain peaks and glaciers. Many mountain chains surround the valleys and separate the villages one from another. It happens, therefore, that the villagers see almost nothing of people outside their own small circle. Their habits become fixed, and remain the same from generation to generation. They are, on that account, only more interesting, as we shall see.

We are now entering a remote little village. A swift stream chatters down the mountain valley, turning a rude millwheel halfway up the hillside. A single street runs parallel with the stream, and houses are scattered irregularly along its sides. These houses are mostly of wood, though here and there is one built of stone.

The wooden houses are brightly painted, and often have a frieze of colored plaster running around the walls. Virgins or other religious figures are painted on each side of the door. Quaint little balconies jut out on all sides, sometimes overhanging the brook. Fish nets are often spread out upon them to dry, and plump feather mattresses are left here throughout the whole day.

Perhaps it is this daily sunning which makes the German beds so luxurious. Dr. Hale has said, "Sleeping in a German bed is like being in the middle of a charlotte russe with white of egg on top."

The peasants of this village are very hard-working people. From early dawn to sunset they toil persistently on their rough hillside farms. The women work side by side with the men, doing quite as rough and heavy tasks. They become very strong and muscular, and their faces, only partially shaded by their coarse straw hats, are the color of bronze.

By constant toil and persistent saving, many of these peasants have become well-to-do. But they make no change in their style of living or working. A rich peasant may invest his savings in cattle which, during five months of the year, feed upon his alp, or mountain pasture.

You must not imagine the alp as a level plateau. It is just the steep top of a mountain, sometimes but sparsely covered with grass.

It is a difficult climb up the alp. Now the way is up steep steps cut in the solid rock, now over slippery mud and moss, and now up rude roads of logs, which are used when lumber is to be carted down the mountain. With weary limbs and panting breath we at last reach the summit. Oh! how delicious is the air! And the view, how wide and wonderful!

Billows of mountains and hills surround the alp on every side. Some mountains are clear and sharply blue. Others are partially wrapped in mist, which, rising from the valleys, floats dreamily about the bald heads of the

soaring mountains. Just where the dark green forest that clothes the nearest hill ceases and the cold gray rocks begin, stands a solitary pine. All its branches have been cut away, except two near the top, which make the tree into a dark cross, as was the woodcutter's intention. The peasants are accustomed to make such rude crosses in wild and lonely places throughout the Tyrol, and the effect is nearly always very striking and grand. Far away we can just distinguish a herd of chamois, skipping along on the edge of a precipice.

A tiny chalet, or hut, is built in a sheltered nook on the summit of the alp. Its lower story is of stone, while the upper one is of wood, with a broad roof stretching far beyond the walls at the side and also covering the cow house at the back. Great stones are placed upon the roof to prevent its being carried away by violent storms.

Here the daughter of the house passes the summer with a dairymaid or two to help her in her work. This custom is the same in Norway, you may remember.

The cows have great freedom. They are allowed to roam all over the hillside, and to return to the stable when they please. Sometimes in the very hottest weather they return to the shelter of the cow shed by day; but most of the time they are on the alp, and the far-away noise of the large bells hung about their necks is the only sound of life on the hillside.

At dusk the dairymaid, who has been busy with her butter and cheeses all day, steps to the door of the hut and gives her call, or yodel. Then from all sides comes the musical tinkle of the copper cow-bells. Louder

and louder it grows, until the gentle creatures enter the shed to be milked.

Saturday evening the village youths come up the alps to see the girls. Then there is generally a little music and dancing to close the hard week's work. In the early twilight, the girls hear the yodeling of the young men far away at the foot of the mountain. A yodel is deafening close at hand. It is merely a wild shriek. But at a distance the call sounds very sweet as it echoes and re-echoes among the lofty hills.

The girls are looking their best this evening. They wear short, bright skirts, velvet bodices, and full white sleeves. Each has several silver necklaces wound about her throat, and perhaps a few delicate alpine flowers in her hair. The white, star-like edelweiss and the alpine roses grow in abundance beneath a sheltering rock not far from the chalet. So Rosel and Genevra can select what they please.

Their visitors are from the village at the foot of the hill. The young people have gone to school together, and have known one another all their lives; so they pass a very pleasant, sociable evening in the open air, dancing on the short grass to the flute or the zither, or perhaps listening to the distant sound of a Tyrolese horn.

Most of the Tyrolese youths are hunters. The dress of the hunter is very picturesque. It consists of a dark green jacket with silver buttons, tight black knickerbockers bordered with green cord, coarse gray stockings which are without feet, and rough hobnailed shoes. The trousers are so short that the knees are left bare, giving the hunter a little the appearance of a Scotch *Highlander*.

The hunter's hat is of black felt or black straw, and there is always a bunch of feathers from the black grouse, or a chamois's beard fastened jauntily at the back of the high crown. Peasants wear bunches of artificial flowers or clusters of real edelweiss on their hats, but the hunter despises such decoration. With his powderhorn and gun, and this costume, which sets off his strong, muscular figure to great advantage, he is a person to be much admired.

He hunts the chamois and the black grouse, game very difficult to pursue. The forests are protected by game laws, and only the nobles and their guests are allowed to shoot the deer which range through them. It is hard for a skillful sportsman to let a deer go by him. Sometimes the temptation becomes too strong, and he breaks the law by killing the deer. This act makes him a poacher, or "wild hunter," as he is called in the Tyrol.

Sometimes several wild hunters organize a moonlight hunt into the forest of some neighboring count or baron. They disguise themselves by blacking their faces and by wearing false beards. The forests are in charge of foresters; and if the two parties meet, a fight may follow. Shots are fired, and often wild hunters and foresters are killed. If a wild hunter is recognized, he may be imprisoned on his return to his village home. There is great danger in these hunts, which on that account are most attractive to a certain class of young men.

The borderland between Bavaria and the Tyrol is especially subject to such poaching expeditions, as deer can be hunted from one province into the other and

there slain. There are many iron crosses on the hillside, showing where foresters or wild hunters have met their death in the darkness.

These German peasants are devout Catholics. Every morning they spend a short time at mass before going to their day's work. The roads throughout Germany are dotted with crosses, shrines, and images of Christ or the Virgin. The shrines to the Virgin are generally wreathed with fresh flowers.

One development of their religion is the play that is acted every ten years at the small Bavarian village of Ober Ammergau. The village was once smitten with a plague. The peasants vowed that they would act the suffering and death of our Lord every ten years, if only the plague might be taken away. Their prayer was granted, and the villagers have kept their vow to this day.

Strange as the custom may seem to Americans, the peasants enter into it with the utmost devotion. Those chosen to take part, for years before they act in the sacred play, try to live as holy and pure lives as did the characters whom they are to represent. The play has become well known; and when the time for its representation comes round, the peasants find in their audience travelers from all quarters of the globe.

Bavaria adjoins the Tyrol on the north. The dress of the Bavarians and their manner of living are very nearly the same as those of the Tyrolese. But the people themselves are quite different. The Bavarians are a richer, merrier set of people than the Tyrolese, and they are not nearly so handsome.

There are two other regions in Germany where the rural life differs, to a certain extent, from what has already been described. They are the regions of the Black Forest and the Hartz Mountains.

The Black Forest stretches for many miles through Baden and Wurtemberg, provinces lying to the west of Bavaria. A portion of it is very dark and gloomy. The dull green pines cast dark shadows over the ground; there is no sound of life, — not even the cry of a bird is heard; while the still lakes are without fish. The loneliness makes one shiver. It is no wonder that many weird stories of goblins and giants cluster around this part of the Black Forest.

There are other places in the Forest which are a complete contrast to this, — places where the sun shines all day in lovely slanting lines, casting dancing shadows on the fine, green, velvety turf. The birds sing, and the fish swim around in the beautiful glassy pools. These are the haunts of the fairies and all the lovely and delicate sprites of the water and the wood.

The peasants of the Black Forest are like all Germans in being hard-working people who, through their own honest efforts, have become quite prosperous. In summer both men and women are employed from morning to night in farm work. In the winter the men are engaged in lumbering.

They cut down the immense pines, and drag them across the snow on rude sledges to some tributary of the Rhine. They are left until the spring, when a dozen or more logs are lashed into a raft, which floats down the Rhine, as we have seen.

It is the woodcutters who people the forest shades with uncanny creatures. There is one gnome named Michael who sets his mark on certain trees. Such a tree brings misfortune, they say, wherever it goes. If it is used as the mast of a ship, the ship is lost at sea. If it forms a part of a building, the building is burnt or destroyed in some way.

The leisure of the peasants throughout Germany and the Tyrol is spent in wood-carving. They carve sacred figures and other decorations for the churches, and toys. Often they acquire considerable skill. The Virgins and Saviours are quite well done, and the little wooden animals have a lifelike air that is charming.

It frequently comes to pass that one family in a village carves all the dogs. The great-grandfather first learned to carve them, and the succeeding generations have carved dogs and nothing but dogs. Even the small urchin, toddling home from school, on his arrival takes a soft piece of wood and a jackknife and falls to work. All the children have their stints. Another family will have the monopoly of sheep, and so on.

These toys are famous the world over. Some of the large Swiss cities have started toy manufactories. Much of the carving is now done by machinery, the peasants putting on only the finishing touches with their own hands. Huge boxes marked Spain, Brazil, and perhaps Sydney, are weekly despatched from these regions. The peasants are poorly paid for their work, but a little goes a great way with them.

The women earn small sums by plaiting straw bonnets, the straw for which is sent them from Italy. The

whole family unite in training birds to sing or whistle. The bulfinch is especially teachable.

A number of little cages are hung in a sunny window in which the scarlet and black birds hop gayly about. Many times a day the peasant or his children play the same tune upon the violin. Day after day the lesson is given. Weeks pass, and at last the birds begin to show signs of intelligence and recognition when the tune is played. Finally they begin to whistle the air themselves. When they have thoroughly learned their lesson, they are taken to the neighboring town and sold for a small sum. Thus the stocking, which serves as the family bank, grows heavier.

The Hartz Mountains are a lofty, lonely range of hills situated in northern Germany. The people who live among them are mostly miners, turf cutters, and charcoal burners. The women make fine lace.

In the long winter evenings the children, clustering about the bright fire, beg their elders to tell them stories of the Hartz Mountains. Then, if the elders consent, a number of most curious stories are told concerning the giants, fairies, and goblins that haunt the magic mountains.

There is one very terrible story about the witches' ring on the mountain side. 'Tis said that on the eve of the first of May, just as the clock strikes twelve, there is a sound of hissing and whining, and all the witches and wizards of Germany — of whom there are many — come riding on their brooms to the Hartz. There they dismount and dance in a circle by the light of the moon. When they have danced to their hearts' content, they

partake of the generous supper which their black cats have been preparing meanwhile.

GRETCHEN AND KARL.

"If you do not believe this story," the grandfather concludes, "you may go to the blasted pine in the forest, and there you will see the prints of the witches' feet in stone." This is awful! Flaxen-haired Gretchen draws nearer to her stout brother Karl, and even that sturdy urchin glances uneasily over his shoulder at the shadowy corners of the room. The dark pines toss their branches in a ghostly manner beyond the tiny window. Hear them sigh! It is a long mile to the blasted pine, and even though it is December, and the mild May night of their revels is five months away, he would not dare to go to-night. Not he!

But listen! for the grandmother has begun the tale of the giant of the mountain. The giant appears to have been thirty or forty feet high, and was no phantom, "like those of your grandfather's stories, my dears," chirps the old lady, knitting steadily the while, "for he was seen of the whole village, including myself." And so story follows story the long evening through.

There is real truth in this last tale. When the sun on one side of a mountain, and a cloud of mist on the other, a greatly enlarged shadow of any one on the summit is thrown upon the mist. The sudden appearance of such a mighty figure darkening the sky is awful, specially to the peasants who are ignorant of the cause.

The Hungarian peasants do not seem as attractive as those whom we have been observing. Their great fault is that they are not clean. In this respect they form a marked contrast to the more northern Germans, who are delicately, almost religiously clean.

A Hungarian village has one central street, which is muddy one half of the year, and dusty the other. The street is usually populated by herds of wandering geese, droves of pigs or goats, and scantily dressed children.

The houses bordering the way have their gables turned to the street. The door is narrow and the windows tiny. The knot holes of the second story are stuffed with straw. The thatched roof overhangs one side of the house. Beneath this projecting roof is a brick walk, where rude benches are placed, looking out on the untidy yard, with its jumble of mammoth sunflowers and

brilliant poppies. I suppose this brick walk answers for a piazza.

The chief room has brightly painted walls and an earthen floor. On the four walls of the room, just below the ceiling, hang jars of coarse pottery. The furniture comprises a stove, a pile of bedding heaped in one corner, and a few tables and stools, painted with huge roses and poppies on a striped background.

The owner of this mansion we find seated on a bench before his door. He is smoking a long slender pipe with its bowl decorated with bells. His dress of white cotton is at its best on Sundays and holidays. Other days of the week it appears somewhat grimy. There are two garments, — the shirt, which is gathered about the neck by a string, and the trousers. These are so full and baggy as to seem much like petticoats. This effect is increased by their trimming of fringe.

Over the white linen, the upper class of peasants wear a suit of blue cloth.

The dress of the peasant woman resembles that of her Tyrolese sister. It consists of the usual bright skirt, yoked white waist, and dark bodice ornamented with many buttons and much silver cord. Her boots are of stout black leather trimmed with red kid. Her hair is gathered into one long braid, fastened with bright ribbons which reach to the ankles. If married, she invariably wears a small cap upon her head.

These poor women are the great burden bearers in Austria. They work harder even than the horses and donkeys, and consequently their lives are exceedingly wretched.

Although the majority of the Hungarian peasants are farmers, yet many of them are employed as herdsmen to tend the cattle roaming over the great plains of central Hungary.

CHAPTER XIII.

AMONG MOUNTAIN PEAKS AND GLACIERS.

In the very heart of Europe lies the little republic of Switzerland. It is no larger than our State of Illinois, yet it contains the finest scenery in Europe. The tallest mountains and the most beautiful lakes are here. Here rise two of the noblest rivers of the continent, the Rhine and the Rhone. And here we find glorious sunrises and sunsets, which make mountain life so beautiful, as well as glaciers and avalanches and all that make it terrible.

I used to think the map of Switzerland a confused tangle of mountains, rivers, lakes, and glaciers. Do you remember the old Greek labyrinth on the island of Crete? It was a most curious building, consisting of hundreds of rooms and passages, that led from one another in the most confusing way. As soon as one passed out of sight of daylight, he was lost. There was one prince who made his way safely through the passages of the labyrinth, because he held a guiding thread.

Switzerland is just such a labyrinth. I was once lost in its confusing hills and valleys, but I have found the thread of the labyrinth, which I will give to you.

Imagine two deep trenches, or mountain valleys, one running toward the southwest, the other to the northeast. The Rhone drains the valley at the southwest; the Rhine, that to the northeast. Both these mountain valleys are bounded on the north and south by two mountain ranges. The more lofty range is on the south; the lower range, on the north. Beyond the northern range two plains stretch away to the northern boundary of Switzerland.

Two mountain valleys, two ranges, and two plains, — that is the clue to Switzerland. The many small spurs of mountains which break up its surface will all be found to be offshoots of these two main ranges. Most of the little streams and all the innumerable tiny lakes will be found to be connected with either the Rhine or the Rhone.

There are four noted clusters of mountains that we must visit while in Switzerland. They are the peaks around Zermatt, the mountains of the Bernese Oberland, the mountains of Lake Lucerne, and the Mont Blanc group. And first we will go to Zermatt.

One of the tributaries to the Rhone from the south is the Visp. Zermatt is situated in a mountain valley on the Visp, some twenty-five miles from its mouth. The way to Zermatt is somewhat difficult. Part of the time the traveler rides muleback; the remaining distance he accomplishes in a rough mountain wagon. When once Zermatt is reached, the traveler is perfectly content, for he is surrounded on all sides by lofty hills and mountains.

Let us begin our training for mountain climbing by

ascending this high hill to the east of Zermatt. Its lower slopes are covered with thrifty vineyards and farms. Some of the farms raise hay alone; others produce fruits.

There is very little level land in Switzerland. The peasants are obliged to make the most of every hillside. The result is that each little rough farm is as green as a garden, owing to the devoted care of its owners.

We notice women in the fields working side by side with the men. They are exceedingly tall and muscular. Their faces are deeply sunburned beneath their coarse straw hats. They use the heavy, old-fashioned shovel and pitchfork with as much ease and skill as the men.

Leaving the farms, we enter a forest which covers about one-third of the mountain. Here are fine large oaks, beeches, birches, and beautiful spreading chestnuts with their bright leaves and clusters of fruit. Beyond these the trees are evergreens. We walk through shady aisles of fir and pine, while here and there the swaying branches of a graceful larch droop beside a sturdy spruce.

At length the forest trees grow less dense, and we enter the breezy uplands. Here are the mountain pastures. Several black and white cows loiter past, gazing first at us and then away toward the distant mountains, with the same meditative expression. If they could speak, they would say that these months on the mountain are the happiest of their lives, for nowhere else is the grass so short, so sweet, or so nourishing.

We follow a rough little path that leads, as we suppose, to the chalet, or hut, of the cowherd. All around

we notice flowers remarkable for their beauty of coloring and delicacy of shape. Here are beds of alpine roses, which are not wild roses, as you might suppose, but a kind of rhododendron of a royal red-purple. Beyond grow blue gentians, harebells, purple pansies, and violets; and, if you look carefully, you may perhaps find the exquisite pink forget-me-not. Blossoms like our dandelions and buttercups nod their heads daintily in the fresh breeze.

The chalet is a low, broad building with a roof so wide and spreading that it looks like the top of a mushroom. Great rocks keep the roof from being blown away by the winter gales. There are many broad, low windows in the house, and possibly there may be a bit of fancy carving or rude German script adorning the front.

Most of the cottage is given up to the living room, one quarter of which is filled with hay. Back of this room is the stable.

If the chalet is on a cheese farm, all the cheese making takes place in the living room. There is the heating of the milk over the fire, the stirring of the milk until it curdles and can be separated into curds and whey, and lastly the molding of the fair round cheese itself. The increasing stock of cheeses is examined daily, for they must be rubbed with salt and turned regularly in order that they may be kept sweet.

Every one on the cheese farm is busy. The little lassie who tends the cows, holds a long white stocking that grows hourly under her busy fingers. Her mother, after the cheese making is over for the day and the

wooden buckets and churns are placed outdoors to dry, seizes the last moments of waning day to set a few stitches in her bit of embroidery or intricate lace work.

Switzerland is noted for its exquisite embroideries, muslins, and laces. They are the work of the common people during the long winter evenings and the long summer gloamings. The men and boys carve in wood and ivory. Everywhere the tourist is pressed to buy carved vases, paper cutters, boxes, knives, spoons, figures of chamois hunters and cheese makers, as well as animals known and unknown to Switzerland.

Above the alp towers the summit of the hill. Here the grass ceases, and the dull gray rock appears. There is very little vegetation, except perhaps the delicate pink moss that climbs the loftiest heights in the country as far as the snow drifts.

On nearly every hill and low mountain there are, as we have seen, four regions. They are: first, the farms and vineyards; second, the forests; third, the mountain pastures; and, lastly, the rocky summits.

The mountain pastures constitute the most attractive region of the four. The chalet is not always as pretty as the one just described. If it belongs to a goatherd, it is usually a cave among the rocks. Often, too, the chalet of the cowherd is far from clean. But nothing can take away the glory of the outlook, and the healthfulness of the outdoor life.

How the Swiss peasants love their mountain life! In the spring the cows are driven to the lower pastures; and, as the summer advances, they seek "fresh fields

and pastures new" higher and higher up the mountains. The occasion of the driving of the cows to the mountain has become a village fête. A local holiday is declared, and the friends of the herdsmen accompany them on their way, shouting, singing, and making merry.

This little song shows the feeling of regret with which they leave their lofty homes in the autumn.

"Farewell to the pastures
So sunny and bright;
The herdsman must leave you
When summer takes flight.

"We shall come to the mountains again, when the voice
Of the cuckoo is heard, bidding all things rejoice;
When the earth dons her fairest and freshest array,
And the streamlets are flowing in beautiful May.

"To pastures and meadows
Farewell, then, once more!
The herdsman must go,
For the summer is o'er."

Let us now turn to a real mountain. I am going to show you, in this same Zermatt valley, the mountain which has been called the most impressive in Switzerland. This is the Matterhorn. It is not the loftiest mountain. Mont Blanc and Mont Rosa are both higher. It is its shape that makes the Matterhorn so grand.

The upper part of the mountain consists of a huge wedge, tapering sharply to a point. The individuality and the aspiration of the mountain impress themselves upon every one who ever beholds it. There it towers,

thousands of feet into the deep blue sky, with the stainless snow upon its summit and the ice-cold glaciers creeping down its sides.

Some of the awe which the Matterhorn formerly inspired was due to the fact that, for many years, no one was able to climb it. Bold native mountaineers had tried and failed. Just as hope was high in their hearts and they felt sure of gaining their end, the mountain would seem to delight in placing some deep gulf or impassable snow field in their path. So they were obliged to turn back defeated.

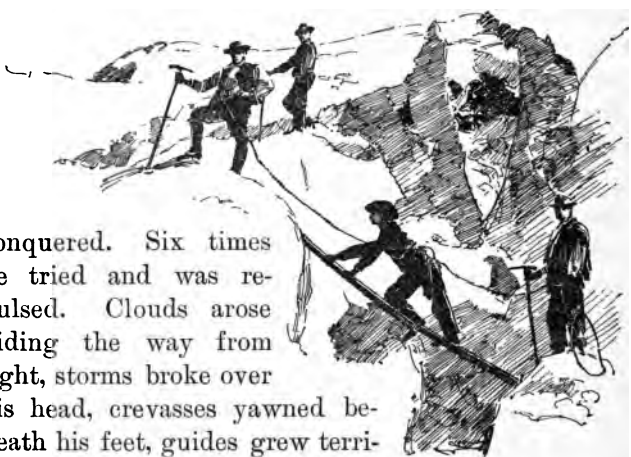
The people in the Zermatt valley told many legends about the summit of the Matterhorn. It was only a step from there to heaven, they said. All the good people who died in Zermatt lived on the top of the Matterhorn, that they might still look down on their beloved homes. They had fairy cows who lived there, and also fairy chamois.

Once a hunter, climbing to an exceedingly lofty height, came upon a chamois. He fired, but the ball bounded from its side. Then the creature, which now appeared to him of marvelous beauty, spread delicate, gauzy wings and flew to the summit. Plainly that was its home.

So the legends grew and multiplied, until they were rudely driven away by some Englishmen in rough woolen suits and broad hats with veils tied around them, who were armed with ice axes and alpenstocks. An alpenstock is a pole with an iron point in the base. These men were members of the Alpine Club, and came to conquer the Matterhorn.

This Alpine Club consists of men from various nations of Europe who develop muscle and hardihood by climbing mountains. Members of the club had climbed Mont Blanc and Mont Rosa, and now they came to wrestle with the famous mountain that lifted its unscaled arrowhead defiantly in air.

They tried and failed. But there was one Englishman among them, named Whymper, who refused to be



conquered. Six times he tried and was repulsed. Clouds arose hiding the way from sight, storms broke over his head, crevasses yawned beneath his feet, guides grew terrified and refused to fulfill their contracts. These were some of the obstacles that arose from year to year. But always he was learning more and more of the paths of the mountain, and discovering the only possible way of ascent.

Professor Tyndall and others were making their efforts every summer, and there was intense rivalry as to who should first stand where never man had stood before. Whymper at last succeeded; and I am glad,

because, of all who tried, he was the most patient and tireless in his efforts.

He succeeded, but at a terrible cost. There were seven in the party. Whymper and three Englishmen, Hadow, Hudson, and Lord Frederick Douglas, had secured the services of a famous guide, Michael Croz, and also of two porters, old Peter and young Peter. These porters were to carry provisions and a tent and bedding.

There is not time to speak of the rising in Zermatt long before it was light; of the patient climb over the glacier and the lower slopes of the mountain; and of the chill night passed in the little tent pitched two-thirds of the way up the mountain. We have not space to tell of the fearful work the next day, as they walked over ridges sharp and narrow as the blade of a knife, with precipices thousands of feet deep on either side, and as they hung by ropes on the faces of cliffs, cutting steps with their ice axes.

At last they reached the top! Proudly they hung out their little flag to show the watchers in Zermatt that the Matterhorn was theirs.

They were none too soon. Looking down on the Italian side, they found a party well up the mountain, and with the best prospect in the world of success. The leader, an Italian, had tried nearly as often as Whymper to climb this mountain. And now, when victory was within his grasp, he found another before him. An agonized expression crossed his face as he saw the Englishman's flag, and without a word he turned to descend.

THE MATTERHORN.

Our little band of proud and happy men gazed on the wide panorama of mountain and plain spread below them. To the north rose the misty peaks of the Bernese Alps, while on each side appeared the well-known forms of Mont Rosa and the Dent Blanche. That strip of green was the valley of the Visp; and that doll village of pretty little cottages, Zermatt.

Descending an Alpine mountain is always more difficult than ascending. Facing down causes more giddiness than looking up.

In dangerous climbing, the members of a party are attached to one another by a rope. If one makes a misstep, the others support him. In dangerous passes, only one man moves at a time. The rope should always be kept taut between the men, as then its power of resistance is greatest.

Whymper's little party were fastened in this way. Their order of march was as follows: Croz, Hadow, Hudson, Lord Frederick Douglas, Old Peter, Young Peter, and Whymper. They arrived at a difficult place in their homeward progress. Croz, after cutting steps and assisting Hadow in placing his feet, turned to descend farther. Hadow lost his balance and fell against Croz, knocking him off his feet. Croz uttered an exclamation, as he felt himself falling. This Whymper and Old Peter heard; and, bracing themselves firmly, they resisted the shock. Hudson and Douglas had been dragged from their foothold by Croz and Hadow, but they might have been upheld by the others, if — horror of horrors! — the rope had not broken between Douglas and Old Peter.

The four men went to their fate over the steep precipice. The mountain was so abrupt at this place that, without exaggeration, they fell four thousand feet to the glacier below. There their lifeless bodies were found the next day.

The two porters were completely unnerved. For an hour they refused to move. They trembled as if with the ague, and declared that they never could get down alive. How could they reach Zermatt in safety, since Croz, the celebrated Croz, had met his death on the Matterhorn?

This is only one of a hundred thrilling tales that could be told of the Alpine peaks.

Mountain scenery is rendered doubly beautiful by the presence of a lake. Lake Lucerne has been called the Lake of the Four Cantons, as it borders on four of the small states of the Swiss republic. Its dark, rocky shores are covered with waving pines, and its sparkling blue waters reflect the Rigi on the east and Mt. Pilatus on the west. The city of Lucerne is situated on the northern arm of the lake, and the southern arm is closely associated with William Tell.

Lucerne is a quaint and interesting city. It has a stirring past, and its picturesque old streets and buildings, its richly decorated little church, and its odd old bridge seem fitting scenes for the events of its romantic history.

Perhaps the most celebrated object of Lucerne is its Lion. This is one of the most famous carvings of Thorwaldsen, the great Danish sculptor.

The Lion occupies a niche in a huge mass of rock by

HELVETIORUM FIDEI AC VIRTUTI
DIEX AUGUSTI II ET III SEPTEMBRIS MDCCXII

the lake side. The spot is a secluded one, being shaded by pines on both sides, while water lilies float below on the calm surface of the lake. The Lion seems a terribly tragic figure to find in this quiet dell. He is dying; but in his death agony he defends with one mighty paw his sacred charge, the lilies of France.

Of course the Lion is a symbolic figure. It represents the bravery of the Swiss guards who, in the opening of the French Revolution, defended the French king and queen against the Parisian mob. The French soldiers who guarded the outer palace joined the mob, but nothing could turn the Swiss guards. They stood by their posts and died, with something of the lofty immobility and calm devotion of the old Romans. So the Lion, "faithful unto death," is here to-day to remind us of their noble devotion to duty.

The Rigi is less than six thousand feet high. It is a dwarf beside other mountains we shall see; but the view from its summit is exceedingly wide and beautiful.

A railroad like that on Mt. Washington has been built up the Rigi. Every hour during ten hours of the day, the sturdy little engine climbs the height, pushing the car before it. As the car is open on all sides, and moves no faster than the pace of an ordinary walker, the passengers have excellent opportunities for seeing the view. It grows finer and finer. The four cantons lie spread out below them, while bright Lake Lucerne sparkles defiance at the gloomy brow of Mt. Pilatus. In the far distance, the snow-white Jungfrau sometimes appears.

Mt. Pilatus is named after Pontius Pilate. It is said that he committed suicide in Rome, and his body was thrown into the Tiber. That river refused to hide the body of the man who had condemned Christ to death, and tossed it indignantly upon its shores. It was taken to the Rhine, but the Rhine also refused to let it rest beneath its waters. Finally it was thrown into a silent little lake on the top of a dark mountain in Switzerland. The mountain from that time was given the name of Pilatus.

The inhabitants of the four cantons consider Pilatus the clerk of the weather. Instead of Old Prob, it is Old Pilate. The saying is:

> "If Pilatus wears his hood,
> Then the weather's always good;
> If he draws his dirk again,
> We shall surely then have rain."

The "hood" is a rain cloud completely hiding the summit of the mountain. The "dirk" is a thin, sharp cloud, cutting across its width. Sometimes it is hard to tell whether a given cloud is a dirk or a hood; and discussions of this subject are always in order among the tourists sailing on Lake Lucerne.

Once a year there is a celebration among the towns on Lake Lucerne, in honor of William Tell, the Swiss patriot. The peasants in their bright costumes crowd the lake and its shores, as they proceed on their yearly pilgrimage from the birthplace of Tell to the town of Altdorf, where he refused to bow down to the hat of Austria, and also shot the apple placed upon his son's

head. The various monuments to Tell are all visited. One of the most remarkable is a huge rock rising in the midst of the lake. This natural object has been chosen as a monument to both Tell and Schiller, the Swiss patriot, and the German poet who wrote of him.

Far back in the Middle Ages, a little band of monks brought soil with great labor, and made a patch of land between two small lakes in the county of Berne. This soil was exceedingly fertile; grass, vines, and flowers flourished upon it, and the admiring peasants called it "the lovely little plain."

For hundreds of years it was a lonely little plain as well. On the east and west were the lakes, and on the north and south it was hemmed in by ranges so perpendicular that stakes had to be driven down between rows of grains and vegetables to prevent the upper layers from falling down upon the lower.

There was one break in the wall, and through this mountain gorge a surpassingly lovely view of the snowy Jungfrau, or Maiden, was obtained. This mountain is the most beautiful of all the great peaks of the Bernese Oberland.

It was this view which first attracted tourists to the village that covered the lovely little plain. This village is known as Interlaken, which means "between the lakes."

There are now twenty-five hotels in Interlaken, with electric bells and lights, and waiters in dress suits. There are five parks, and the streets are thronged with superb carriages and horses, bearing elegantly-dressed people. This must astonish the simple peasants? Oh,

no! Some of them are beginning to be elegantly-dressed, too; and they readily adapt themselves to the march of civilization.

But even over these fashionable tourists the Jungfrau has laid her magic charm. Whether lounging in the park or tennis ground, smoking on the piazza, or riding through the streets, the eyes of all turn, as if under a spell, to the point of the horizon where the dazzling vision appears. There is one peak so sharp and bright in its whiteness that it is known as the silver horn. The sunset light upon it causes it to blush with the color of a deep pink rose.

Pilatus and Rigi, the Jungfrau, and all the peaks of the Bernese Oberland belong to the lesser of the two mountain ranges spoken of at the beginning of this chapter. The loftiest mountain in this range is the Finster-Aarhorn, which is over fourteen thousand feet in height. It seems the center of the glacier system of the Oberland, for down its sides pour four noted glaciers, or rivers of ice.

Here is the place, in all our travels, best adapted to the study of glaciers. A great man has been here before us, for the celebrated Agassiz made most of his valuable glacial discoveries while studying the Aar glacier, one of those near the Finster-Aarhorn.

Born in Neuchâtel situated on the bright little lake of the same name, from his earliest years he was interested in fresh-water fishes. His first scientific work was to study and write of the fresh-water fishes of Europe. He only stopped in this labor to visit the Aar glacier in the summer, and to make observations concerning it.

In his later life he made America his home, and we are proud to share his glory with the Swiss. A bowlder from the Aar glacier marks his grave at Mount Auburn, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Many of the facts that I shall now give you concerning glaciers were ascertained by Agassiz.

Each fresh fall of snow upon a mountain peak presses, with ever increasing force, upon the layers of snow beneath it. This great pressure and the melting of the snow at certain seasons of the year cause it to change to ice. The mass of ice is constantly moving downward an almost imperceptible distance each year.

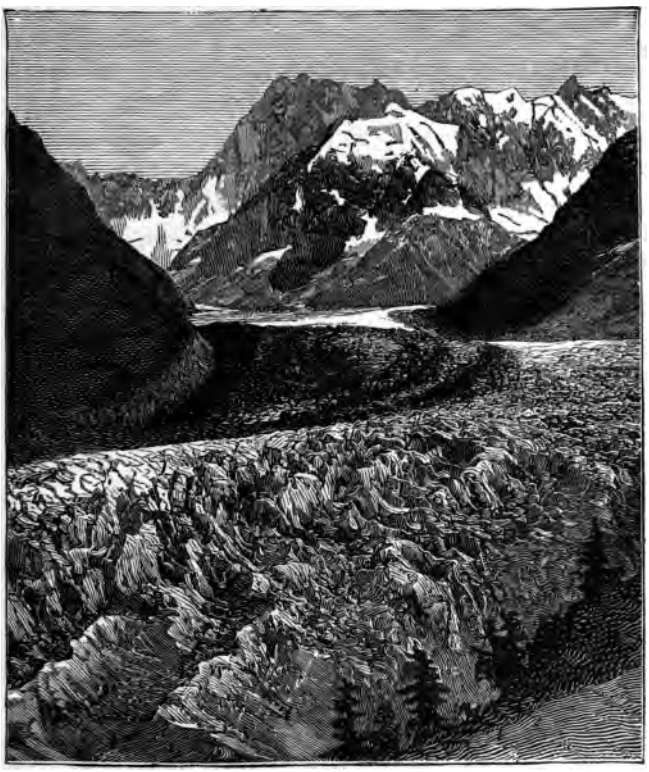
In its icy grip it clutches rocks that lie either in its pathway or beside its course, and drags them on. So it has come to pass that there are always lines of stones on the surface of the glacier, parallel with its course. These lines of stones are called moraines. Those at the side are called lateral moraines.

Sometimes two smaller glaciers unite to form a large glacier. Can you see that a lateral moraine of each tributary glacier would then be in the center of the main glacier? Such a moraine is called a medial moraine.

There is only one more kind of moraine, — a terminal one. When the foot of the glacier reaches the warmer lower valleys, it melts. The bowlders and rocks which it is carrying fall, and the glacier goes on its way as a river. The Rhone and the Rhine arise from glaciers.

To cross a glacier is rather more interesting than easy. Looking down upon it, its surface appears like an even floor, but one finds it very different when actually upon it. It is all ups, and downs, and uneven surfaces.

Yawning crevasses, from which the guide pulls you quickly away, reveal the blue depth of the glacier. Swift little streams run over the ice in all directions.



MER DE GLACE.

As for the moraines, this definition, by a member of the Alpine club, is facetious but true. He says, "A moraine consists of one thousand cartloads of stones care-

fully piled up by nature on scientific principles, with a view to the dislocation of the human ankle."

Glaciers frequently add to the beauty of the landscape. It is true that they are sometimes so covered with rocks and earth that no one would imagine a glacier was there. But often they are of a clear white color; and when surrounded by waving fields of wheat and rye, and bordered with blue flax flowers, they are an unusual and beautiful sight.

We must now hasten to a group of mountains on the other side of the Rhone, and pay our respects to Mont Blanc, the loftiest mountain in Europe. There is a regal look to its broad snowy brow, raised fifteen thousand feet in air, that recalls these lines of Byron: —

> "Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains,
> We crowned him long ago,
> On a throne of rocks, in a robe of cloud,
> With a diadem of snow."

That "diadem of snow" can be seen from Lake Geneva and in the Bernese Oberland, appearing more and more beautiful with every added mile of distance. It is indeed true of Mont Blanc that "distance lends enchantment to the view." That is because it is refined to the mere ghost of a mountain, a pale, sharply defined cloud on the horizon, shining sometimes with an almost heavenly radiance. In a nearer view, if less unearthly in its beauty, its great bulk is more impressive and overpowering.

It is to Chamouni that one goes to obtain this near view of Mont Blanc. Chamouni, like Interlaken, is

now a fashionable resort. The once simple, charmingly rural place is most decidedly changed.

Tourists sit on the hotel piazza, and watch the changes on Mont Blanc. The play of light and shade is always beautiful; daily there are bold excursionists climbing to the summit, who appear as small black dots on the white surface of Mont Blanc's immense snow field, and at rare intervals there is an avalanche.

A huge cake of ice detaches itself from the mountain side, and goes crashing down into the valley. Woe be to the hardy mountaineer whose path this avalanche crosses! He is certainly lost. An avalanche appears a very slight thing at a distance, but the sound that it makes is tremendous. It seems almost as if the heavens were cracking. Whole villages have been buried in a night by avalanches. They are one of the most sudden and fatal dangers of mountain life.

Not far from Chamouni is a pass over the mountains, at the summit of which is situated a hospice. A hospice is a house where travelers can obtain food and lodging for the night. There are many hospices among the Alps. This one near Mont Blanc is the most famous. It is called the Grand St. Bernard, and is kept by monks.

The monks have pledged themselves to receive every one who applies to them, and during a year they often shelter twenty-five thousand people. Most of the guests are poor peasants going between Italy and Switzerland. They of course pay nothing, and it is only from the rich summer tourists that the monastery receives any money in return for its hospitality. No

definite sum is charged, but there is a box into which any guest may slip what he is prompted to give.

The winter is the hardest season of the year for the monks of St. Bernard. The drifts of snow are forty feet deep on the mountain path; and every day and often in the night, the monks go out to look for travelers who may have lost their way. They are accompanied by half a dozen St. Bernard dogs, who aid them in their work. These are the descendants of the dog which St. Bernard, the founder of the monastery, brought with him to this remote mountain peak.

Hundreds of years have developed in this race of dogs a marvelous sagacity. They go by instinct to the snow-covered mound that marks the spot where some wearied traveler has sunk down for a moment's rest and has lingered only too long. They brush the snow with their paws from the white face below, and try with all their might to rouse it. Their loud barks call the monks to the place. The little wooden barrels that the dogs carry on their necks contain brandy. Their masters pour some between the pale lips, and soon the man is aroused and able to go with them to the monastery.

If all their efforts are in vain, the body is taken to an outbuilding of the monastery. There it is preserved till the friends of the dead man claim it.

The air on this high mountain is so clear and cold that no change takes place in the unclaimed bodies of those who perish in the storms. They will remain for years with the cold beauty and whiteness of marble.

I wish there were time to speak at length of Geneva and Berne. Geneva is situated at the western end of

Lake Geneva, the only lake in Switzerland connected with the Rhone. Lake Geneva has been said "to combine the rough mountain grandeur of Lucerne with all the softness of atmosphere of an Italian lake."

It is a beautiful sight, as the golden sunlight falls upon the green vineyard on the lake side, and the fresh breeze ruffles the dancing blue waters. Quaint little fishing boats with queer sails draw pretty white lines over the level lake. All is gaiety and brightness, as the jaunty little steamers take travelers on their round through the lake, showing them Villeneuve, Montreuze, Vevay, Coppet, and perhaps, most interesting of all, the white walls of the Castle of Chillon.

Many famous people have lived on the shore of Geneva. Some of them are Calvin, Gibbon, Madame de Staël, and Voltaire. These names will become more interesting to you as you enter the older world of thought.

Berne, the capital of Switzerland, is one of the quaintest cities in the world. Its houses are of gray stone, with tiled roofs of dark red, and with all sorts of curiously curved and twisted chimneys, grayish white in color. They look out upon wide streets, each with a covered canal from the Aar River passing down the middle. Every hundred feet or so there is a fountain, where crowds of women wash clothes all the week.

The sidewalks are cloistered, that is, they pass beneath low stone arches connected with the houses. The lower stories of many of the houses are dark little shops. In the afternoon the mistresses of the houses sit on stone benches by their doors, busily engaged in knitting stockings.

Some of the windows on the front have quite an oriental look. They are encircled by iron railings, and contain seats on which are piled red cushions. The daughters of the family sit here; and when we remember that the window contains, moreover, a host of blossoming flowers, we can see what a change it must make in the somewhat austere low houses. The bright cushions, the flowers, and the pretty girls, give an almost Eastern brilliancy to the demure, pale streets of Berne.

Once more, before leaving Switzerland, we find ourselves in the shadow of Mont Blanc. It is nearly sundown. The light is leaving the valleys and passing upward to the mountains. Chamouni is dark; the white Mer de Glace is bathed in shadow; but the light still lingers on Mont Blanc and on the sharp peaks called The Needles which form his court. It is now that the Swiss shepherd and cowherd take their alpine horns and, seating themselves on the hillsides, prepare to bid each other good-night.

Presently floating down from the highest alp comes a deep musical call, "Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!" The call is taken up on all sides, and in a moment the words are sounding through all the hills and re-echoing from the valleys. Again the deep notes ring out, "Praise the Lord!"

Meanwhile the sun's rays have been mounting higher and higher. Now he shines upon the lofty crown of Mont Blanc. The white snow is changed to an exquisite pink. It is the wonderful alpine glow!

When this begins to fade, there is a solemn hush in the evening service of praise. Then once more a single

alpine horn sounds, "Good-night, friend and brother! good-night!" "Good-night! good-night!" comes back in lovely clear tones from all sides, and then a deep silence once more holds the hills. Night has come and the Swiss good-night has been said.

CHAPTER XIV.

A STAY IN PARIS.

It is about four o'clock of a day in early summer that we enter Paris and drive slowly along one of its chief avenues, the Champs Élysées. Many writers have called this thoroughfare the finest in the world. The wide street is divided by rows of elms, horse-chestnuts, limes, and plane trees, into several avenues. The widest avenues are for carriages; while the narrower ways, which are yet as wide as our city streets, are thronged with pedestrians.

The long street is lined with stately buildings of a grayish tint. They are mostly built of limestone, obtained within the city limits. At intervals along the way, fountains throw their spray high into the air; bronze or marble statues stand in the center of bright beds of flowers; while in the eastern end of the Champs Élysées are penny shows of every variety, and many tiny outdoor restaurants, called cafés. Here crowds of people gather; and, while they chat over the news and sip their coffee, claret, or absinthe, their eyes are always

fixed upon the passing throng. It is, indeed, worth notice.

The whole city is taking the air, as it does daily. Superb equipages, with coachmen and footmen in handsome livery, dash past. Within are seen army officers in uniform, cabinet officers, princes, beautiful ladies of rank, and lovely children. This is the fashionable drive, and nearly all the carriages are going to or returning from the park, called the Bois de Boulogne, on the western side of Paris.

The walks are filled with the humbler classes of people. Tradesmen and their wives and children are enjoying the brightness of the hour and the beauty of the flowers and fountains. With interested faces they watch the passing carriages.

We have seen dense crowds and beautiful streets before this in our trip through Europe. Why does it seem as if this sight were different from any other, and more remarkable? Is it the bright blue sky, that bends above us in such an arch of beauty? No! other cities have have had as blue a sky, and other cities have basked in as bright a flood of sunshine as does Paris to-day.

Ah! this is it. Every face has a smile upon it. Every one appears perfectly happy. This joy which its people take in mere living is what makes Paris different from every other European city, and what constitutes its greatest charm. Already your own heart has found this out, and is beating a quick measure in harmony with the gaiety of light and movement all about you.

This joyousness is the abiding charm of Paris. This is the spell that the Circe city casts over all who have

spent some months within her walls. Wherever they may be afterwards, at times they hear her well-nigh irresistible call to return to the one happy city in the world.

Here is a little street boy, a "gamin," as he is called. He is eight years old. He has no home, no parents to care for him, no brothers and sisters to love. His clothes are rags, and at night he sleeps in any miserable hole he can find. Can you imagine any creature more wretched? Yet he is as happy as a king. He wears his clothes with a certain jaunty grace; he patters gaily along the pavement on his bare feet; his saucy brown eyes gaze sharply and intelligently about him; he whistles and he sings.

He knows no more than the sparrows where his breakfast is to come from. It may be that for days he has had nothing to eat. And yet his heart is dancing for joy. Why? Because he has the whole of great, beautiful Paris for his own. The parks, the churches, the picture galleries are free to all the poor; but most of all he prefers the streets. There nothing escapes him; he watches the housewives as they select their provisions and groceries, and forgets that he is hungry; he criticises the arrangement of the pastry cook's window so audibly that the man's anger is aroused and he pursues him a little way down the street. This delights our gamin; and as his foe retreats, he follows him with all manner of jeers and gay taunts.

With a whoop of glee, he is off to the Tuileries Gardens to see the children who are better cared for feed the swans. Perhaps he gets a breakfast by diving into

one of the basins, and robbing a great white-winged bird of a crust of bread. He then amuses himself by standing on the marble curb of the fountain, and holding out the bread to the swan. As she stretches out her head to take the offered morsel, this bad little boy jerks it away Again and again he repeats this trick, calling out in very bad French, "Did you think you were going to get my breakfast, now?"

Back again to the city he hurries; and, as the fashionable people are going to the Bois de Boulogne, he goes also. There he narrowly escapes being run over by a coachman, whom he follows for a long distance with his puny threats and scoldings. He eyes the beautiful dresses approvingly and the spirited horses admiringly. It is all a show arranged for his especial benefit. If he earns a penny, instead of wisely buying food, very likely he will use it to see one of the Cheap Jack entertainments in the Champs Élysées.

He has his sharp little joke, or merry jest and smile, for all who pass. They good-naturedly tolerate him. He would not leave Paris for a good home and prospects in America. He loves his native city too well. He would rather be a gamin all his days than an exile from her dear streets. Why, Paris is the first city in the world! All other places are merely provinces!

This feeling is not confined to the little gamin alone. Every one in Paris feels her hold upon him. Many a skillful workman has refused an opening to fortune because it would take him from his native city. Many another workman has been driven by homesickness back again to her brightness.

Paris is situated on both sides of the river Seine, which flows in large easy curves across a level plain, shut in on three sides by low mountains. Within the city walls, the river is spanned by numerous bridges. Two are for foot passengers, and two for railroads, while the others are for carriages. Both shores are bounded by fine stone quays.

The finest streets are the boulevards. From time to time, as Paris has grown, the old walls have been removed and new ones, inclosing a larger circle, have been built. The space gained when the old walls were taken down has been laid out in fine streets, which are called boulevards.

There are, in all, three different sets of boulevards, making three circles through the city. Sometimes we find a street called a boulevard, cutting across one of the three circles; but in that case the name has been incorrectly applied.

The streets of Paris are most delicately clean. At a very early hour each morning they are watered. A slender stream washes each square foot of the sidewalk; and, at the same early hour, men in the employ of the city go around to remove carefully from the pavements every atom of refuse or waste. By seven o'clock the city streets appear as spotless as if they had been swept by the little old woman of the song, whose especial charge was the cobwebs on the face of the moon.

The money to pay for the street cleaning is obtained by taxing balconies, signs, lanterns, and other ornamental additions to the houses throughout the city.

Telegraphs and telephones do not mar the street with their unsightly poles and wires. All such machinery is taken care of underground.

Perhaps the building in the northern half of the city most interesting to travelers is the Louvre. This is one of the most celebrated museums in the world. Here are gathered Egyptian and Grecian antiquities, Persian, French, Italian, and Spanish pottery, and ancient bronzes. One gallery is devoted to the royal gems and jewels no longer in the possession of any member of the three houses who claim the French throne, — the house of Bourbon, the house of Orleans, and the house of Bonaparte. In another room is an interesting collection of furniture and tapestry.

But the Louvre is most famous for the statues and paintings it contains. Its most noted statue is the beautiful Venus of Milo. She holds her court in a separate room, where admiring visitors gather daily.

One could here study with delight the progress of painting from the earliest ages down to modern times, for each period is represented by the work of its noted artists. The collection is rich in paintings by Fra Angelico, Raphael, Rubens, Vandyck, and others. No painting is admitted to the Louvre until ten years after the death of its artist. In this respect the Louvre differs from the gallery of the Luxembourg. There, only the paintings of living artists are exhibited.

The casket that contains all this wealth of beauty and antiquity, the building of the Louvre itself, is most magnificent. It adjoins the palace of the Tuileries, and the two buildings together occupy twenty-four

acres of ground. Each façade of the Louvre is very beautiful and elaborately decorated. But perhaps those to the south and east are the finest. On the first floor, at the east, is the long colonnade by Perrault; and on the south, the Pavilion of Flora.

West of the Louvre are the gardens of the Tuileries. They, like many others of the gardens of Paris, are laid out in truly French style. The arrangement is very set. The paths are at right angles to each other, and the beds are perfect squares, circles, or ovals. Mother Nature is a gardener who has not been called in. Even the trees are clipped or trained in stiff patterns.

This is the children's paradise. They spend many hours of every day here in the sunshine. The rich children are attended by their nurses, who are dressed in the nurses' uniform. It consists of a long white apron, and a ruffled cap tied with white ribbons that reach nearly to the hem of the dress behind.

Sometimes their little charges appear in all the baby finery of silks and satins, ruffles and tucks. But generally they are sensibly clad in a simple dress like a great apron, which covers them from small throat to toddling heels. In this they are perfectly free.

They tumble about on the lawns, for here there are no disagreeable signs to "keep off the grass." They dig up the paths, and build forts and cities with the small wooden shovels that can always be purchased from some near booth. Then there are the dancing fountains to watch, the swans to feed with bread crumbs, and the fresh blossoms in the flower beds to count and name.

On some fête day or birthday the kind father bestows upon Jacques and Marie several of the small coins called sous. Such joy! After counting the money, they find they can take a ride in one of the tiny carriages, drawn by a white goat, which can always be hired in the gardens.

Now they are seated. Jacques, with his hat pushed back on his curly head, braces his sturdy feet against the dashboard of the small carriage. Proudly he receives the blue ribbons from the boy who owns the equipage. Marie is a little timid. She fixes her black eyes on the horned head of the goat, and clings with both hands to Jacques's sleeve. They start off. Lisette, the nurse, walks beside them to see that no harm comes. But she does not walk beside them all the way.

They discover presently that Nannette, the goat, has a most uncertain, not to say disagreeable, temper. Sometimes she walks so slowly that Jacques is only kept by the entreaties of Marie from using the neat little whip at his elbow. Again, she stops altogether and begins to back. Suddenly she starts off at a steam engine pace, leaving poor Lisette far in the rear. Then she turns aside, and begins to butt against a tree.

When Lisette hurries up, red and panting, with her cap ribbons flying in the breeze, what does the vicious Nannette do? She seizes on one of those same floating ribbons, and begins to munch it. This is too much for Lisette. Regardless of Jacques's entreaties, she lifts both children out of the tiny carriage, and requests a civil policeman to take back the cart to its owner.

Marie is pale with terror, while her big black eyes seem almost starting from her head. "Do you know," she says to Jacques, as hand in hand they trot before Lisette back to the shady seat under the chestnut where they usually spend their mornings, "do you know, it would have been better if we had bought bonbons with our sous." But Jacques, being a boy, does not agree with her.

West of the Tuileries Gardens is a large square, called the Place de la Concorde. This means the peaceful square. It appears very peaceful as we look at it now. Stately buildings inclose it, while in the center is an Egyptian obelisk, looking down on the splashing fountains with the calm remoteness of extreme old age.

This is the obelisk of Luxor, from the ruins of the ancient city of Thebes in Egypt. It was presented to France in 1830; but transporting and erecting it was such a difficult undertaking that it was fully six years before it was set up in the Place de la Concorde. In those six years it cost four hundred thousand dollars. Now, with the hieroglyphic furrows on its brow, it looks wisely and gravely down upon the gay French world below, with its struggles and its triumphs.

In the square are eight statues, which represent the principal French cities. The figure for the city of Strasburg is draped in black, to show the mourning of France at losing that city.

The Place de la Concorde was not always so peaceful. If we could look back one hundred years, it would seem to us the wickedest spot in all mad, sinning

Paris. It was here that the guillotine was set up, and the rivers of blood flowed.

Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, with many nobles and people of rank, laid down their lives in this place. Here perished Madame Roland, one of the celebrated women of her time, and Lavoisier, the famous chemist, who was refused his request for a few more days' grace, that he might finish some experiments for the benefit of the world. Some one, in speaking of Lavoisier's execution, said, "It took them only a minute to cut off that head, the like of which one hundred years may not be able to produce again." Danton, Robespierre, and others of the red republicans were finally beheaded on this very spot to which they had sent their victims before them.

There are several other columns in Paris, erected to the memory of persons or events connected with the French Revolution or the Empire.

The Vendome column has an interesting history, because it has seen so many changes. Napoleon the First built it in memory of his victories. The column was crowned with a statue of himself, made from the metal of Russian and Austrian cannon. When Napoleon was exiled in 1814, his statue was melted, and the metal employed to make an equestrian statue of Henry IV. In the next revolution, this statue also was removed, and the column was surmounted by a huge fleur-de-lis.

Twenty years rolled by and then another figure of Napoleon, cast from the metal of Algerian guns, was once more raised on high. The last change was made

thirty years ago, when an exact copy of the original statue, representing Napoleon in his coronation robes, was placed upon it.

The Vendome column has shown, like a mirror, the changes that have taken place within the past hundred years.

The Arch of Triumph is another monument of Napoleon's. He intended to erect four of these arches throughout Paris, but he left only two. The Arch of Triumph is a beautiful and graceful building. Its summit commands a fine view of Paris.

The square which it adorns is called by a French name meaning the "star place." This is because twelve grand avenues radiate from it, as the points of a star all lead from its center. At night, when the electric lights are burning, the view is fine, as one gazes from the Arch of Triumph down these radiant avenues crowded with life and gaiety.

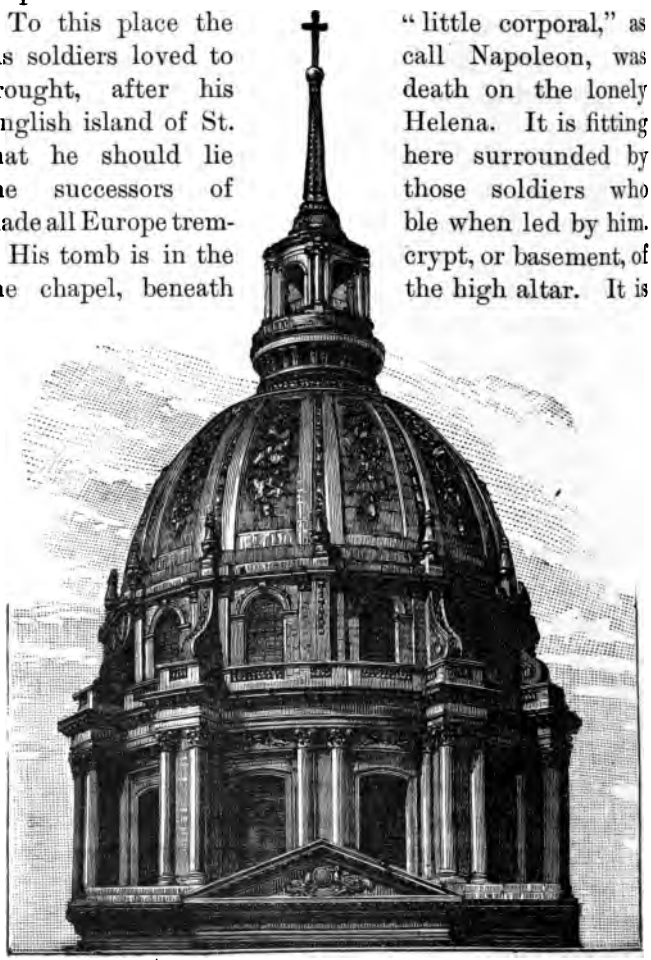
There is one other place that brings the mighty Napoleon before our minds most vividly, and that is the Hôtel des Invalides. The lofty, gilded dome of this building grows very familiar to the traveler in Paris. In whatever quarter of the city or its suburbs he may be, the glistening landmark appears.

The "Hotel," as it is called, is really what in America we should call a soldiers' home. The worn-out or disabled soldiers spend their last days here, tenderly cared for by the government, to whose service they have given the best years of their lives. They creep about the pleasant garden before their door, or sit smoking in the little summerhouses covered with honeysuckle. With

soldier-like regularity, they attend service in the small chapel of the "Hotel."

To this place the "little corporal," as his soldiers loved to call Napoleon, was brought, after his death on the lonely English island of St. Helena. It is fitting that he should lie here surrounded by the successors of those soldiers who made all Europe tremble when led by him.

His tomb is in the crypt, or basement, of the chapel, beneath the high altar. It is



DOME OF THE HÔTEL DES INVALIDES.

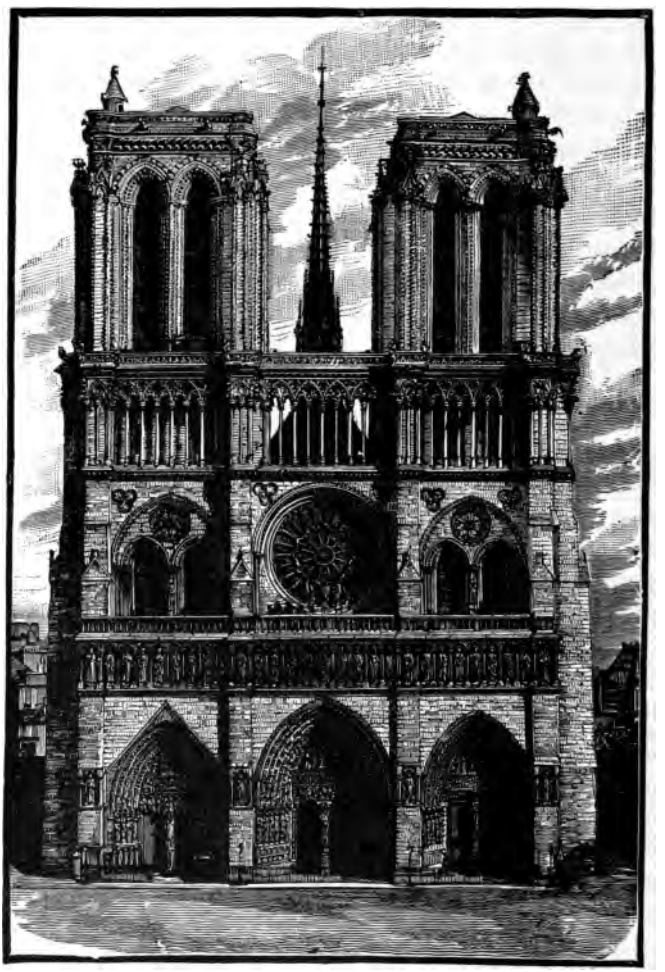
covered by a simple slab of Finland granite. All around the tomb stand huge female figures on pedestals, representing the different battlefields on which he was victorious.

Still another building remains unvisited. It is Notre Dame, one of the finest churches in Europe. I might give the dimensions of this mighty church, but that would not help you to see it. I might sketch the changes of history that have taken place in the city of which it stands the very heart, to impress you with its age. It is large and beautiful and old, and has been the center of the Catholic faith of the country, from the darkness of the Middle Ages down to the comparative light of to-day.

The front is most impressive. The towers of equal height and beauty rise two hundred and twenty-five feet into the air. To all the country round they, with the dome of the Hôtel des Invalides, are the landmarks of Paris.

They are noble objects at a distance, but it is only to one close at hand that they reveal their true beauty. For "from turret to foundation stone" they are one beauteous mass of exquisite carving. Generations of patient workmen have spent their lives adorning these "pillars in the temple," and the result is wonderful. Every scrap of stone contributes its fine lines to the whole. Prophets, priests, disciples, and saints rise line upon line, about these lofty twin towers. It seems as if all the characters depicted in the whole Bible were wrought out in stone.

Besides sacred figures, there are others far from holy.



NOTRE DAME.

They are gargoyles, goblins, and imps. These are interspersed with delicate borders, designs, and traceries.

The interior is dark, rich, and beautiful. There are five naves running the whole length of the church, while at the far end of the vista appear a brilliant altar and several officiating priests. They seem so far away that, from one point of view, they might almost be in another world. The organ plays, the sweet-voiced choir chants, and the thousands of worshipers prostrate themselves upon the pavement in prayer. Here the French sovereigns have been crowned and married for five hundred years.

The old walls have looked on many a strange sight; but certainly the strangest pageant that ever took place within the sacred inclosure was the worship of Reason, held here when the French revolutionists had renounced the worship of God. They still met in Notre Dame; but the service consisted of the announcement of the weekly news, and the singing of republican hymns. A young woman dressed as a goddess represented Reason, the only object they now professed to worship.

Finest of all the many parks of Paris is the Bois de Boulogne. The English for this French name would be the "Woods of Boulogne." But the park has no woods such as one sees in England. Its trees are very small and slender, and clumps of them appear more like thickets than like groves.

The grass, however, is green, and is beautifully kept. Every square foot of turf throughout the two hundred and fifty acres which form the park receives two gallons of water every third day. Every second of time fifty

gallons of water are drawn from the Seine for use in the Bois de Boulogne.

One section of the park is devoted to a collection of animals. Here we see leopards, tigers, and other fierce beasts, living in the same circumstances as at home. The temperature in which they are kept, their food, and their surroundings are arranged so that they shall be exactly what the creatures are accustomed to in their native wilds. Here are birds in cages so large that they think they are free. In aquariums may be seen strange foreign animals of the sea, and along the shores of a little stream that runs through the garden are water-fowl from all quarters of the earth.

A tame elephant delights the children with a ride; and hosts of little wagons, drawn by goats, ponies, Indian oxen, and ostriches, add to the attractions. The place is a perfect paradise to children.

There are, near Paris, many palaces, or royal châteaux, to which excursions may be made. There are Fontainebleau, St. Cloud, St. Germain, and Versailles. The latter place is most popular, perhaps. It contains the palace where Louis XIV., Louis XV., and Louis XVI. lived.

The palace, which is a quarter of a mile in length, was built by Louis XIV. To raise the money for this expensive undertaking, the peasants were taxed to the verge of starvation.

Oh, the elegance of the halls, the salons, the chapel, and the theater! The elegant hangings and tapestries, the carved furniture, the gems of paintings and china were collected here by perhaps the most luxurious mon-

archs that Europe has ever known. The whole cost of Versailles was one thousand million francs. There is one salon known as the mirror room, because opposite each of the seventeen windows is a mirror, which reflects the beauty of the outside garden.

We are shown the room occupied by Marie Antoinette, wife of Louis XVI., and also the hall in which William I., the grandfather of the present emperor of Germany, was crowned. The many states of Germany had united against Napoleon under the leadership of William. After they had defeated the French, they decided to remain united, and so the German Empire was formed. It was a great humiliation to France that an act so momentous as the crowning of the German emperor should have taken place in her own palace of Versailles.

WILLIAM I.

Now that France is a republic, no one occupies Versailles. The empty halls are used as picture galleries. The collections are mostly portraits, although there are one thousand fine paintings of battles. Here may be seen the portrait of every French sovereign from Clovis down to Napoleon III. Here also are hung the portraits

of French admirals and marshals. Some one has estimated that the canvases in Versailles, if placed side by side, would extend for sixteen miles.

The garden before the palace is laid out in set designs, such as delighted Louis XIV. There is one beautiful lawn called the "green carpet." The grass is so exquisitely fine and soft, as to seem in very truth like a carpet.

Among the many fountains there is one that represents Neptune surrounded by his Tritons. From every shell and from the mouth of every dolphin and sea horse in the group, streams of water burst forth when the fountain plays. As it costs one hundred dollars per minute while playing, such a sight is not common.

Once every month the water is turned on for a short time, to the delight of hosts of people who have come from Paris to Versailles to witness the display. Such eager anticipation, such exulting joy in realization, can be found nowhere outside a circle of fifty miles, whose center is the towers of Notre Dame.

CHAPTER XV.

GLIMPSES OF PROVINCIAL FRANCE.

Paris is not the whole of France by any means, although there are many travelers who seem to think so. To the north, south, east, and west of the capital

are attractive towns and villages where the people are most interesting and curious in their dress and manner of life.

Let us first seek the northern coast, and study the people in the quaint old provinces of Brittany, Normandy, and Picardy. The chief city of these provinces is Havre, which we easily reach by floating down the Seine from Paris.

The Emperor Napoleon once declared that Paris, Rouen, and Havre formed but one city, of which the Seine was the principal street. Very close indeed is the connection between Paris and Havre, for what Paris manufactures, Havre exports; and what Paris needs, Havre imports. The cities are dependent upon each other.

Havre, situated on the north bank of the Seine, has a naturally good harbor, which has been greatly improved. Nine huge docks have been built at a great expense of time, muscle, and money. These docks are inclosed basins, in which vessels are kept afloat at the same level while loading and unloading. The water in the docks of Havre is about thirty feet deep. The largest dock has an area of fifty-three acres, and the fine stone quays that form its shores measure over a mile in length.

Along this northern coast of France the rising and the falling of the tide varies considerably with different places. In some towns it no sooner reaches its height than it begins instantly to fall. If ships do not seize that favorable moment to set off, they remain high and dry until the next high tide.

At Havre, fortunately, the tide does not perceptibly begin to retreat for two hours. During that time large vessels can anchor close by the quays. But at low tide they are obliged to remain a mile or more from the shore, while puffing little tenders carry in those passengers who desire to land at Havre.

When we behold the vast docks, the forests of masts, the tall chimneys of the manufactories, and the dark cloud of smoke which envelops the city, we begin to realize the present importance of Havre. Fifty years ago it was quite a second-rate port; to-day it stands next to Liverpool in its trade with the United States. It surpasses both London and Hamburg in the amount of cotton, wheat, and corn which it imports. It also imports large quantities of tobacco from the United States, and cigars from Havana.

The exports of Havre are miscellaneous. They consist of wines, sardines, silks, millinery goods, perfumery, porcelain, children's toys, balloons, violins, books, and furniture.

The French coast northeast of Havre is exceedingly bold and rocky. The bare, rough land descends in terraces to the sea. The rocks show the white gleam of chalk and limestone, and look dark only when wet with the white spray of the rising tide.

Such a wild, dangerous coast as this is! There are very few safe harbors; and, in time of storm, the fisherman's best chance for his life is to face the stormy waters of the English channel, rather than to attempt to reach the little village, which looks near but is surrounded by pitiless rocks.

In pleasant weather, how lovely the beach is! Dark, mossy, and weather-stained boats are pulled high up on the shore. Tanned babies and their elder brothers and sisters, who are still mere toddlers, romp and play in the safe nursery of the old boats. The mothers are either washing clothes in the sunshine, or mending tarry and tattered fish nets in the cool shadow of the cliffs. Among them may often be seen the aged grandmothers, with dark brown wrinkled faces, framed in close-fitting, snowy caps.

Now and then a troop of barefooted children come racing across the beach, scarcely excelled in speed by the beach birds which fly swiftly above their heads. A pretty fisher maiden occasionally saunters down from the tiny gray village on the cliff. She wears a brown dress and a blue apron, and has a blue handkerchief crossed over her chest. Like all the women, young and old, she wears a white cap with a deep frill standing out around her face.

A vague expectation shows itself from time to time in the little group. At length its cause is explained. A fleet of dark boats round a lofty promontory, and steer toward the beach.

The women and children troop down to meet the boats. The keels grate on the pebbles, the sea coat of each father is clutched by the eager little hands of his children, while bright faces are raised for the welcoming kiss. The elders are busy inspecting the catch of fish. It is an excellent one, and the women and girls fill large, flat baskets, and hasten away to the neighboring villages and towns.

Sometimes the fish dealers and housewives assemble to meet the returning fleet. Then an auction takes place around the boats and nets.

After all the fish are disposed of, the men harness themselves to a windlass, which, by winding up a rope, pulls the boat high and dry on the sand.

The peaceful groups on the beach are changed entirely when one of those sudden, swift storms comes sweeping down the channel. On the cliffs are several women, with perhaps a rude telescope among them, trying to pierce the gloom and discover what lies beyond that near line of tossing breakers, which has become the limit of their suddenly limited horizon. Those who have husbands and sons at sea have gathered about a rude image of the Savior on the cross. They kneel on the steps of this little shrine, and cry and try to pray. One poor girl, who has a lover out at sea, has mounted the steps and is clinging desperately to the carved cross. She says nothing, but there is the very passion of petition in her frantic clasp.

If the boats come safely in, there is as wild joy as before there was wild despair. But often, alas! the sea returns to the watchers only lifeless bodies wrapped in seaweed.

The French coast southwest of Havre is very different. The slope of the shore is gradual, and there is a beautiful, wide, sandy beach at low tide. Here is the harvest ground of the mussel gatherer. This occupation and that of the shrimper are filled by the women of the villages.

As the tide goes out, they follow it and fill their coarse, deep baskets with the small blue and white shells which they find clinging to the seaweed left by the retreating tide. With their skirts well tucked up, and their heads covered with handkerchiefs, they are quaint figures, as they step briskly over the sand in their large wooden sabots. They cluster together, chattering and gossiping in high tones, but all the time they nimbly wield the sharp knives that detach the mussels from the weed. When their baskets are filled, they empty them into a cart on the beach and return again to their task.

The mussel gatherer must, at times, be exceedingly wary. Some of the rocks covered with seaweed are slippery, and there are other places of dark slime, where one might sink to unknown depths.

The shrimper is barefooted and carries a conical net. Her work is engrossing, and thus she is always alone. She wades knee-deep in the water, and with wide sweeps of her skillful arm, casts her net and draws it in, at times bringing with it quantities of the little silvery fish, and then again failing utterly. The work is fascinating, but very laborious.

The Norman fishwomen render one very amusing service to the men of their families. The beach slopes so gradually that the landing can never be made on the dry sand. The boat always grounds in shallow water. The women then wade out to the boats and carry their husbands to land, in order that they may not wet their feet.

The western coast of France is washed by the wild

waters of the Bay of Biscay. The shore is as wild in its way as the sea. It consists of bold cliffs, which frown and tower in the face of the blinding billows that the sea hurls against them daily. These crags, or "stone monsters," as they have been called, have jaws sharp enough to crunch any unwary vessels that may drift against them.

In some places, instead of rocks there are wide stretches of sandy beach, over which the waves roll and break, and from which they recede with a long-drawn moan that is unutterably plaintive and mournful. One seems to hear, in the wail of the Bay of Biscay, the drowning cries of all who have ever sunk beneath its waters. The sound haunts one long after he has left its tossing waves behind.

Many of the small towns and villages are actively engaged in the fishing trade. Once a species of whale swarmed in the bay, but now whales never come so far south.

The fishermen are, as we should suppose, well browned. Some of them are remarkably handsome, with beautiful golden-brown complexions and beards.

The life of the fishing people here on the bay is very much as it is on the channel. There is the same hard toil of both men and women, and the same lingering on the beach at sundown till the boats come in. The women knit while waiting, some pacing restlessly up and down the sands, others half lying on the beach.

Many of these people are Basques, or descendants of the early Spanish Celts. In the Middle Ages, the wandering singers and minstrels, known as troubadours, came from

southern France. The troubadours were accustomed to recite songs and ballads, and to illustrate them by appropriate gestures. As they sang, they acted these songs, many of which were of their own composition. Their descendants to-day have a wonderful flow of language, and a power and quickness of gesture that is remarkable.

There is considerable uncertainty about much of the coast of the Bay of Biscay. The sea is eating up some of the towns bit by bit. The natives interpose sea walls in vain. The sand dunes of the shore also have been moving. They were traveling eastward, but the people hit upon the remedy of planting trees and grass upon them, and the network of roots has held the grains of sand in place.

There is one province of France called the Landes, which is very peculiar. Below the surface layer of soil is a layer of clay, which allows no water to pass through it. Thus all the water is kept upon the surface. At certain seasons of the year, the rivers and lakes overflow, and then indeed the country becomes a vast morass or swamp. The ground shifts and moves in the most treacherous manner.

In some regions shepherds are obliged to follow and tend their flocks, mounted upon stilts. I should think the poor sheep would envy their keepers their high and dry perch. But the record says nothing as to whether the sheep also are provided with stilts.

Turning from the Bay of Biscay with its strong salt breath, we come to the balmy country at the foot of the Pyrenees. Oh, those Pyrenees! They have been

painted and sung for generations. They seem to have a consciousness of their beauty and majesty, which is entirely simple and right.

The loftier peaks are clear and radiant in the upper air; the lower slopes change color with the changing lights of the clouds above. They appear by turns dull brown, deep purple, and delicate rose.

The climate here is delightful, and the trees and flowers are consequently flourishing and beautiful. There are plenty of vineyards, groves of silvery olive trees, and almond trees that are transfigured in blossoming time.

The roses are exquisite. The varieties that are only raised in hothouses in America grow here as hardy plants. They cover garden walls and trellises with their large red, pink, white, and yellow flowers.

They are very cheap also. Old women in the market hold out their withered hands, overflowing with the lovely, heavy blossoms. "Ah, madam, do buy! Quite all these for ten sous." A sou is but one cent, and we bear home to our tidy little foreign inn a bouquet that would be priceless in America during the winter.

The chief events in the towns in southern France are market day and the day of the fair. Flowers, fruits, eggs, vegetables, and fowls are the chief articles offered for sale to the curious and excited purchasers. Such a clatter of French, Spanish, Basque, and English tongues as takes place in the demure little market square, while bargains are offered, derided, pressed, refused, and finally accepted!

The villagers become almost wildly merry in fair time. They revel in the cheap entertainments, — in the peep

shows, shooting galleries, lotteries, merry-go-rounds, menageries, Punch-and-Judys, fortune tellers, and jugglers. Peasants come from the surrounding hamlets in quaint carts covered with canvas, and drawn by yellow cows in coats of white cotton. The babies are members of every party, and their round eyes, beneath their close little caps, stare with wonder at red and yellow jugglers and squeaky-voiced Punch.

The Mediterranean coast of France consists of a series of lagoons, marshes, and sand dunes, running along to Marseilles. The persistence with which the vine growers make use of every bit of solid ground for their vineyards is praiseworthy. Vines flourish on every little sandy point and spit, protected from the salt breezes of the Mediterranean by high palisades of straw.

The vineyards are not so pretty to look at as those of Italy. The vines here climb by short stakes that are far from picturesque. The olive orchards are a more beautiful sight, either when the tender green of their leaves is ruffled by the breeze to silver, or when it is darkened by the presence of the ripening fruit. Flowers bloom out of doors all the year round.

Provence, one of the Mediterranean provinces, is famous for its roses and strawberries, which are always abundant. Figs, grapes, and almonds are also plentiful.

The valley of the Rhone River has not quite the perfect climate of the Pyrenees. The upper half of this valley is in Switzerland, you remember; and a bitter cold wind, at certain seasons of the year, rushes from the mountains, down the valley to the sea. Lyons, Mar-

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seilles, and other towns in its course, receive the full effect of this biting blast.

And what shall we say of central France, around which we have been circling? It is, on the whole, a peaceful landscape, painted in subdued shades of gray and brown. There are vast stretches of level country, crossed by fine roads which gleam white in the sunlight. These roads and the curving rivers are bordered by lines of poplars which stretch away to the horizon.

The country appears cut up into small farms, which are carefully tilled by the lower class. One frequently sees a lonely peasant in faded blue blouse and rough sabots, either cutting grass by the roadside or at work in a field with his clumsy shovel and hoe. He turns a patient, kindly face toward the traveler.

Again we notice an old woman, seated beneath a hedge and engaged in knitting. She is watching a long-eared donkey, which is cropping a scanty dinner from the roadside. Here are a group of hard-handed, elderly men sweeping the highway with great brooms. There a pretty girl comes singing through the cornfield. The poppies in the field and her scarlet cloak are precisely the same color.

It was such pictures as these that the French artist, Millet, loved to paint. He shows us the common French peasants at their daily tasks, as no one has ever done before or since. Perhaps the last picture of the girl in the scarlet cloak may have been a little too bright for his choice. He preferred the dull blue of homespun and the dull brown of sacking placed against a cloudy sky, or the faint ashes of color left by a fading *sunset.*

Scattered over the plains and valleys of France are innumerable towns and villages. They appear gray in color, as nearly all the buildings are of limestone

The houses are of all shapes. Some are tiny, with very few windows and an overshadowing roof; others are tall and narrow, with their roofs set with dormer windows. The houses are either thatched or covered with dark red tiles. Sometimes there is a most picturesque stack of clustered chimneys.

Many of the old towns have the quaintest streets. We should not honor them with the name of street in America. We should call them alleys. Often they are less than ten feet wide. Far from being on a level, they ascend and descend most abruptly. They are so narrow and steep as to be more like ladders than streets. Their arrangement in some of these towns is like a cobweb, and they form a fascinating study.

In the center of the town or village is generally a cathedral or church, to which the chief streets converge, and about which the houses mass themselves. The cathedrals are rich in exquisite stained glass, which gleams like jewels in the sunlight and fills the dark interiors with shifting rainbows of dancing light. The lofty pillars and arches rise in beautiful lines to the glorified roof.

Some of the finest cathedrals of France are at Amiens, Rouen, and Orleans. The cathedral of Amiens is the third in size in Europe. It is only excelled by Cologne Cathedral and St. Peter's in Rome.

Chateaux, or residences of the nobility, are plentiful in France. The stately mansions stand in wide parks,

amid avenues of hoary trees, trim gardens, and ornamental fish ponds. The traditions that cluster round many of these old buildings concern historic men and women, and also stirring events in the past of fair France.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN SUNNY SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

The moment we descend the southern side of the Pyrenees Mountains and enter Spain, we realize instantly that we are in a country very unlike any other in Europe. France resembles Switzerland somewhat in its style of buildings and in the manner of life of its people. The more northern nations have certain resemblances each to the rest. But Spain differs most decidedly from them all.

It is like a bit of Africa added by mistake to Europe. Its dry and desolate plains remind one of the Sahara; its grand and lonely chains of mountains resemble the nameless desert ranges; while the architecture of its houses, and the customs and dispositions of its people have a strong African stamp.

Over one thousand years ago, armies of Moors, or Saracens, crossed from Morocco into Spain at the Straits of Gibraltar. They had conquered the Christians in Spain, and had pushed their way victoriously into central France, when a great French leader met and stopped them in their advance.

Driven back from the conquest of Europe, they intrenched themselves strongly in Spain. They built cities in the Eastern style of architecture, raised aqueducts to bring cool water from the hills, and erected mosques to Allah, the god of the Mohammedans, that are still wonders of grace and beauty.

These Moors were the learned people of Europe in their day. During the dark ages, when the light of learning was, if not dying, at least flickering faintly in Europe, it burned brightly in this remote corner. The first steps in many sciences were taken here. Whether she acknowledges it or not, modern Europe owes much to the Moors.

The northern sections of Spain were inhabited by Christians, who gained power and territory as the centuries rolled on. At last, in the time of Columbus, just before the discovery of America, the Christian power was strong enough to throw down the gauntlet to the Moorish nation.

Then began a desperate war for the possession of the Spanish peninsula. The Moors lost castle after castle, town after town, until at last there was only Granada left. That city was the flower of them all, for it contained the choicest Moorish possession, — the royal palace of the Alhambra.

For years the siege lasted, first one party gaining and then the other. But the Christians were the more united party, and consequently the stronger. Granada was captured. Boabdil, the Moorish king, and his few subjects sadly bade farewell to their beautiful home and turned southward on their way into Africa. Ferdinand

and Isabella, sovereigns of Castile and Aragon, rode into Granada, king and queen of Spain.

The next two hundred years were the palmy days of Spain. She was then rich and powerful. But in the seventeenth century her decline began to be apparent, and she sank to the second place in the nations of Europe, which she has held ever since.

The Moors, for several hundred years, impressed themselves upon the country of Spain. The Spaniards were at first absorbed in European and American affairs, and later were too lazy and indifferent to change the Moorish architecture or the Moorish customs. So, though the foreign air about the cities and buildings to-day is really Moorish, out of compliment to the present holders of the country we call it Spanish.

Northern Spain is made up of broad, level plains and low mountain ranges. As we come farther south, the mountain ranges become more numerous and increase in height. Nothing drier and more sterile than this prospect can be imagined. There are no trees, no grass, and, saddest of all, no water. The water courses of the streams are apparent, but there is not a drop of water to be seen. No cool ripple is heard to refresh the hotness and dryness of the air.

The train which is carrying us southward creeps on its way. The passengers fan themselves continually. While the train is moving, they doze; at the stations, they descend for a drink. The amount of cold water they consume is remarkable. At similar stations in France every one would be asking for wine; but in Spain it is cold water. Then they take their

seats, and wait patiently until the train continues its way.

They may wait fifteen minutes, thirty, a whole hour. No one knows when the train will start again. It has no settled time for waiting. It stops and goes on just when the engineer and conductor please. That is the way in Spain.

Here is a valley of red brown soil, extending as far as the eye can reach and dotted thickly with great bowlders. The next valley we enter has perhaps a little sparse grass, enough to pasture a few flocks of sheep. The sheep are reddish brown, very much the color of the soil, and are carefully tended by a shepherd dog as large as a small donkey. Does the dog have the whole care of the sheep? you ask in astonishment. Certainly. I believe there is, for form's sake, a man lying on his back somewhere in the scene. He sleeps most of the day. At times he wakes, lights a cigarette, and practices on his guitar.

At intervals, one sees small crosses planted along the way. They mark the spot where travelers have been killed. Only fifty years ago banditti thronged in these lonely valleys, and hid in hillside caves. Coaches were commonly stopped, and their owners robbed of all their goods by tall, muscular men in slouch hats and shrouding cloaks drawn up so as to conceal the lower part of the face. The proud faces of Spanish grandees paled at every sudden sound as they crossed these hills and valleys, and much of the blue blood of Spain was spilled on these lonely moors.

We are at the gates of Madrid, but I do not think we

will enter them now. The capital is the least Spanish of all the cities in Spain. And I want first to show you a real, true, Spanish city.

Any city would be typical in sunny Andalusia, the bright southern province of Spain. Let us go to Seville.

On our way we notice that some parts of central and southern Spain form an agreeable contrast to northern Spain. Occasionally there are stretches of green grass and clover; orchards of oranges, lemons, figs, and olives brighten the scene; vineyards appear, together with species of palms and banana trees. The lower slopes of the mountains and hills are covered with coarse growths of cacti and prickly pear.

All the fertile regions are due to irrigation. Water is carefully collected and distributed through these gardens and farms. The old Moorish basins and aqueducts are used by the people for this purpose.

It is not because too little rain falls over the country that the soil of Spain is so dry. If every drop of water were used for irrigation, the country might be made quite fertile. The Spaniards do not take the trouble to study their country's needs for its better development, and the means for supplying such needs. The rainfall has been lessened by the foolish cutting down of trees; for forests, as well as mountains, influence the rainfall of a region.

Travelers have declared Seville to be the most Spanish of all the Spanish towns. The popular saying is: "See Seville and die." But the more likely effect is that the visitor, charmed by the quaint old city, will long to live

there. He will ask no more than to spend the rest of his days in its sleepy, lazy, old-world atmosphere.

To begin with, Seville has one advantage over other places. The river upon which it is situated, the Guadalquivir, contains water. It is not merely a dry watercourse. Its winding surface is bright with sails and masts, for Seville has some commerce to boast of. It supplies the rest of Spain with pottery and oranges.

The streets are narrow and crooked. In many of them two donkeys cannot pass each other. When the donkey has his panniers laden with fruit or vegetables, he must avoid the narrowest ways. Some of them, however, have hollows in the walls, scooped out of the stone at the height of the pannier. Thus the donkey and his load scrape through.

Foot passengers would be crushed as flat as a pancake against the high wall of the street, if there were not many little shops along the way to serve as havens of refuge. The astonished American bolts into a cobbler's tiny den or a pottery shop, on finding a burro's gentle brown nose laid upon his shoulder.

The houses are as the Moors built and left them. They are square, substantial buildings with flat roofs, and are built around courtyards. They are painted white, light pink, blue, or green. These light colors glare intensely in the sunlight.

The windows facing the street are small, with iron gratings and tiny balconies. The door of the house is sometimes of heavy wood, studded with huge brass nails. Within this large door a smaller door is cut. This latter door is the one in general use. Some one

knocks; a servant comes to a small grating commanding a view of the knocker, inquires his business, and then, if he wishes to admit him, the latch is raised and the smaller door swings open.

The entrance to the courtyard is protected by an iron gateway, through which many charming glimpses are obtained of the trees, fountains, and walks of the courtyard.

The family lives in the courtyard in summer. The court, though open to the sky, is protected from the sun by an awning, on a level with the top of the house. When the street is a fiery furnace at noon, it is often cool in this sheltered retreat.

If there are no deep wells in the courtyard, there is an abundance of water in the small cellar close at hand, where the tall red jars of pottery stand. They are filled each morning by the water carrier, and the shady spot with its dripping stone floor is always a cool retreat.

The members of the family lounge under the trees and dream away the time. The gentlemen smoke cigarettes, or sip lemonade and effervescing drinks through tubes. Sometimes they glance at a newspaper describing the last bull fight, or discuss the prospects of a fall of the thermometer.

In the cool of the evening the streets, which have been nearly empty all day, become more lively. There is a charming walk by the Guadalquivir, and there the fashionable ladies and gentlemen promenade.

The men are tall and dark, and are usually dressed in high silk hats and great cloaks. These cloaks are of fine broadcloth, lined with rich blue or red velvet.

They are arranged so that the velvet lining shows as a ruffled collar round the throat, and as a border along the front edge of the cloak, which is thrown back for its further display.

The Spanish ladies are remarkably pretty. They are always dark. There are no blondes or brown-haired girls in all Spain. They have, without exception, jet black hair, brilliant dark eyes, and a dark complexion.

They dress in black satin, with trimmings of black ball fringe. Bonnets and hats are rarely seen. The usual head covering is black lace, which is arranged about the head and shoulders. So far, you see, the dress is entirely somber. There are just three spots of brightness in the whole costume. The dainty little slippers have high heels of scarlet, the fan is always of a brilliant color, and in the dark tresses over the little ear is usually fastened a deep red rose. Such is the pretty custom of the country.

There are many romances going on all the time in Seville and other Spanish cities. Late in the evening the cloaked cavaliers bring their guitars and serenade their lady friends. Perhaps the ladies answer on their guitars also. Perhaps they throw down flowers from the narrow balcony above. Meanwhile the moonlight floods the winding street, and turns the ancient Moorish carving to the color of silver or old ivory. The night breeze wafts an odor of orange blossoms from the grove in the court, while nothing is heard but the soft splash of a fountain and the musical tinkle of the guitar.

In winter time the Spanish homes are less attractive than in summer. This is because they are exceedingly

cold. There are no furnaces as in our country. All the heat comes from burning charcoal in a brazier.

The brazier is made of valuable metal, and is quite costly. The servant lights the charcoal in the outer court. With his fan he drives away all the noxious gases, and then carries the brazier into the room that is to be heated. A small brass cage is placed over the blazing charcoal to serve as a fender. A family can rarely afford more than one brazier, and so the whole household gathers about it to keep warm. The cat is the most privileged person, as he is allowed to curl up on its very rim.

All Spanish cities are thronged with beggars, and Seville is no exception to the rule. Strong men are licensed by government to beg. They usually stand by the cathedral doors, or before hotels.

Early in the morning they make the round of the town. They stop at each of the principal houses, shake the iron gate, and call loudly. Perhaps the lady of the house appears. Immediately they begin to whine out some pitiful tale. Instantly she says: "Pardon, for God's sake, brother," and disappears. The beggar goes on his way, for that charmed sentence seals his lips.

Beggars are out in full force every morning, and again and again the poor ladies have to appear and utter the sentence that starts them on their way again.

Between the houses which he besieges, the beggar prays in a very ostentatious manner, or else draws out from his shoulder bag the rude pot containing his breakfast. This consists of "green pudding," a kind of batter pudding of coarse flour, water, and garlic.

After his morning round, he takes his stand by the cathedral door, and waylays and torments the passers-by. He may follow some foreigner who is ignorant of the only words that will silence him, for half a mile, yelling, whining, and cursing all the time.

The beggars are the most disagreeable objects in Spain. It is a disgrace to the country that they manage to secure enough money to supply them with their daily pudding and wine, with perhaps the addition of a cigarette and an orange by way of luxury.

Fortunately all the beggars are not as energetic and pugnacious as the one just described. Some spend their days in sleep, while their faithful little curs guard their masters' hats and any small coins that may fall therein.

Another well-known figure in Spanish streets is that of the water carrier. Every house in our own cities is supplied with water by means of pipes. But it is not so in Spain. Water is brought from the open country to the city fountains by means of aqueducts. The poorer people carry their jugs to the public fountains, and obtain their own supply of water. But the richer people pay a man a franc a month to supply them with water.

The water carrier usually has a donkey upon which he straps his jars. If he is too poor to own a donkey, he uses a queer-looking wheelbarrow. He fills the large jars of the house from the many smaller jars which he carries about with him.

After he has gone his usual rounds, he remains in the public squares, looking for a chance customer. His shrill call echoes down the vault-like street: "Who wants water?"

The daily supply of milk is obtained in a curious way. The little goats are driven through the streets, and are milked by the servants of the households which they supply. It is not an unusual occurrence for a goat to go from street to street, knocking on the doors of its customers' houses with its horns, and waiting at each place to be milked.

Peasants from the country load their donkeys with panniers of fruits and vegetables, and drive through the city streets looking for purchasers. Samples of food are handed through the grated windows of the houses, and the bargains are completed in that way.

The poor little burroes are most shamefully abused. They are always overloaded. Sometimes they are hidden under mounds of hay; again, they stagger under the weight of a lazy peasant and his indolent family of five. The "Get up" of the farmer is a smart blow of the whip between the donkey's eyes.

His stable is under a tree, among the rocks, or in any poor and wretched place that it may please his master to leave him. His food is scanty and poor. When he most needs his thick coat to protect him from the sun, his master has him clipped. Not only his hair, but often his flesh as well, is cut in circles, half-moons, or other figures to gratify his owner's taste.

Sometimes Burro's burdens are more than he can bear, and he lies down in the road and dies, mourned by none, not even by his master's children.

Seville, like all Spanish cities, has a central square, or plaza. The cathedral occupies one side. Why are cathedrals built, anyway? Why do we find them all

over Europe? When churches would serve to hold the congregations, why have cities persisted in erecting these mammoth buildings? Edward Everett Hale says they were built "to create and to preserve a sense of wonder, awe, and satisfied rest."

The Seville Cathedral does this. It is unlike most Spanish cathedrals, which are so elaborate and full of detail as to distract the mind from the contemplation of the whole to the study of individual sections.

Seville Cathedral is remarkable for its size and its beauty. Next to St. Peter's, it is the largest cathedral in Europe. "York Minster could walk up the aisle." The columns that support the roof are stout towers; and yet, so lofty and massive is the roof, they appear too frail for the weight that they sustain. The candles at the altars are as tall as masts.

There are eighty chapels, in which five hundred masses are said daily. Each of the chapels is a small museum in its way, and contains many rare and precious works of art and relics.

In the shadow of the cathedral is always assembled a curious crowd. The fruit dealers have spread down their cloaks to serve as counters; and there, on the rough woolen, are displayed luscious melons encased in straw, lemons, pomegranates, and oranges. The finest kind of oranges may be purchased for a cent apiece, while the same money will obtain four of ordinary quality.

The venders are either old men, who have failed to obtain a beggar's license, or young girls. The girls never wear any hats, and never appear to mind the blazing sun pouring down upon their unprotected heads.

Shoemakers ply their trade here; while all the idlers of Seville drift, of one accord, into the plaza. By the cathedral they lounge and sleep the day away, waking sometimes to buy an orange from the fruit stall close at hand. Regular meals are unknown to them. They buy what they please, when they happen to think of it.

At Christmas time the usual crowd in the plaza is increased by turkey dealers, and gipsy girls who sell roast chestnuts. The Spaniards are fond of turkey on their Christmas tables, as we are. The turkeys are driven alive into the market, and are kept in a flock and in order by the whip of the owner. Oftentimes, just as a dignified Spanish gentleman has bought a fine turkey and it is about to be delivered to him, it escapes, and, with loud squeaks, half flies and half runs over the whole plaza. Children, idlers, and everybody join in the pursuit, and there is a lively time until the daring fowl has been captured.

The place in Spain of world-wide renown is Granada. It is celebrated for containing the Alhambra, the palace of the Moors.

It was the custom of those people to build their cities in the valleys, trusting to the surrounding hills as a defence. Granada is, therefore, situated in a low river valley. The Sierra Nevada stretches eastward, with its lofty heights covered with perpetual snow. The great plain of Granada, the vega as it is called, extends westward seventy miles or more. The neighboring hills are clothed with gardens and forests, and indeed the whole outlook is beautiful.

Perched high on a ledge of the mountains, three thousand feet above the level of the sea, is the Alhambra. To reach the real palace is like getting at the innermost box in a nest of boxes. There are many intermediate stages in the form of courts, gardens, walls, and gateways.

Leaving Granada, we climb an almost perpendicular street, enter a gateway, pass through fine grounds arranged like a pleasure park and containing two hotels, and reach at length a high, white wall. This wall has several gateways, through one of which we pass and find ourselves in a large courtyard containing several fine buildings. The largest and most magnificent of them is the Alhambra.

This palace is worth studying for months. The more one sees it, the lovelier it appears. The Moorish workmen were skillful, and the Moorish kings were wealthy. Between them they spared no trouble nor expense in making this palace the wonder and the beauty of all time.

The double horseshoe arch is used everywhere in the lines of door and window. This arch is peculiar to the Moors, and is one of unusual beauty. The fine carving of the walls has changed them from blocks of marble to squares of delicate and exquisite lace. Ancient Arabic inscriptions remind one of the great age of the building.

There are several large inner courts. There is the court of oranges, and the court of the lions.

Within the charmed walls of the Alhambra are shady squares to read in, sunny gardens to bask in, fountains

to break the magic silence, and long corridors and galleried halls to recall the days of its past magnificence.

New and charming haunts are continually discovered. Here it is a lost little nook among the rambling old walls, containing a blossoming clump of orange trees, a mass of rosebushes, and a ripple of water flowing through a slender, decorated marble pipe; there it is a lofty, twisted balcony, commanding a wide view, where one may sit, and dream back the time when the widespread vega below was the scene of many conflicts between the Christians and the Moors.

Granada was the last stronghold of the Moors, and valiantly did they defend their all. Granade means pomegranate. When King Ferdinand heard the name of the last city that held out against him, he said: "I will pluck out the seeds of this Granade one by one." He meant that by attacking and capturing the forts one by one, he would in the end succeed in taking the city.

The presence of Queen Isabella and her court in the siege changed the aspect of the conquest entirely. Instead of becoming a mere battle ground, the vega was the field whereon knights in armor fought a stern tournament. The contest was a battle, in that it was for life or death; it was a tournament, in that the warrior was conscious that his queen's eyes were upon him, and that his victory would be an added glory to the crown of Spain.

It is strange to think that the wide brown plain before us is the vega of which the old ballad sings:

"Yet of the vega not a rood
But hath been drenched with Moorish blood."

Its surface has been pressed by the proud, spurred heels of the cavaliers of Spain, and the weary and discouraged steps of Christopher Columbus measured across it many a weary, dusty rood, before they were directed again toward the city by the hurried messenger from Isabella.

The sun sets, tingeing the slender marble pillars to rose pink; the moon rises, and her pale light gleams on the carved arches, changing them to silver tracery and carved ivory. She shines through the arched windows, and pools of light flow over the white stone floors. Nightingales sing in the courts and gardens, while as a running and rippling accompaniment comes the continuous sound of water from the many fountains, springs, and hillside brooks. The sound of running water is always heard at Granada. The people call it "the last sigh of the Moor."

There are several other cities in Andalusia which must not be passed over. Cordova was, in its day, a finer city than either Rome or Constantinople. It had one million inhabitants, and over one hundred mosques.

It was the strongest Mohammedan city, and the caliphs and other princes were accustomed to send beautiful marble pillars to Cordova, after gaining a victory. These pillars were set up and made into a glorious cathedral, which was one hundred years in building.

The idea of the founder was to make the cathedral suggest a grove of palms or orange trees. The marble,

jasper, and porphyry pillars, arching overhead in horse-shoe curves, represented the trunks and main branches. The overshadowing roof of carved cedar and larch represented the foliage. The vistas seemed endless, and the nine hundred pillars gleamed like the white boles of birch trees.

The idea was a beautiful one, and it is most unfortunate that the vista has been somewhat broken by the building of a choir in the center.

Olive orchards cluster thickly around Cordova. The trunks of the trees are gnarled and twisted. The leaves are slender, and like those of the willow in shape. The fruit is green at first; then, as it ripens, it changes from deep red to purple, and then to black. A watchman guards the orchard night and day, through summer and winter. As the olives ripen he redoubles his care, for a thief could easily shake down the ripe fruit and, loading his donkey, make off with the booty.

In harvest time the orchard is gay with the bright dresses and merry voices of the peasant girls. They gather the olives, and pack them upon donkeys. The owner of the orchard lies smoking under a patriarch of an olive tree, and smiles approvingly on the toiling damsels and donkeys.

On the way to the coast and the seaport cities we pass through vineyards where the grapes grow from which sherry wine is made. The vines are poor, stunted plants, supported by stakes about four feet high.

Cadiz is a snow-white city built on a narrow point of land running out into the sea. There are marshes near at hand, where the water is evaporating and the salt is

left. The salt is then piled up in great white pyramids. Wines are exported from Cadiz, as also from Malaga.

That seaport is situated about as far within the Straits of Gibraltar, as Cadiz is outside. The rock of Gibraltar, vast and gaunt, is occupied by the English. They have a fort and a military station there, and thus command that important point, the entrance to the Mediterranean Sea.

But now we must turn northward, to pay our respects to the capital. Madrid has a fine park, with carriage drive, promenade, and gardens. It has an interesting collection of Christian and Moorish weapons, used at the siege of Granada. The hotels are good, and supply most of the conveniences and luxuries of other European capitals.

Madrid is most celebrated for its art gallery which, almost unknown till of late years, is now admitted to be equal to the Louvre, if not superior to it. It contains more masterpieces than any other gallery on the continent. It is the only place where works of the Spanish artists are found in any great number. It also contains many choice paintings by Dutch and Italian artists. Titian, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, Raphael, Da Vinci, Vandyke, Rubens, Rembrandt, Velasquez, and Murillo have masterpieces here. Artists returning from Madrid to Paris have owned that even the glories of the Louvre seemed dim and pale after a sight of the Madrid gallery.

We must not leave Spain without speaking of the bullfights. Cockfights and bullfights are the chief

recreation of this bloodthirsty people. From time to time the cultivated Spaniards declare that the nation is outgrowing them. But the visitor to Spain finds their occurrence only too frequent.

They appear to be as popular as ever, for ladies and gentlemen of station attend them and take their little children; papers devoted to the art of bullfighting are published regularly, and read eagerly; while the actual homage paid to the popular bullfighter, or matador, as he is called, is amazing.

If you have ever read of the contests of gladiators at Rome, I want you to recall them now. A Spanish bullfight is the outgrowth of the Roman contest. In both cases the exhibition is given in an amphitheater. There is the central ring, the circular benches rising tier on tier, the more costly seats shaded with awning, and the place of honor reserved for the governor.

He enters and takes his seat, amid the applause of the vast audience of men, women, and children. All have eager anticipation shining in their dark faces. Two men mounted on horseback ride into the ring, and receive the keys of the bull pen, which the governor throws them.

The bullfighters enter. Some of them are mounted upon horses and armed with spears, while others are on foot and carry large scarlet cloaks.

Presently the bull bounds into the ring. He charges upon the horsemen, and immediately runs two of the horses through the body. He is about to seize the riders and toss them high in the air, when one of the red cloaks is waved in his face. He turns to trample upon

it. Ah! there is another gleam of hateful scarlet in another quarter of the field! And there, still another! His attention is thus distracted, and the two horsemen escape. Fresh horses are brought to them, for the "fun" is to see the horses killed as fast as possible.

At a given signal these two classes of bullfighters withdraw and another class enters. These men are armed with darts, which they proceed to stick into the bull's head at a sensitive spot near the ear. It requires a keen eye and an adroit hand to push in the dart and retire in safety. After ten minutes of such sport, a signal is given and the men withdraw, leaving the field to the hero of the hour, the matador.

The suit of the matador is of bright silk trimmed with silver. He carries a sword and cloak. After playing with the bull for awhile, he despatches him with a well-aimed thrust of the sword. The applause is furious. Bouquets, fans, cigars, and hats fall at the feet of the adored matador, who struts proudly about. He tosses back the hats, but retains the other tributes.

Then the programme is repeated with another bull. The most shocking sight of all is the glee of these Christian people over the deaths of poor dumb creatures. Bulls and horses alike are the victims served up to gratify the atrocious Spanish love of excitement.

The Portuguese bullfights are milder affairs. Their bull has his horns tipped with metal balls to render him harmless. Thus no horses are killed; and the bull himself, when exhausted, is led away to give place to another. The interest is in the quickness and skill shown by the bullfighters.

Portugal is the sister country of Spain. The cities of Portugal closely resemble those of Spain, while in dress, customs, and industries the people of both countries are much alike.

Portugal has been called the garden of Europe. It has a mild climate, and the vegetation in certain regions is of tropical luxuriance. The northern half of the tiny kingdom appears to consist of orchards and vineyards. Sometimes one sees fruit trees with vines that grow against the trunks and shade the waving grain. The cork trees of Portugal are always noticeable.

Oporto is a thriving town. Its commerce is good, and would be better if it were not for a wretched sand bar in the river. Port wine is the export for which this town is noted. The grapes are raised and pressed in the vineyards on the southern side of the Douro River. The casks of new wine are brought to the city on ox carts. The wine is then put up in casks and stamped with the port wine brand.

Most of the vehicles in Oporto are drawn by great mild oxen. They have most formidable branching horns, which often measure from six to eight feet from tip to tip. A yoke of oxen with such horns serve to clear the narrow streets. The passers-by escape annihilation by springing into the shops on either hand. It is fortunate that the movements of the oxen are slow.

Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, is built upon several low hills, twelve miles from the sea. It is a beautiful city, and is rendered more attractive by the use of snow-white tiles upon the roofs. It has its narrow, winding streets and its broad and handsome avenues. Its

churches and chapels are as numerous and beautiful as one might expect in a capital city.

Southern Portugal is not as fertile as northern Portugal. The northern peasant is more energetic than his southern brother. He has his olive orchard and his vineyard. He also raises silkworms.

The southern peasant lives upon chestnuts, and spends his days herding his pigs and goats.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE TREASURE-HOUSE OF EUROPE.

There was once an old mansion in Salem. It was a beautiful old house with sunny wainscoted parlors and wide and rambling halls. In a cheerful corner of the upper hall stood an old cabinet. It was of dark carved wood, with claw feet and heavy brass ornaments. It was usually kept locked; but on rainy afternoons the mother called her fair-haired children about her, and the cabinet was opened by her careful hands.

The grandfathers of the children for generations had been sea captains. They had cruised in the eastern and southern seas, and one daring sailor had penetrated far into the polar regions. On the shelves were treasured many strange and interesting objects, which they had found in distant lands and brought home to those they loved.

The three fair-haired children delighted to have the cabinet opened. They were allowed to examine the

curiosities, and their mother answered their questions, and sometimes told very long and interesting stories about the lands on the other side of the world, whence the queer things came.

The girls loved to try on the bright soft caps and scarfs, the boy was fond of handling the jeweled daggers and the oriental swords. There was a scimiter kept on the highest shelf, because it was sharper than the other weapons. The children regarded it with a certain awe. They were sure it had figured in one of the beheading scenes of "The Arabian Nights."

There were lovely stories about the sandalwood fan and the set of ivory chessmen, that the mother repeated over and over again, until they knew them by heart. There was a small pink shell from one of the Caroline Islands. As they listened to its soft murmur, they could plainly see its old home, the coral island, with its white beach of sand and its waving crest of palms. Another shell actually roared in their ears. That shell, forever holding the angry voice of the sea, always reminded the children of the shipwreck story.

Whenever the cabinet was opened, some new treasure was found. Simply because it held those treasures, it was dearly revered and loved.

There is a cabinet, or treasure-house, in Europe. There is one country which, more than any other, seems to hold the most precious things the world contains. These things are many of them large, — far larger than the tiny treasures in the Salem cabinet. They are pictures, statues, churches, tombs, palaces, and even cities.

Many of these things are precious, because they represent the great ideas which have been given to man. The pictures, the statues, and the churches show in oil and in marble the highest thoughts of beauty to which man has attained. The palaces and the tombs are precious, because the men of strongest character, men who most influenced their times, lived in the one, and were laid to rest in the other. The cities are almost sacred ground, because in them were settled, through blood and anguish, questions of the relations of man to man, which have become stepping-stones in the world's progress, and of which we are reaping the benefit to-day.

Italy has always been noted for its bright blue skies, and the pure gold of its sunshine. Hawthorne says, "There lay the broad sunny smile of God spread over that favored land more abundantly than on other regions."

Italy may be roughly divided into three sections, — northern, central, and southern Italy. The southern border of northern Italy is the range of the Apennines, which runs across the country from Genoa nearly to the Adriatic Sea. The boundary between central and southern Italy is not so clearly marked; but Naples is usually assigned to southern, and Rome to central Italy.

Northern Italy consists of a remarkably flat plain. The mountains which form the boundaries, the Alps on the north and west and the Apennines on the south, rise abruptly from the plain. There are almost no foothills to mark the approach to mountains.

The Alps are old Swiss friends, and we find ourselves familiar with their bold, rugged outlines and bald,

snowy summits. The Apennines are a much lower range. Their slopes are covered with a thick, strong growth of oaks, chestnuts, and beeches.

On the northern side of the plain, at the foot of the Alps, lie several blue lakes, which give life and beauty to the landscape. The larger ones are Lake Maggiore, Lake Como, and Lake Garda. They are fed by streams which force their way through the chain of the Alps, making passes into Italy.

Under the fair sky and in the balmy climate, vegetation becomes rich and luxuriant. Fig trees, mulberries, and fields of grain flourish throughout Italy.

The vines grow wild along the roadside. Supporting themselves by one tree, they fling their tendrils over to the trees on the opposite side of the road, which, in time, becomes delightfully shaded from the sun. The vines form a thick canopy and turn the road to an arbor walk. From above, they dangle tempting bunches of purple fruit within reach of the rider's hand. Every one is allowed to eat all he desires, but he must not carry any fruit away with him.

Very beautiful flowers are found in northern Italy. Some are large and brilliant, while others are as pale and delicate as those of more northern climes. Narcissus, asphodel, columbines, and tall silvery lilies grow by the roadsides. The fields along the way are sweet with clover.

This is not a lonely plain, like many we have gazed upon in more northern countries. The dwellings of man are everywhere, for this region has been historic ground for nearly three thousand years. Gray convents,

white villas, and ruined strongholds which once belonged to fierce robbers stand on the lower hills of the Apennines. Ancient cities and small towns stud the plain.

Each town, however humble, has its moldering wall and battlements. Each has its gateway with turrets and towers. Each has a mournful renown, by reason of having been the birthplace of some great man or the scene of some historical event.

The houses in the smallest towns are huge buildings of crumbling stone, set close together along the narrow streets. They are usually six or seven stories high, and plaster is peeling from their walls. The streets are narrow and roughly paved. The battlements are covered with grass, weeds, and wild flowers, that wave gayly in the passing breeze.

Everywhere throughout Italy, by the roadsides, on the bridges, in niches cleft in the city walls or the sides of houses, may be seen the cross. The roadside crosses are of black wood, and usually have some symbol of Christ's suffering, such as the sponge, the spear, the nails, and the crown of thorns. Sometimes a representation of the cock whose crowing served as a warning to Peter, is perched upon the head of the cross. Many of the crosses are protected from the weather by sloping wooden roofs. Offerings of flowers are daily left before the shrines.

The peasants that the traveler sees by the way are exceedingly picturesque. The very old and the very young seem to be the most industrious. It is the strong men that have the leisure to sleep in the sun.

Here is an aged grandmother, who tends a wandering herd of sheep or pigs, following them mechanically in their wanderings. She carries a distaff and, as she walks, spins the gray yarn with a deft swiftness that lifelong practice has given her. Her little granddaughter watches the few goats. The pretty little lassie plays with them fearlessly. She leads them about by their horns, and is not afraid to tweak the old goat by his shaggy beard.

These two are enjoying the freedom of the plain; but within that gray wall at the far end of the winding road is the small village where they dwell.

There, on the doorsteps, women are spinning, embroidering, or braiding hats of Tuscan straw. The tailors and the cobblers are also working before their doors. Idlers are either moving from group to group and talking and laughing with the busy workers, or are sleeping in the narrow patch of shade cast by the lofty dwellings.

The city is like a huge beehive. It has its workers and its drones. They all know one another's affairs, and are interested. The labor, the eating, the lounging of the day all go on in the street, so that the people seem like one great family.

The three most interesting cities of northern Italy are Milan, Venice, and Genoa. The traveler descending from Switzerland into Italy by the St. Gothard Pass, shortly after leaving the two lovely lakes, Como and Maggiore behind him, comes to Milan. That city is celebrated for two things, — a picture and a cathedral.

First, let us see the picture. It is the painting of "The Last Supper" by Leonardo da Vinci. It occupies no commanding place in picture gallery, church, or palace. Its surroundings are of the poorest and least picturesque character. It was painted on the plaster wall of a monastery dining room.

The room is unusually plain, not to say ugly. It is poorly lighted by windows set near the ceiling. The floor is of red brick, while the wall, forming the background of the painting, is colored an ugly yellow.

The famous picture shows Christ and his disciples seated at a table. Christ is between John and Judas, while the other disciples are grouped effectively on either hand. Christ has just said, "One of you shall betray me," and the dramatic action of the supreme moment in the lives of the twelve apostles has been wonderfully well portrayed by Da Vinci. The face of Judas seems almost to speak his denial.

You must be very careful not to chime in with the tourists visiting the masterpiece, who one and all cry out: "What exquisite coloring! Plainly there is the touch of a master!" You must know that nearly all the painting of Da Vinci is gone. The crude blues and reds that now appear are the work of second-rate artists.

When the monks thought the painting was fading, they secured an artist to retouch the picture, who boasted that he could exactly reproduce Da Vinci's delicate tints. He set up a screen, behind which he had the audacity to paint all the figures with his own crude colors. The ignorant monks complimented him

highly on the wonderful way in which he could bring back the work of the great master.

The only coloring that is Da Vinci's is that of the landscape, seen through the narrow window, back of the heads of the three central figures. The bold artist who repainted the rest of the picture dared not touch the exquisite pale blues and greens of the landscape; and that remains Leonardo's own. A door, which the monks cut through the lower part of the picture, has been recently blocked up.

It is a wonder that any trace of "The Last Supper" remains. The room has been flooded, and exposed to damp in many ways. A company of French soldiers who once used this room as a barrack, occasionally amused themselves with throwing brickbats at the figures of the disciples.

Milan Cathedral is built entirely of marble, both inside and out. The marble is carved and wrought into innumerable patterns over the walls and roof, until it resembles a snowy lace of the utmost delicacy. The roof is fretted with pinnacles, turrets, and pointed shafts. Upon the summit of each is set a carved marble statue. There are nearly seven thousand of these statues, enough to people a town of moderate size.

Beds of flowers are carved at intervals on the roofs and walls of the cathedral. They are so perfectly true to life that it seems as if the snow-white building had been hung with garlands. It is said that fifteen hundred different varieties of flowers have been portrayed in the carving.

The interior is equally lovely. Its windows are

marvels. They actually burn with the glory of color that has been wrought into them.

The view from the roof of the cathedral is extensive. One climbs a hundred and eighty-two steps, gains the lofty lookout, struggles for his balance against the rushing wind, and beholds all Lombardy, with its lights and shadows, its rivers and lakes and historic cities, spread out like a map before him. But it is not Lombardy alone that is seen. No; for gazing toward the north, over the lofty barrier of the Alps, one sees into Switzerland. Surely those far away shining peaks are our old friends, Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn. Mont Blanc appears no less a king when seen from the Italian side.

Milan Cathedral has cost one hundred million dollars, and is not yet complete. If it is finished according to the present plan, it will cost many millions more.

The large amount necessary to begin the cathedral was raised by Pope Boniface IX. He promised all the Lombards who should make a pilgrimage to Milan, instead of to Rome, the same indulgences they could obtain at the latter city, on one condition. Traveling to Milan was a much shorter journey than traveling to Rome. The Lombards would save in this way quite a sum. One-third of the sum saved he asked them to give toward building the cathedral. In this way a goodly amount was raised.

A recent traveler says that, considered architecturally, Milan Cathedral is a failure. This is because it cannot stand alone, so to speak, but must be held up by iron clamps and rods. That may be true; but, in

any case, it is more satisfactory to forget the iron rods, and gaze only at the marble dream, which is "in sunlight a glory, in moonlight a charm."

In the Middle Ages, Milan was the seat of many manufactures, especially those of armor and dress materials. Milliner and millinery are words which come from the name of the city.

Venice, at the head of the Adriatic Sea, is a most curious place. You must know that the mouths of the rivers that flow into this northern bend of the Adriatic are deltas. They consist of marshy land through which wander narrow, sluggish streams. This character of the land is continued to the northward, where the coast line becomes merely chains of islands or narrow necks of land which separate lagoons from the sea.

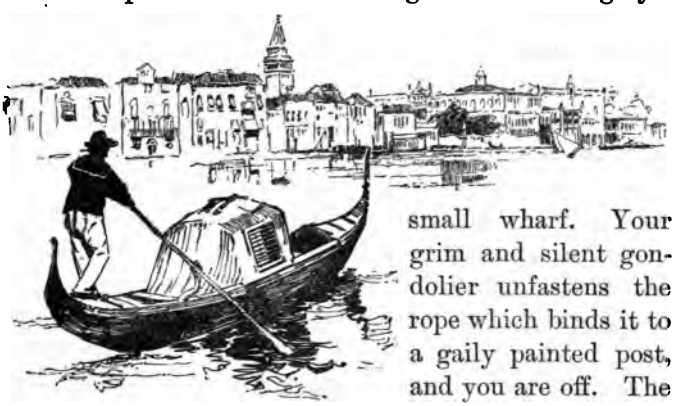
Venice is built on a cluster of islands in one of these lagoons. The islands are connected by bridges, and there are a few narrow streets upon the islands, but most of the roads are water. The people go from one section of their beautiful city to another by means of boats. There are no carts nor carriages in Venice, nor any fourfooted animal larger than a dog or cat.

How was it that this singular situation was chosen for a city as great and prosperous as Venice has been? Surely there is plenty of dry land, so that people need not build in the water.

You must know that Venice was settled by Italian refugees, who were flying from bands of German invaders. They found these islands capital hiding places. More and more people joined the first little colony; and, in time, quite a city arose from the water.

The boat most used in Venice is the gondola. This is a long, slender, black boat of a very graceful shape. The man who propels it is called a gondolier. The gondoliers formerly wore suits of the most brilliant colors, but the government has made a law to the effect that they must dress in black. The change was not a happy one, for now both gondola and gondolier suggest a funeral.

You step into one of several gondolas floating by a



small wharf. Your grim and silent gondolier unfastens the rope which binds it to a gaily painted post, and you are off. The motion of the boat appears singular at first, but very soon you accustom yourself to the easy, swaying movement, and find it agreeable.

The narrow canal twists and turns and doubles under crooked little bridges. On each side lofty marble palaces rise so high that the sky appears a mere slit of blue. It is as if we were looking up from the bottom of a well.

The palaces are very yellow and weather-beaten;

some are really ruins. You might almost expect that the rising tide would rock them over. But they are firmly settled on costly cedar piles that rarely decay. Some of these stately buildings are still used as homes; others have become places of business; while still others are vacant, waiting for some foreigner, who for a mere trifle can hire them for three months, six months, or a year.

The tenantless houses are most forlorn. Green mold and yellow stains dim the whiteness of the mournful marble walls. Forlorn little balconies, once bright with flowers, draperies, and laughing faces, gaze at their uncertain reflection in the water below. Some of the windows are broken, and the bright paint on the gondola posts before the doors is surely darkening. Shall we hire one of these deserted homes, and spend a month in this city, which, in spite of its present ruin and decay, is still charming?

On we go, and now we meet a bevy of vegetable boats. They are blunt and heavy in build, but appear quite pretty because of the bright pyramids of vegetables and fruit that they contain. They are rowed quite skillfully by boys. In the basement window of that old palace, a boy is fishing with a hook and line of his own construction. He is a beautiful boy. His slender, oval face is of a clear, olive tint; dark hair falls over his forehead most artistically; and his eyes are large and wistful. He looks as dreamy and pensive as an angel painted by one of the old masters.

But now he sees the fishing boats approaching, and a grin of a fiendish nature contracts his angel-like face.

Here are fishes of more positive character than any of those which nibble at the end of his line.

The boats sweep along. As the last one comes opposite him, he tosses his line and secures a huge green cabbage, which he drags home. The owner gives a piercing yell of surprise, indignation, and revenge. It is a coranach and war whoop combined. He seizes a huge melon, and launches it full at the head of the thief, while with his other hand he reaches for a large red carrot.

Did the melon hit? Oh! why, just at this warlike moment, does that provoking bridge cut off my view? I try to make the gondolier understand that I feel it my duty to return, and act either as peacemaker or as stakeholder. But he does not understand sign language, and all the Italian I know is "yes, sir," which for my purpose is unmeaning. Certainly the vegetable boy had the most ammunition. But then the fisher boy was in a fort, and could easily retreat behind the old palace wall.

We are approaching the Rialto. This bridge consists of a single arch with a pointed apex, and, though supported on piles, it is one of the most beautiful structures of its kind in the world. You draw a deep breath, as you approach the Grand Canal, which is spanned by the Rialto, for here in the air is the true salt whiff of the sea; and, though you have not owned it before, the odors of the narrow canals have certainly been strong and far from sweet.

It may as well be said once for all that the highways of Italian cities, whether on land or water, are filled

with most disagreeable smells. Sometimes you scent the odor of garlic, sometimes that of the cooking in oil, and again the odor of decaying vegetable matter. Then, too, the homes and persons of the poorer class of Italians are not so clean as they should be. Venice seems, to an American, bad enough in this respect; but "Venice is to Naples as gray is to black."

The fishmarket is near one end of the bridge, and here are moored many quaint vessels. They have orange, yellow, and red sails of indescribably rich and beautiful tints. They have won their way to many an artist's heart, and into his sketchbook. Each boat would be incomplete without its cross or virgin, and the fantastic garlands that wreathe the top of its masts.

Interesting as is a daylight row in a gondola, a trip by moonlight is more delightful still. The sunset has been a truly Venetian one. You have seen, in the sky, colors more intense and vivid than ever before. The moon has risen, and you push silently off. Now her silvery light illuminates the watery path before you, and now she is hidden by the bulk of some old church. The effect of the moonlight upon the old palaces is indescribably lovely. "It is like blue silver on old ivory." So it gleams along our way, now on a weird old gargoyle or on a rusted balcony; now on the dark arch of a bridge or on a black gondola tugging restlessly at its moorings.

The squares and canals are illuminated, and the lights are doubled by the reflection of the water. Another lighted Venice lies beneath the Adriatic, only less brilliant than the one above. Each gondola has a light, and

the effect of the swiftly darting boats suggests a host of fireflies.

It needs only music to complete the charm. And listen! A chorus of untrained but rich voices are rising together in an old boat song. It is a number of gondoliers singing.

The most interesting group of buildings in Venice is massed at the square of St. Mark's. St. Mark's Cathedral and the Doge's Palace are situated at one end of the square.

St. Mark's is a beautiful building, richly ornamented. It has two domes covered with lead, which has, however, all the appearance of gleaming silver. The five entrances are adorned with elegant mosaics on a ground of gold. Golden statues and marble carvings of flowers decorate the outside. The pillars are magnificent. They are of various materials, including marble, granite, and serpentine. The most noticeable adornment of all is four bronze horses over the entrances. These horses, though lifeless, have traveled many a long journey before resting in Venice. Cities that were proud to own them were conquered, and the conquerors carried the horses away to their own capitals. Thus they have gone from Alexandria to Constantinople, from Constantinople to Rome, and from Rome to Venice. In this very century Napoleon Bonaparte took them away to Paris; but when he fell from power, the bronze horses were returned to St. Mark's, where they prance and arch their glossy metal necks as proudly as of yore.

There are many shops around the square of St. Mark's, in which the traveler buys, for a mere song,

trifling articles of jewelry and other little souvenirs of the country.

There are four cafés here. In the afternoon the proprietors cover two-thirds of the square with small chairs and tables, leaving a narrow lane across for the passers-by. In the evening nearly all the city may be found here, drinking coffee and listening to the band. Flower girls, newsboys, and fruit and candy sellers move briskly about disposing of their wares. Nearly every one in Venice seems to have an open purse and a ready hand.

Close by St. Mark's is a palace of rose and white marble. This is the Doge's Palace. For over one thousand years the chief rulers of Venice were called doges. We enter the palace by passing through a golden vestibule, and come to a most elegant staircase, at the head of which the doge was crowned.

In the great hall at the top of this staircase may be seen the portraits of seventy doges. They were grim old men, judging from their likenesses. There is one space on the wall draped in black. The doge whose portrait once occupied this space was a traitor to the government. His portrait was removed at the time when he himself was killed at the top of the palace stairway.

There is a cavity called the lion's mouth on the outside of the doge's palace. In this, any citizen of Venice might place charges against any person whom he hated. The charges were examined by a council of three, of whom the doge was one. These meetings were in secret, and the officials all wore red robes.

If they approved the charges, the unfortunate man or woman was seized and borne through the palace and over a small bridge to the prison on the opposite side of the canal. This bridge was most appropriately called the Bridge of Sighs.

They who entered the dungeons never saw the light of day again. They were either starved, or flung into the canal, or thrown down through trapdoors to their death. When any one disappeared, his friends dared not ask the how or why. Their too great curiosity might be punished by the tyrannous doge. This was the state of affairs in the later days of the republic; for, in its palmy days, the government of Venice was not so severe and lawless.

Genoa occupies, on the western coast of Italy, a position corresponding to that of Venice on the eastern. It was the great rival of Venice in the Middle Ages, and time and again planned to capture Venice and carry away her bronze horses. A favorite threat of the merchants of Genoa was to bridle and curb the horses of St. Mark's.

Once Genoa whitened the Mediterranean Sea with her fleets. Once treasures were brought home to adorn the palaces of her merchant princes.

These palaces can be visited to-day; and, as one passes through the lofty halls lined with mirrors doubling the rich interior and reflecting furniture of the most elegant types, it is not hard to believe the old story of the famous banquet, given by a wealthy merchant. The distinguished guests ate from golden plate; and, at the close of the feast, their host threw the plate

into the sea, that it might never be used again on a more ordinary occasion.

Genoa has its moldering old cathedral, with its chapel of St. John the Baptist. In the chapel are treasured the remains of the saint, and a glass dish said to have been presented by the Queen of Sheba to Solomon, and used at the Last Supper.

There has recently been added to the town a statue of Christopher Columbus, the greatest son of Genoa. The figure is well executed, and there are many interesting bas-reliefs, the work of native artists.

Now we enter central Italy. The two most noted cities in this division of the country are Florence and Rome. Florence is the birthplace of Dante, the poet; Michael Angelo, the artist; and Savonarola, the priest and reformer. They are three of the most illustrious men, not only of the Middle Ages, but of all time.

The Arno River runs through the city. It is a strong stream, which rushes and roars beneath its spanning bridges. The chief attractions of Florence are its art galleries and its cathedrals. The works of art are contained in the Pitti palace and the Uffizi palace. There are literally miles of art galleries in Florence. The Uffizi palace contains the finer collection of sculpture and paintings. The lines of emperors, princes, madonnas, angels, and vestals, appear almost endless. The Pitti palace contains, in addition to pictures and statues, cabinets filled with rare and precious objects.

Just back of the Pitti palace lie the Boboli gardens. They are beautifully diversified by hill and dale. Ornamental trees shade the winding walks, roses and gera-

niums brighten the greensward, birds sing, and marble fountains dash their crystal waters now in the sunshine, now in the shade.

The cathedral and the baptistry of Florence stand side by side. The baptistry is the older building. Indeed, it was used as a cathedral until this one was erected.

The baptistry is an eight-sided building, with three bronze doors so exquisitely wrought that Michael Angelo said they were worthy to be the gates of Paradise. All the babies born in Florence are baptized in this building. It is estimated that twelve hundred are brought here every year.

At four o'clock they begin to arrive, and there are usually a dozen in the building at one time. The tiny creatures have their clothing wound about their little legs and feet so that, though very young, they can, owing to this arrangement of stiff clothing, stand upon the edge of the font. This standing on the font by the baby appears to be necessary in the ceremony.

The cathedral of Florence is famous for its beautifully proportioned dome. It is said to have furnished Michael Angelo with a model for the dome of St. Peter's. When he left Florence for Rome, he gazed back admiringly on the sheltering dome of his native city. "Yes," he said, "I may make one larger, but never one more beautiful."

And now we are approaching Rome, the imperial city. More than any other city Rome may be called the capital of the world. She once held the corners of the known world in her hands, and barbarians, thousands of miles

away, trembled at her frown. All the wealth and beauty of the east and the west was poured at her feet. The city was adorned, until it actually glittered and gleamed from its seven hills.

As was the height to which Rome climbed, so was its fall. It is now the one magnificent ruin of all time.

Rome is situated in the midst of a barren plain called the Campagna. This plain consists chiefly of miserable, untilled fields, crossed here and there by an old Roman road.

The road along which we are walking is the famous Appian Way. It is a rough thoroughfare, with here and there a grimy-looking inn, which has a bush over the door to signify that wine is for sale. Occasionally we pass a row of stone houses with barred windows, which give a most forbidding look to the wall bordering the Appian Way.

At intervals huge mounds appear. They are the tombs of the ancient Romans, and are built solidly of brick and stone. Grass and sometimes trees grow in the soil which has, in the course of ages, settled upon the top of the tomb. One tomb serves as the foundation of a house. Another is used as a playground by merry children.

In the plain beyond the road one catches glimpses of old aqueducts, built by the Roman emperors. Here is a gnarled olive tree, looking somewhat like one of the crabbed old apple trees in a New England orchard. Beneath it stands a shepherd in a woolly sheepskin coat, sheltering his face with his arm from the blinding dust that whirls across the Campagna. The swift cold

wind leaves his lean flock a little grayer in color than before.

As we near the city, the Appian Way is shut in by high walls of brick and plaster. Also it is now paved with small stones, sharp and uncomfortable to step upon. And now, while the sun is still high in the heavens, we enter Rome. It is well for us that it is not near sundown, for towards night a deadly miasma rises from the Campagna. Many persons who have been careless about their evening walks, have died of the fatal Roman fever.

Ancient Rome stood on seven hills; but the hills have been leveled by the passing centuries, and modern Rome stands on a plain. The yellow Tiber River runs through the city, separating it into two unequal divisions. The smaller section is on the right bank, and the larger on the left. As the church of St. Peter's and the Vatican, the palace of the pope, are in the smaller section, that might be called the papal section of the town.

The streets of Rome are narrow, dark, and crooked. They are paved with blocks of lava, and are never flooded with sunlight. This is because, on each side, rise buildings seven stories in height.

Each of the seven stories is occupied by a little different set of people. The lower stories are given over to the very poor. Princes, dukes, and ambassadors live on the middle floors, with cobblers, beggars, and horses housed beneath them, and artists over their heads.

The houses were nearly all built in the Middle Ages.

Fine old buildings of the Empire, like the Coliseum, and the baths of Diocletian and of Caracalla, were robbed of stone and brick, to build these commonplace tenement houses. The mortar was made by grinding up innumerable precious and beautiful statues.

Blades of grass and mosses attempt to adorn the walls of the yellow houses, and to push their way up between the paving-stones; but they receive very little encouragement. The sun never beams upon them, and a chill clammy wind frequently sweeps through the narrow vault-like alleys.

Modern Rome has no connection with ancient Rome, except that it is built over its grave. Thirty feet below it lie the remains of old Rome. The tides of time have heaped the soil high above them; and only a few mournful relics still rise to testify, with sad dignity, to the splendor of the past.

The few remains that we shall visit are the Coliseum, the Roman Forum, the Arch of Titus, the baths of Caracalla, and the Castle of St. Angelo. There are very many baths, arches, and tombs in Rome, but in each case the one selected is that which will probably prove most interesting.

The Coliseum is undoubtedly the greatest ruin in the world. Imagine a huge oval ring surrounded by tiers of seats, rising to a lofty height. Imagine this roofless building partially covered with awnings, worked most ingeniously by pulleys. The place accommodates eighty thousand persons. Imagine all the seats filled by eager, gazing men and women. All the spectators, from the emperor on his throne to the women seated in the

highest range of seats, fix their eyes intently upon the ring.

There a fight is going on between two men. One has a net and a trident, the other has a shield and a short sword. The one with the net has just succeeded in so entangling his adversary that he cannot move. With one thrust of his spear he can end the other's life. Shall he do so? He looks up to the emperor. The people murmur furiously. They are thirsting for the sight of the man's blood. The emperor points his thumbs upward, and the people shout with joy as the death stroke is given.

Such were the scenes that the grim walls of the Coliseum witnessed ages ago. The contests were between animals, between men and animals, and between men alone.

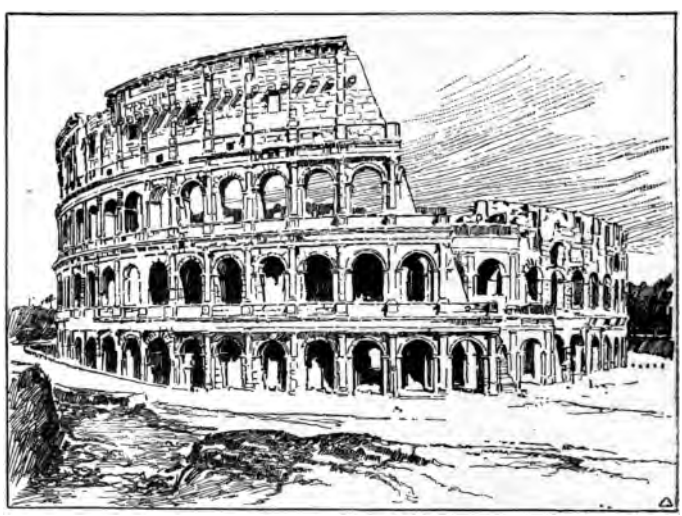
If the emperor had wished to spare the poor gladiator, he would have pointed downward with his thumbs. But mercy was the exception, not the rule.

In later times, Christians who refused to give up their religion when so commanded by the Roman emperors, were brought into the arena and slain in various ways amusing to the Roman people. The Spanish bull-fight is the direct outgrowth of the old shows in the Coliseum.

The Coliseum is a ruin to-day. Its grim old walls rise up four stories. The arches of the lower story are supported by Doric pillars; the arches of the second, by Ionic pillars; and the arches of the third and fourth, by Corinthian pillars. There are great gaps in the enclosing wall, where stones have fallen down. Many of the

stones have been carried away to be wrought into buildings elsewhere.

One can see the different parts of the building and picture the scenes of the past very readily. Once ivy and moss mantled the walls, and young trees shot their roots down into the spaces between the stones. Of



THE COLISEUM.

late years it was feared that this growth might hasten the fall of the ruin, and so it has all been removed.

In the center of the arena is a great black cross, which marks the spot where the early Christians suffered martyrdom. There are several small shrines circling about it, and shattered columns and broken blocks of stone lie all around, adding to the utter desolation of *the place.*

The Coliseum by moonlight is wonderfully beautiful. The moon throws almost a purple or crimson light through the deep arches of the wall, and faintly gleams upon the central cross.

The Roman Forum is at the foot of the low mound that was once the Capitoline Hill. Here, in the days of the Republic, the tribes were accustomed to assemble, and orators addressed them on matters of public importance. Now, the square is a mass of ruins, a mere jumble of columns, arches, pavements, and blocks. One can scarcely tell which columns belonged to the different temples, or where was the former site of many an ancient landmark.

Not far from the Forum stands the Arch of Titus. Titus was a Roman emperor, who conquered Jerusalem. It was the custom of the emperors to celebrate their victories by raising arches of triumph. So the Arch of Titus was his arch of triumph over the conquest of Jerusalem. To this day, the Jews of Rome refuse to pass beneath it. They slink past it, and avoid it in all possible ways.

It has bas-reliefs carved upon it, showing the trophies taken from the Holy City. On the inner side of one of the pillars is carved the golden candlestick of the temple, which was taken by the Romans and subsequently lost in the river Tiber.

The Romans were a strong and vigorous race. They obeyed the laws of health with great strictness. In the days of the Republic a morning bath was perhaps a plunge into an ice-cold stream. But in the time of the Empire their habits changed. They became weaker in

every way. They cared no longer for cold and sudden plunges; tepid and warm baths suited them better.

Elaborate bath houses were built by the emperors. They were like club houses. They contained libraries and gymnasiums, in addition to most elegant arrangements for all kinds of baths. The Roman dandy in the time of Augustus used to spend most of his day in one of these places, and hours were devoted to elaborate series of baths.

Though the baths of the emperors Caracalla and Diocletian have served as quarries to the modern builders, they still indicate to us to-day their former size and magnificence.

All the buildings visited thus far have been on the left bank of the Tiber. To reach the Castle of St. Angelo, we must cross the muddy river. The Emperor Hadrian erected this huge round building to serve as a tomb for himself and his descendants. Urns of porphyry containing their ashes stood in the principal room of the northern fortress for many years.

When the northern barbarians conquered Rome, they had no respect for the tomb of the ancient emperors, and changed it to a fortress. It has remained a fortress ever since.

St. Peter's and the Vatican may be considered as representing, not only the Middle Ages, but also the present time.

St. Peter's, the principal church in the wide world, is now before us. The building is in the shape of a cross. The dimensions, roughly stated, are seven hundred feet long by four hundred and fifty feet broad.

Just above the place where the four lines of the cross meet is the dome. Tremendous and vast as it is, it does not quite come up to the huge, vague bubble we had shaped in our minds. There are, besides, two lesser domes and six very small ones.

The front of St. Peter's is somewhat like the façade of a Roman palace. It has many pillars, and arching entrance ways that are approached by a wide flight of shallow steps. From each end of the front of St. Peter's extends a long colonnade, or covered archway supported by pillars. At some little distance from the church, this archway curves outward and then inward again. Viewed from the church roof, the colonnades appear like huge sickles, with their handles joining the church and their blades enclosing the square, or piazza, before the church.

On feast days throngs of people crowd the piazza and the colonnades. In the center of the square stands an Egyptian obelisk.

Entering St. Peter's, we find ourselves in a glory of purple and crimson and gold. The vast dome rounds itself four hundred feet above us. The cupola is decorated with paintings of the evangelists. They seem life size; but the pen alone, in the hand of Luke, is seven feet long. Wonderful indeed must have been the art that could calculate so accurately the proportions of these figures!

The four columns supporting the dome are seventy feet in circumference. A church has been erected in Rome the exact size of one of them.

The windows are imprisoned rainbows; and the

carvings on pillar, wall, and shrine, are exquisitely executed, and richly adorned with gems. The pavement is a mosaic of marble of many colors. The chapels, shrines, and confessionals along the wall of the vast interior are themselves the size of churches.

We also notice the tombs of the popes with the carved figure of the occupant seated upon each, its hands extended in blessing. Here is a statue of St. Peter, twelve feet high.

The people in the church appear like mere dolls. Ten thousand people could easily be lost sight of in the vast interior. Let one hundred thousand people enter, and still the church would not appear crowded.

It is when one gazes and thinks, and compares the size of known objects with unknown, that he begins to comprehend the immensity of St. Peter's. Then the latent feeling of disappointment passes away forever; and, in its place, remains a profound satisfaction and a strong admiration for Michael Angelo and all the great men of his time who were concerned in building this eighth wonder of the world.

In England the minister's house is generally placed near the church. The Vatican, or palace of the pope, stands close beside St. Peter's. It is reached by a passage leading from the colonnade on the right. It is a vast, rambling building, with two hundred staircases and several thousand rooms.

The Vatican contains some of the choicest treasures of art. The original statues of Apollo Belvidere and Ariadne are here.

Apollo is represented standing and drawing a bow. The face is exceedingly beautiful. There is a dauntless poise of the head, a fearless look in the eyes, and a brave, free curl to the lip. He is a god, a man to whom has been given the lordship over the beasts of the forest. He looks, and is, their master.

Ariadne was a lovely woman of long ago. She is represented sleeping upon a rock, in a graceful attitude. The fall of the drapery has been the wonder and admiration of artists for centuries.

Naples is, as one of its poets has said, "a little piece of heaven on earth." Its climate is mild and delightful, and its bay is famed for beauty. The water is a dazzling blue, and so clear that silvery weeds and delicate sea anemones and branching coral may be seen waving on the ocean floor, in water one hundred feet deep. The curve of the bay is a perfect crescent. Several rocky islands stud the mouth of the bay.

Naples lies in the center of the curve, with one long tongue of land to the left and one to the right. The view of the whole locality from the sea is striking. To the left are high hills covered with green trees; then comes the white uphill town of Naples; then the coal-black sugar loaf of Mount Vesuvius, with white, yellow, rose, and blue houses scattered over its dark sides. Following the curve farther to the west, we come to Sorrento and the sharp headland looking off toward the rocky island of Capri. Over all bends the bluest Italian sky, seeming to lend a softness to objects beneath it that is never seen elsewhere.

Nature smiles warmly here on every growing plant. Though there are months when it never rains, yet the vegetation does not fade and droop. The soil is of a volcanic nature, and so light that the plants send their roots forty feet below the surface of the earth, where they find nourishment.

The orange and lemon trees are laden with golden fruit; the fig trees are black with figs; the olive and mulberry trees are equally generous to man. The grapevines run from tree to tree; they embower the roads, and drop tempting offerings at the feet of travelers.

Each lovely little cottage in the neighborhood of Naples is covered with climbing roses or with jessamine. The heliotropes and geraniums before its door are loaded with blossoms.

In the heart of all this beauty is Naples. And her people, as one might expect, are happy. They glory in the sky, the bay, the sunshine. They laugh, they chatter, they go on picnics. It doesn't matter if they are poor, and are penned by the dozen into damp cellars. The day is warm and bright; it has twelve hours; and each of these hours is a blessing to mankind.

So the Neapolitan gestures and laughs as gayly as the day is long. He exults in the glory of color all about him, and in the music of the mandolin and the bagpipe, played by wandering minstrels for his entertainment, as he lies with eyes half shut on the sunny side of a wall. Asleep? O no! His appreciation of his ease would not be so indolently perfect in that case.

Naples has been changed by the influence of foreigners less than any Italian city. The Neapolitans are a very conservative people, and have made no advance in business methods for the last hundred years. Their dress is exactly as picturesque and as brilliantly quaint as it was in 1800.

The children and young girls are remarkably beautiful. Their eyes are black and very soft. Their features are good, and their delicate oval faces are of a clear olive tint.

The streets of Naples are very much like those of other Italian cities. They are narrow passages paved with lava and shaded by lofty houses, in which the richer people live at the top, and the poorer people at the bottom. A family of a dozen will occupy a room of moderate size on the ground floor, and perhaps take boarders.

As their single room is filled with beds, their cooking stove with its pots and pans, and any other articles of furniture they may possess, stand on the pavement. The cooking, eating, gossiping, and card playing all take place in the street.

In and out among these household goods wander the peddlers of vegetables and fruits. Each is followed by his donkey, carrying panniers heavily loaded with red tomatoes, dark plums, or green figs. The contents of the panniers are protected from the severe heat of the sun by evergreen boughs.

A housewife leans from a window that is draped with the family washing. She wishes to look at figs. She lowers a basket in which the fruit dealer places samples.

Up goes the basket among the flapping garments of linen. The contents seem to satisfy her, for she returns the basket to be filled with the luscious fruit. All the bargaining and the raising and the lowering of the basket have been accompanied by enthusiastic gestures and shrill cries.

Rude carts drawn by mules, donkeys, or bullocks, and, in some cases, by all three animals together, bump their way through the narrow street.

A tinkle of bells is heard, and the milkmen appear. They stop at the little counter of the water seller, and have him prepare them a cooling drink from his little bottles of essences and his small barrels of ferruginous and sulphurous waters.

One man has charge of several goats linked in pairs. The other is driving cows. The animals go the rounds of the town, and are milked in the presence of their master's customers.

It is a wonder that, among so many passing animals, the tiny, toddling children, running about with scarcely a rag on their shapely little bodies, are not crushed. But no accident seems to happen. The tailor father rarely lifts his eyes from his work; and the mother takes her stock of potatoes and goes down the street to join a group of equally serene mothers, all preparing their dinners together.

In the cool of the afternoon, the people of Naples usually ride along the shore. Every one rides in Naples, even the very poorest. We take our landlady's coach and set off.

Perhaps never before have you ridden in such a gorgeous equipage. The harness is gilded and decorated

with bright pompons. The coachman is dressed in gray with a blue cockade fastened to the side of his gray felt hat. We dash on past houses of yellow and pink with blue and green blinds, that in any other city but Naples would be glaringly out of taste. Here they seem perfectly in harmony with the vivid colors of nature surrounding them.

Earlier in the day we might have beheld sixteen or eighteen people upon a rickety old coach drawn by one feeble donkey. This curious company, made up of monks, priests, tradesmen, porters, women, and children, were setting off to picnic either by the tomb of Virgil or in the neighborhood of Lake Avernus.

The drive along the shore to Sorrento is charming. One passes through the quarter of the town where macaroni is manufactured. Macaroni is simply a mixture of meal and water, prepared for the market by the action of machinery.

First the moistened meal is beaten by a great wooden beam. Then it is transferred to a press, the floor of which consists of a plate riddled with small holes, through which the material is forced by the action of a lever. After passing through the holes, it is in the form in which it comes to us.

The ribbons of macaroni are at first moist and limp, and, in order that they may dry, they are thrown across large poles. After remaining exposed for a while to the action of the air, they become brittle, as we are accustomed to see them. The size and shape of the holes in the plate through which the macaroni is passed determine the kind of macaroni.

Mount Vesuvius adds impressiveness to the view of Naples. Its cone forms a dark and threatening background, serving as a strong contrast to the joyous beauty of most of the picture.

The slopes of the volcano are covered with ashes and pumice; rivers of hot lava run down its sides, and the path up the mountain is rendered rugged by the great knots, and loops, and congealed falls of lava, which were once red hot but have now cooled. From the crater are always rising steam and ashes, which appear as a pillar of smoke by day and a pillar of fire by night. Imagine the beauty the fiery cloud lends to the sunset over the bay.

It seems to the traveler strange that people dare to locate their houses on the very sides of this great chimney of the earth. It is as if Pompeii and Herculaneum had never been. Eighteen hundred years ago they were prosperous and flourishing cities. Pompeii especially was a courtly city, and nobles from Rome used to enjoy months in this bright haunt by the Bay of Naples, beautiful then as now.

The great eruption came when Pompeii was enjoying a holiday, and all the world had gone to the amphitheater to behold a gladiatorial fight. The day was warm, but perfect; the sky was blue, flecked here and there with fleecy clouds, one of which rested on Vesuvius. In the afternoon, just as interest in the combats was at its height, a huge column of water, like a pine tree in shape, sprang aloft from the volcano.

Then a scorching shower of ashes began to fall; and the ground trembled with earthquake shocks. Showers of burning stones followed, and many portions of the

city took fire. Next, and most frightful of all, thick darkness fell upon the doomed cities.

People hurried through the streets by the dim light. Presently they were obliged to grope their way, then they lost their way, and fell down in despair, to be quickly covered with the storm of ashes. Some fled into the open country; others embarked upon the bay. These people were saved.

They who had lingered in the city, either to rescue their dear ones or to secure their wealth, were lost. Those who decided to wait the passing of the storm in their homes, either were buried alive or perished from the gases that rose from the yawning crevices made by the earthquake. Pompeii and Herculaneum became tombs sealed with lava, and after a while the world forgot their very existence.

But in this century an Italian, digging a well in his garden, found himself suddenly in the midst of an old Pompeian dwelling. The government was told and excavations were made, opening two-thirds of the city to the day.

The light these excavations have shed on our knowledge of the Romans and their manner of life is marvelous. The houses, the furniture, the jewelry, all serve as most interesting studies. The colors of the newly discovered frescoes were as perfect as they were eighteen hundred years ago. Loaves of baked bread were found in the bakeries.

From the attitudes of the skeletons found in the cellars and in the streets one can make up the sad story of their deaths. A miser was found lying in the street,

still clutching his casket of jewels and his keys. A woman covered with glittering gems was discovered trying to hold up the ceiling that was falling upon her. Parents and their children were found in the cellars with their arms about each other's necks. Perhaps the noblest figure of all was that of the Roman soldier at the city gate, standing erect, with one arm over his mouth to prevent himself from breathing the deadly gases. The Roman law forbade him to flee, even in such a crisis as this, and he remained to die at his post.

The museum at Naples contains interesting relics of Pompeii, and is well worth a visit.

We must not leave Naples without devoting an hour or two to the queer little rocky island of Capri. There are very few men on the island, as they are chiefly sailors who make voyages to Africa of several years' duration. The work of the island is consequently done by the women and the girls. The girls are very beautiful, and their hard work as farmers and housebuilders has given them a firm walk and the poise of a princess.

It is a pretty picture to see a group of them climb the steep steps of rock that lead from the shore to the highlands of the island. Each carries a jar, a bucket, or a huge block of stone upon her head. Half way up they pause and look out over the glittering bay, shading their eyes with their sunburned hands. Or perhaps their timid, shy glance rests upon the small rocking boat that is landing us curious tourists upon their island home, Capri.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LAND OF THE GLORIOUS PAST.

A steamer from Sicily is moving rapidly over the Mediterranean Sea. She is sailing eastward. The passengers are assembled on deck, because they have been told that land will soon be in sight. Most of them seem particularly anxious for a first glimpse of this bit of the mainland of Europe.

Presently there appears a line of rocky headland. The gazers draw long breaths, and some one says, "There is Greece!" The sea is a deep emerald green, flecked with whitecaps; the sky is a beautiful serene blue; while between the sea and sky stand the headlands, of an exquisite purple haze, the color of an amethyst. This haze is continually changing. Now it is a light pink, and then again a deep rich purple.

Have you ever spent a day in Plymouth, Massachusetts? I think, if you have, you will remember that you hardly noticed the present dwellers in the town, because your thoughts were with the Pilgrim Fathers. You were thinking of Brewster and Carver, Standish and Alden; and not the misty ghosts of those old worthies, but their substantial selves seemed to move through the quaint old streets.

That is exactly the state of mind the traveler has on visiting Greece.

Greece is a great museum of the past. It was the home of brave soldiers, just statesmen, and skillful artists; and here one may still see the battlefields where they died

gloriously, the cities that they governed wisely, and the temples and palaces that they adorned with the most perfect statues the world has ever known.

The whole land is crowded with mementos of the past. So it is hardly strange that the traveler should prefer to visit the places celebrated long ago, rather than to devote his time to modern little cities which are just beginning to prosper, now that Greece is free. It is not strange that he should see Miltiades, Pericles, and Phidias in the streets of Athens, rather than the ragged, if picturesque, Greek of to-day.

Greece is only one-half the size of Portugal, yet its coast line is equal to that of both Spain and Portugal. There is no country in Europe that has such an irregular coast line, varied as it is with gulfs, bays, promontories, and capes.

The Gulf of Corinth nearly divides Greece. If it only gnawed its way a few miles farther through the land, it would make southern Greece, the Morea, as it is often called, an island. The Morea would then occupy the same position toward Greece that Sicily does toward Italy.

Greece has almost as many mountains and hills as gulfs and bays. The mountains are not so very lofty, but they are all of a most beautiful shape. The ranges separate the country into many isolated valleys and plains.

Each lonely mountain-bounded district formed a state, in the bright days of Greece two thousand years ago. Each state was independent of the others, and had its own rulers. Only in times of special danger did they

unite against a common foe, as for instance when the Persians from Asia invaded Greece.

Down the mountain valleys flow many swift little streams. Many of them are turbid with the soil which they carry down from the hills. The streams flowing into the Gulf of Corinth, in particular, bear along a dark red soil which stains the gulf at their mouths a deep red. Its natural color is a brilliant green blue. When the sand banks mirror their yellow sides in the water, the gulf appears gorgeous in the sunshine, with its three shades of red, green, and yellow.

Springs are abundant even in the highest hills. There are also several rivers which run for a long distance underground.

The climate is more trying here than in either the Spanish or Italian peninsulas. There are cold winds from the north and frequent siroccos, or hot winds, from the African coast.

The most interesting place in Greece is the capital, Athens. This city is situated on a wide plain surrounded by mountains and hills. There is a pass between two mountains on the north, which leads away to a famous battlefield called Marathon. The western of these two mountains contains quarries of marble, from which many of the celebrated buildings in Athens were made. The eastern mountain is famous for its bees. They make, from the flowers that grow upon its sides, most delicious honey.

The hills to the south of Athens are well cultivated. Sometimes they are green with tall standing rows of corn, and then again they are yellow with stubble.

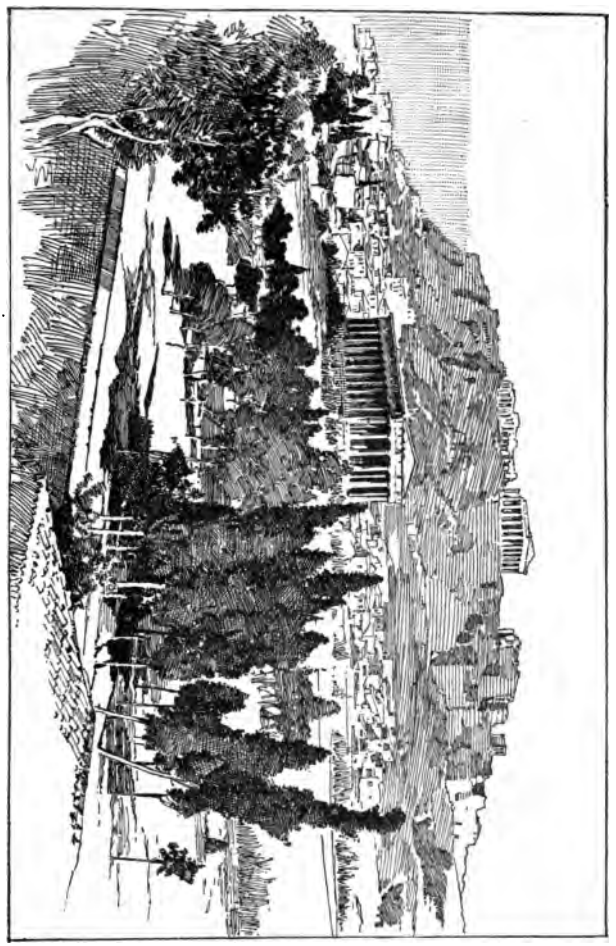
The plain of Athens is dry and brown, so sterile in fact that it is a pleasure to the eye to turn to the west, and behold a dark green line of trees. This is an olive grove, ten miles long and two miles wide. It is watered by a river, and so it is always of an unfading green.

The situation of Athens has often been compared to that of Edinburgh. Both cities stand upon a plain, with mountains near by. Both cities command a view of the sea; and both consist of two parts, — a lofty citadel and a lower town.

The lower town, which makes up modern Athens, is a curious medley of poor hovels and elegant residences. It is unfortunate that these buildings should stand upon the site of old Athens. Otherwise the streets and buildings of the ancient capital might be unearthed and brought to light for the instruction of the world.

In the center of the plain of Athens rises a hill one hundred and fifty feet in height. On this hill was built the Acropolis, the citadel of Athens. A large platform was raised above the rock, on which were erected several buildings. The top is reached by a flight of steps.

On the way up, we notice on a projecting buttress at the right, the ruins of a most perfect little temple. It is the Temple of the Wingless Victory. After any great success in battle, the Greeks were accustomed to build a temple or statue to Victory. She was usually represented with wings, to show that she flew from one nation to another, rarely staying long with any one people. When the Athenians built this temple, they made the carvings of Victory on the walls without wings. Vic-



MODERN ATHENS.

tory would always be theirs, they said. So this temple is called the Temple of the Wingless Victory.

You must know that in Grecian art there are three different columns. The first has corrugations, or grooves, running up and down its surface. It is very massive and stately, and is known as the Doric pillar.

The second pillar is lighter and more graceful. The top of the column, the cap or capital as it is called, is ornamented by the curling horn of a ram. This is an Ionic pillar.

The Corinthian pillar is distinguished from the others by having its capital decorated with acanthus leaves. These leaves are very pointed, and are bent backward upon themselves in most graceful curves. It is said that an artist designed this capital from seeing the leaves of a real acanthus plant, growing in a basket, so bent when a tile was placed over the basket for a cover. As this artist lived in Corinth, a city situated on the eastern end of the Corinthian Gulf, the pillar he originated was known as a Corinthian pillar.

The Temple of Victory is a square building of marble, which receives lightness and grace from the Ionic pillars adorning two of its faces. These columns were once lying upon the ground; but they have recently been set up in their former places, and now travelers can imagine the appearance of the temple as it was in ancient times.

Passing through a ruined entrance hall, in which shattered and weatherworn pillars appear in all directions, either standing or lying prostrate, we come out upon the broad Acropolis and see before us two temples. The one at the right is the Parthenon; that at the left *is the* Erechtheum. It has been truly said that the

Parthenon represents the Greek idea of majesty; the Erechtheum, their idea of grace.

The Parthenon was the temple where Athena, or Minerva, the patron goddess of the Athenians, was worshiped. Within was a huge statue of the goddess, made of ivory and gold. Incense was burned before her shrine, and offerings were frequently presented to her.

The interior of the temple is simple and severe in its lines. The shallow roof is supported by large Doric columns, and the simple yet impressive effect produced by these many pillars gives the building a world-wide renown. Greek art represents the highest point to which art has attained. The Parthenon is the acme of Greek art.

There are many ornaments to the Parthenon, but they are rarely noticed in detail by one who stands before the building itself. There are finely carved groups so enclosed by lines as to form triangular and circular designs. There is also a frieze running around the building, representing, in a masterly way, the procession which, once a year, brought to Minerva her newly woven robe.

The Erechtheum is chiefly remarkable for the supports of its roof. These supports are statues of women who stand beneath their burden with a noble grace which is sublime.

The whole platform of the Acropolis was once decked with ornamental statues and shrines. But these have either been destroyed or removed. Ruins cover and surround this famous hill. The marble of the buildings

was once colored brightly; but the rolling ages have worn away the red, green, and blue, and now the cracked marble is of a sad light brown, owing to the dust which continually sweeps over the Acropolis from the dry plain below.

One excursion that is usually made from Athens is that to the battlefield of Marathon. Lord Byron, who wrote much concerning Greece, is the author of these lines: —

> "The mountains look on Marathon
> And Marathon looks on the sea."

This exactly describes the situation. The plain is a crescent, the outer curve of which is a range of mountains, and the inner curve, the seashore. The center of the battlefield is marked by a mound of earth, thirty feet high. The mound was once ornamented with a lion, but it has disappeared, no one knows where. From the top of the mound, a charming view is obtained of finely cut hills and patches of bright blue sea. The utter silence and solitude of the place is appalling.

Marathon is as famous in Europe as Lexington is in America. Both battlefields represent the refusal of a brave people to bow their necks to the yoke that a distant nation saw fit to lay upon them. Both battles were won by the weaker force, to their great surprise and also to the amazement of their enemy.

Marathon was the great battle of the Athenians. They were the literary nation of Greece; and their poets sang of this battle, and their historians told of it until the glories of Marathon became known throughout Europe. The Thebans and the Spartans won battles

that were as great as this of Marathon; but as they had not the Athenians' ease and grace of speech, their battles have been forgotten, while Marathon will live forever.

To one who knows and loves Greek history and legends, there is much sadness in visiting the famous old places. Everything speaks of the dead past. Thebes has been overthrown recently by an earthquake, and the site of the city is covered now by ruins overgrown with roses. These rosebushes are the only life that seems to thrive here, for the plain of Thebes is malarious.

Mount Parnassus is very little changed. Its steep, snowy heights rise upward into the clear sky with as radiant a gleam as ever, but the temple of Apollo on the southern side is in ruins and deserted. This was where the famous oracle of Delphi once uttered, through the lips of its priestess, responses which puzzled the brains of the wisest people of ancient times.

The long, narrow island of Eubœa stretches along the eastern coast of Greece. It is so near the mainland that it has always been considered more as a part of Greece itself than as an island of the Ægean Sea. The current in the channel between Eubœa and Greece changes eight or ten times a day; and, as it runs very swiftly, there is need of careful sailing in these narrow seas. Eubœa is connected with the continent by a bridge whose central supports rest upon a small rocky island.

Southern Greece is quite as picturesque as northern Greece. There are the same beautifully molded hills,

the same sudden glimpses of wide blue sea, the same melting tones of atmosphere, softening every sharp outline and making all appear like dreamland. The slopes are sometimes covered with old forests, where the ground is muffled to the step by a thousand layers of leaves. Each year, throughout the centuries, the dark brown leaves have been falling and making this wonderful springy carpet many feet in thickness.

If the old forest is of oaks, the gnarled branches, crippled by the storms of ages, will be covered with the loveliest growths. Here are silver gray lichens, yellowish green moss, and tufts of mistletoe of a still brighter green. Below the old trees grow many fair and delicate flowers. The delighted traveler gathers hyacinths, orchids, stars of Bethlehem, scarlet anemones, and irises. Oleanders brighten the river beds, and olive trees, pomegranate trees, and myrtles abound.

The roads are very poor. In some places attempts have been made by the Turkish government to pave a road. The result can hardly be pronounced a success, as small sharp stones were used, that hurt the feet at every step.

The roughest roads are traversed on donkeys. These little animals are very sure-footed. They carry their precious burdens safely along the edge of steep gorges, and ascend and descend most fearful slopes with perfect confidence.

The country is wild but, on the whole, safe. Pirates and brigands now belong to the past. The places one sees are either ruins of ancient cities, with shattered columns, statues, and buildings, or else modern villages.

The dwellings of these villages are either wooden sheds or mud huts. Frequently the mud huts are embowered in gardens. Orange and lemon trees shade the houses, while oleanders and rosebushes lean over the low mud fences.

The people seem very idle, so lazy, in fact, that the trotting of your little donkey into their street is a real blessing to them. It gives them a subject for their wandering thoughts.

The modern Greeks are tall, well-made men. They are, as a rule, somewhat thin, and their figures remain thin and erect all their lives. They have oval faces, eyes bright with intelligence, beautiful straight noses, and fine teeth.

The Greeks in the seaport cities are not the best of their race. They are treacherous and deceitful, and given up to many vices. But the mountaineers, among whom we have come, are sincere and upright in their dealings. They wear the national dress, which is quite pretty and interesting.

Its most remarkable garment is a kind of kilt, or skirt, made of twenty or thirty yards of white linen or calico, which is pleated so that it stands out almost straight from the figure. About the waist is a broad leather belt, holding pistols, knives, and tobacco. The jacket is sometimes of linen, and then again of wool. It is usually embroidered heavily with gold. The cap is red, with a blue tassel falling upon the shoulder. Richly decorated gaiters and shoes that turn up at the toes complete the costume. This national dress is the uniform of the Greek soldiers.

The women wear a woolen skirt and a baggy woolen overcoat, or jacket, coming to the knees, either fringed or embroidered in red. A necklace of gold or silver coin is always a part of their costume. They are gentle-looking, and wear their hair in a single braid, falling to their waists.

The Greeks are very hospitable in their homes, but the village innkeepers are dishonest. They set an enormous price upon the simplest meal or service.

The Greeks are a remarkably intelligent race. Their love of learning is great. Even the servants spend their leisure in study. They are, as a nation, unusually temperate. The poor people have only one meal a day, while the rich people have but two. The food that an English laborer eats for his dinner would last a Greek family of six persons a day. Their one meal generally consists of a few vegetables steeped in oil.

The most serious failing of the Greeks is vanity. They think themselves the finest and wisest nation in Europe, which they are far from being. They are ambitious, and love money with all their hearts. The industry in which they have made most money is commerce. The country is well adapted to this, owing to the many inlets.

The Greeks are not very successful farmers. They are far behind the age in that pursuit. Their tools are rude, and they do not understand the principle of getting as much as possible from a given lot of ground by frequently changing the crops. The soil of Greece is quite light and dry. Only in the river valleys is it very fertile.

Mulberry trees are grown in the Morea, and silk worms are raised by the peasants. The wine made in Greece is not palatable to Europeans. This is because it is always mixed with resin. The native Greeks enjoy its peculiar taste, but the people of other nations make wry faces at the mere thought of it.

Near the Gulf of Corinth live colonies of fishermen, while sheep are tended among the mountains by dreamy-eyed children or rough shepherds. The coats of these shepherds are made of sheepskin, with the wool turned inward.

The center of southern Greece is occupied by a state known as Arcadia. People have for many years pictured Arcadia as a land of flocks and shepherds. The sheep are always pure white, and have musical bells tied about their plump necks. The shepherds have broad hats trimmed with flowers; and they spend their time either in playing sweetly upon reed pipes decorated with ribbons, or in talking to little shepherdesses, all of whom are charmingly pretty.

Now this is a very pleasant state of society, but it is quite unlike what exists in the real Arcadia. That is a wild, rough country, with lofty mountain peaks and deep valleys. The mountaineers are a very brave, independent race. Many of them earn their living by giving paid service abroad as soldiers.

Greece is surrounded by several groups of islands. The Ionian Islands lie to the west, and the Cyclades and the Sporades to the east.

The Ionian Islands were once under the rule of Great Britain. On that account the roads are excellent; there

are good hotels, and other signs of civilization are evident. Corfu, the most northern island, has always held the first place among the group. The king of Greece has a summer residence there.

The more southern of the Ionian Islands have a warm and pleasant climate. Oranges, lemons, apricots, pomegranates, and citrons are raised, together with the tiny grape which is known, in commerce, as the black currant.

The word *Cyclades* means circling. The islands of this group received this name, because they circle about the island of Delos. The islands of the third group are called the Sporades, because they are scattered far and wide over the sea.

Delos is famous for having been the birthplace of the twin gods, Apollo and Diana. In olden times there was an oracle here that the Greeks were accustomed to consult.

One of the Cyclades Islands is named Milo. Surely we have heard that name before! The Venus in the Louvre is called the Venus of Milo. Did she come from Milo? Yes. Long years after the downfall of Greece, she was found buried in the earth at the foot of a hill. She had once graced the pleasure garden of a wealthy Greek; but the garden had fallen to ruins, and soil washing down from the hillsides had hidden Venus and the other statues from sight.

A man on the island of Milo was preparing a vineyard in 1825. His shovel struck against something hard, and the Venus of Milo was unearthed. A Frenchman bought her for five hundred dollars, and she was placed in the Louvre. There she has remained as its

chief attraction ever since, except during the months when she was hidden carefully in a cellar, at the time of the Franco-Prussian war. The French were afraid that the Germans might bear her away to Berlin, if Paris fell.

This statue might stand for ancient Greece, which, though overthrown and marred, still holds its power and influence over the nations, by reason of the perfect types of beauty which it has left the civilized world as a heritage.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE STRANGER IN EUROPE.

In southeastern Europe live a strange people. Their faces are sallow and calmly sullen; they wear long robes, and upon their heads are either fezzes or bright-colored arrangements of cloth called turbans. Until late years their houses have contained no chairs and tables. They have sat upon gorgeous, oriental rugs, and smoked in tranquil silence. Five times a day these people wash themselves carefully, and, kneeling on their prayer rugs, turn their faces to the southeast and call upon Allah, the God of the Mohammedans.

Who are these people, so unlike other Europeans in appearance and religion? They are the Turks, and theirs is the only nation in Europe not a Christian one.

What are they doing in Christian Europe? And why do they not return to Asia, the land of the Moham-

medans? These are just the questions that have been asked in Europe for hundreds and hundreds of years, in fact, ever since the Turks first swarmed over the narrow seas between Europe and Asia and captured the Greek city of Constantinople. Many efforts have been made to dislodge them, but they have held their fair corner of Europe with a tenacious grip.

But the grip is growing feebler year by year. Russia longs to possess Constantinople, but England and the other great powers are determined to prevent her. So they bolster up Turkey, and stand by her in the wars begun by Russia under various pretexts.

Notwithstanding foreign aid, the Turkish empire is falling to pieces. Beside her present possessions, Turkey once owned Greece, Roumania, Servia, and Montenegro. All these provinces have become independent of the Turkish empire during this century, and the large province of Bulgaria is now only nominally subject to Turkey.

But the empire is still strong, because of its hold on the Bosphorus. The strait of Dardanelles, which is only a mile wide at its narrowest point, the Sea of Marmora, and the Bosphorus, together form the narrow passage between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean. Turkish fortresses command these narrow seas, and the Turkish cannon may, at any time, destroy a passing fleet. Here the Turk is the master of all the navies in the world, and here, and only here, can he make proud Russia and England tremble.

Constantinople, situated at the southern end of the Bosphorus, has the finest position of any city in the

world. It stands upon two continents. Two sections of the city, Stamboul and Pera, are in Europe, and one section is in Asia. The Asiatic section is called Scutari.

The Bosphorus has many tributary bays, and one of the most celebrated is the Golden Horn. Some one has said that this bay must represent the horn of a stag, because its outlines are very wavy.

Constantinople, viewed from the deck of a steamer, is a wondrously beautiful sight. The city proper, known as Stamboul, is built on seven hills.

Each hill is crowned with white buildings of marble or stone. Many of them are mosques, or Mohammedan churches, which always are marked by domes and minarets. Minarets are tall and slender towers, that shoot up into the blue sky like shafts of light. Some mosques have four minarets, some six, and so on, the number varying with every different mosque.

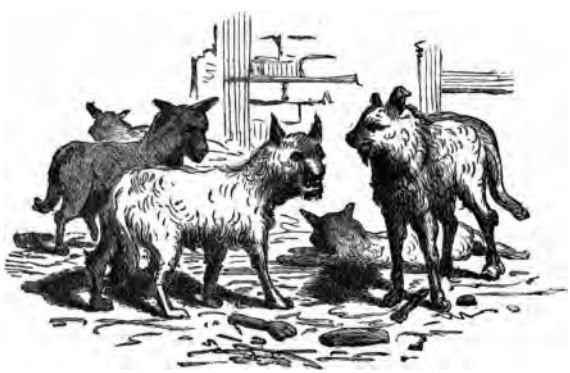
Between the hills are valleys; and there may be seen groves of cypresses, their dark gloom contrasting effectively with the brightness of the buildings.

Pera is opposite Stamboul, on the northern side of the Golden Horn. The two districts are connected by two bridges, across which swarm crowds of people of every nation on the face of the earth. Each one wears his own style of dress, so that the scene appears almost like a masquerade.

Below the bridges shoot small boats, of a shape so delicate as to suggest the graceful gondola of Venice. These are like city cabs, and are used to transport people from one section of the city to another. Everywhere

on the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn are throngs of steamers, darkening the sky with smoke from their many funnels. All this strange scene, with its mingling of the East and of the West, is reflected perfectly in the glassy water.

In the yellow glory of sunrise, in the red glow of sunset, in the silvery gleam of moonlight, Constantinople appears a fairy city. It is so magically beautiful that it suggests the scenes of "The Arabian Nights." It is



DOGS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

fit to stand for Bagdad, the home of so many wild romances.

But, by sober daylight, the streets of Constantinople appear far from romantic. Must we tell the truth and say that they are dirty, narrow, and wretchedly paved? Up and down they tilt, between tumble-down, brown wooden houses with red tiled roofs.

The number of dogs that one meets is amazing. They are all huge, half-starved curs, most of whom bear

the scars of many battles, received in the fights for the scanty food which they find in the street.

Beggars are well-nigh as numerous as dogs. The tattered rags in which they are clad are gorgeous with color. With their royal purples and scarlets and their air of unruffled dignity, they might almost be the deposed monarchs of some second-rate principality.

The bazaar is a most fascinating place to visit. Imagine a great building of a brownish gray color, perched upon a low hill. Up the hillside to the very walls of the bazaar stretch hosts of tiny booths and mean little shops, each of which offers for sale some special article.

The bazaar itself is like a small city. It has its streets and its different wards and districts. Each aisle is devoted to the sale of some special article, or occupied by the members of the same trade. The streets are somewhat dark, and in nearly every quarter a strange, dreamy quiet prevails.

The East and the West here meet. Oriental carpets, rugs, and embroideries are strongly contrasted with English cottons, woven in bustling Manchester. Jasper, amber, and stones of priceless value are sheltered in the recesses of dark little booths. The merchants sit cross-legged on their rugs, smoking cigarettes, with the air of the utmost contempt for the foreigner who stops to examine their wares or to inquire the price.

Avenues of drugs, spices, porcelains, pottery, embroideries, and gold and silver threads, still tempt the curious visitor onward. Enterprising Jews, shrewd Armenians, fur-capped Persians, and picturesque Greeks are among the buyers. Women also frequent the

bazaar. Several of them come together, and delight themselves with the sight of the rich goods, and with beating down the exorbitant prices of the merchants.

The most celebrated building in Constantinople is the mosque of St. Sophia. This was once a Christian church. It was built by the Emperor Justinian, who employed ten thousand workmen for six years. Every night, each workman was paid in new silver coins. In order to avoid the possibility of fire, the building was of brick and stone. It was capped by a huge dome supported by smaller domes.

When the Turks took Constantinople, a most fearful massacre of Christians took place in the sacred building itself. In the midst of the slaughter, the sultan rode up the aisle and, springing upon the altar, uttered these words, which changed St. Sophia from a Christian cathedral to a Mohammedan mosque: "There is no God but our God, and Mohammed is his prophet."

Then four minarets were built surrounding the dome. The sacred paintings upon the walls were partially hidden beneath a coat of whitewash; the stand for the Koran was set up; and a mark was made, indicating the direction of the holy city of Mecca, toward which all good Mussulmans face when they pray.

St. Sophia was once in the East what St. Peter's is still in the West. It was the head of the Eastern Church, its banner, its figure head. Its desecration to a mosque was a great blow to Christendom. The Russians especially long for the day to come when St. Sophia may become once more a church of the Christian faith. There is one of their army songs which runs as follows: —

"Hail to the glorious morning,
When the cross again shall shine
On the summit of St. Sophia,
O city of Constantine!"

There are hundreds of mosques in Constantinople, but we can only look at one more. This is the pigeon mosque. It is so called because one of the sultans made a request that no pigeon living on or about the walls and roofs of this mosque should be molested. He left a sum of money to be expended in grain to be thrown to the pigeons daily.

So the tame white birds grow more and more numerous yearly, and the gentle sound of their fluttering wings and their mild cooings confer a nameless grace and peace upon the courtyard of the old mosque. Orange trees shade the ancient well which stands in the midst of the yard; scribes with long white beards sit writing at their little tables; and priests in purple, green, and white robes pace thoughtfully to and fro.

Aside from the churches, a ruined circus and several shattered columns are all that is left of old Constantinople. Buried underground are ruined buildings and streets, which were once the pride of the Eastern world.

So far we have been wandering in Stamboul. But before leaving the sultan's city we must glance at Pera and Scutari. Pera is the European quarter of Constantinople. Here are the hotels to which tourists usually resort, and various European embassies.

Scutari is in Asia and has many of the characteristics of an Asiatic town. Dirty and chaotic as are the streets of Stamboul, the streets of Scutari are even worse.

The largest graveyard in Constantinople is at Scutari. The Turks prefer to be buried in Asia. They feel that they belong there more than in Europe. They have a silent belief that they may not always remain in Europe, and prefer that their bodies should be laid in an Asiatic rather than in a European burying ground, in order that their graves may not be desecrated by the feet of Christians at no distant day.

DERVISH.

Perhaps the strongest attraction in Scutari is the howling dervishes. These are a company of priests who, once a week, howl and sway their bodies about for an hour or more in a kind of religious frenzy. Under the lead of an old priest, they work themselves up to such excitement of motion that bystanders are sometimes moved to join the swaying, howling line.

The territory of the sultan is rich in natural resources. The slopes of the Balkan Mountains in central Turkey form a most delightful region. Vineyards and forests of fruit trees adorn the hillsides. Jasmine, lilacs, and, above all, roses blossom in abundance. A

celebrated Turkish perfume is made here called attar of roses.

The farms of Turkey are almost too large to be well cultivated by their owners. Attempts have been made to introduce new and modern farming tools, but they have failed. The ploughing is still rudely done by old wooden ploughs drawn by oxen.

There are few railroads in Turkey, compared with the rest of Europe. Its alien position is singular. It is said that the Turks rarely consider themselves as living in Europe. They are accustomed to speak of Europe as lying to the north of the Balkan Mountains.

Adrianople and Philippopolis are important cities in Turkey. American missionaries have established schools and churches at Monastir, Samokov, and Esca Zagra.

CHAPTER XX.

FREE FROM THE TURKISH YOKE.

The three little provinces of Servia, Roumania, and Montenegro became independent of Turkish rule in 1878. They were Christian provinces, and were much oppressed by the sultan, who burdened them with heavy taxes. They were of the same church as Russia, and availed themselves of her powerful and ready aid, when they rose against the cruel abuses of Turkey.

They are small principalities which have, as yet, scarcely recovered from the recent wars in which they have been concerned.

Servia is made up of hills and valleys. Vineyards and fields of grain abound. Indian corn is harvested, and brought down to the Danube River upon curious ox carts. These carts are heavy, unwieldy affairs with sides of basket work.

Herds of swine and flocks of sheep are raised. The swine run wild in the forest, and live upon the fallen nuts of the beech, oak, and chestnut.

The dress of the Servian peasant consists of a white blouse and short white trousers. Over this he draws a jacket of untanned sheepskin, made up with the wool inside. On his head he wears a conical Astrachan cap.

Roumania, the largest of the freed provinces, is separated from Turkey by the Danube River. Its southern and eastern sections are marshy, and are flooded by the waters of the Danube in the springtime. Beyond the marshy districts are regions covered with coarse grass, with nothing to break the dull and uninteresting plain except, perhaps, an ancient and solitary well.

To the northwest, the character of Roumania changes. Vineyards, forests, and orchards of peach and plum trees appear. Grains form the chief article of traffic, and already Roumania has become one of the chief grain exporting countries in Europe.

Bucharest, the capital, is a neat, bright, lively little place, which is far from suggesting a Turkish city. The Roumanians are very ready to receive impressions from the rest of Europe. The citizens travel, and return to their country full of ideas which they are ready and anxious to introduce. They are a gay, lively people,

fond of theaters, circuses, fast horses, and elegant carriages.

Their queen is a lovely and talented woman. She is well known in both Europe and America as the charming writer, Carmen Sylva.

Montenegro is a mere dot of a country, being only about one-half the size of Wales. Its surface consists of a jumble of mountains, many of whose summits are white with snow during the greater part of the year.

The people make the most of every small patch of land. Crops not more than a yard square are seen growing in hollows on the mountain sides.

The women perform most of the work of the farm and vineyard. They are patient and hard-working, and have a great admiration for their indolent husbands. When they are not toiling in the fields, they occupy their time in embroidering and decorating clothes for them.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE LAND OF THE CZAR.

We are now to visit the largest country on the face of the globe, — the empire of Russia. It includes more than one-half of Europe and fully one-half of Asia. Russia is a large continent in itself, as it occupies one-sixth of all the land surface of the earth. The czar rules over one hundred different peoples and tribes, and

within the boundaries of his immense empire no less than forty different languages are spoken.

Everything in Russia is on a vast scale. Think of traveling seven thousand miles in a straight line and remaining all the time in the same country! And this one can easily do; for Russia stretches from the cold gray waters of the Baltic Sea eastward to the sunny Pacific, and southward from the frozen bays of the Arctic Ocean to the salt deserts around the Caspian and Aral Seas.

Within her immense territory are included lofty mountain ranges, vast lonely plains, and several of the largest rivers of the world. The Volga, Don, and Dnieper are all Russian rivers. Here, too, are pathless deserts of sand and salt, leagues and leagues of fine wheat land, and wide rolling prairies known as steppes.

But Russia is still unsatisfied. No one can tell where her ambition will stop. "Land! more land!" is ever her cry. Within this century Finland and much of eastern and central Asia have come under her rule; and she has occupied land on the Black Sea that before she had possessed in name only.

The Russian coat of arms is a double-headed eagle. This symbolizes the union of the West and the East, the empire in Europe and that in Asia.

One of the most enlightened czars that Russia ever had was Peter the Great. A fine trait in his character was his willingness to be taught.

He was not foolishly proud of his country. He did not believe, as did some kings of his time, that his kingdom could learn nothing of the nations around her.

He traveled among them; and, finding that the great need of Russia was a navy, he disguised himself and served as an apprentice in various shipyards in Holland. When he had mastered the art of shipbuilding, he returned to Russia. He had also learned many other arts, which he proceeded to introduce at home.

Peter resolved that Russia should become a commercial country, and have intercourse with the other nations of Europe. At that time she was very much isolated, as she had no egress except on the Arctic Ocean. Peter soon gained a foothold on the Black and Caspian Seas; and then he made war on the Swedes, who ceded to him land on the Baltic Sea. His wish was accomplished. Russia now had a seaboard that would bring her into the heart of European affairs.

On this coast, at the mouth of the Neva River, Peter resolved to found his capital city. The old capital, Moscow, was an inland city, and henceforth would be of second-rate importance.

The land by the Neva hardly offered a foundation firm enough for a city. It was a marsh, a swamp. Never mind! Peter, the czar, had decreed that there a city was to be built; and, in course of time, St. Petersburg arose. Its foundations rested upon millions of piles driven into the swampy ground. Hundreds of workmen, smitten with malarial fever, laid down their lives to enable the czar to carry out his iron will.

The city has been aptly called "the czar's window looking out into Europe."

Peter's desire for an outlet to the sea has passed down through his race. The Black Sea flows into the Medi-

terranean through the Bosphorus. That is in the hands of the Turks, who can at will bar the Russian ships from entering the Mediterranean. Russia chafes at this power of the Turks, and fixes longing eyes on Constantinople.

The rich nation of England, Russia's great rival, is unwilling for Russia to get this port on the Bosphorus. Russia would then be the most powerful nation in Europe, while now she is only one of several. Wars have been made on Turkey by Russia under various pretexts, but the purpose of them all has been to gain Constantinople. England and the other powers stand by Turkey and protect her rights, not so much through love of Turkey as through fear of Russia.

This equality of power, or balance of power, as it is called by the wise politicians and statesmen, is a very delicate balance indeed. It is this that keeps up the great standing armies of the nations, and turns all Europe into a vast camping ground.

You see each nation is afraid of being swallowed by one of the others. It reminds me of a story I once heard that is so terrible I scarcely like to speak of it. It seems that a half dozen sailors had escaped from their sinking ship in a rowboat. Their small stock of provisions was soon exhausted, and fierce hunger came upon them. After suffering intensely for several days, they fell upon the youngest and weakest of their number, killed him, and divided his body among them. And, from that time on, each came to look upon the others with distrust; each feared his comrades might single him out for the next victim. No one dared to

sleep, and every one sat ready with his hand upon his weapons.

This is much the attitude of the nations of Europe toward one another. Let us be thankful that we live so far away, and that there is no dark shadow of coming war about us.

St. Petersburg, with its straight broad streets and square blocks of handsome buildings, resembles Chicago and Washington. If we could spirit away the queerly dressed people, the foreign-looking domes and crosses, and the puzzling lettering on the signs, we might almost fancy ourselves in America.

This city, which is called by the Russians Petersburg, is situated on the Neva. From November to May the river is frozen; and during that time, while the ships are icebound in the harbors, much of the gay city life centers here. There are sleighing parties by night and by day, horse races on the ice, and a little skating and coasting.

The Russians are not fond of active exercise. They prefer passive exercise. Sleighing is, therefore, more popular than skating, for in that case it is the horse alone that exerts himself.

There are two ceremonies connected with the Neva that are exceedingly interesting. On the sixth of January, the czar, his officials, and the city go out to witness the baptizing of the Neva by the chief priest. A square opening is cut in the ice, into which the priest dips a cross. He blesses the water, and bids it be profitable to man and fruitful to the soil during the coming year.

In the spring there is great rejoicing when the ice breaks up on the river. Cannon are fired from the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul on the north side of the Neva; and the commander sets out in a boat to cross to the Winter Palace of the czar on the south shore.

No matter at what hour of the day or night he comes, he is shown at once into the presence of the czar, to whom he presents a goblet filled with the ice-cold water of the Neva. This is the way of informing him that the river is open to commerce once more. The czar drinks to the prosperity of the city, and then returns the goblet filled with silver coin.

The goblets grew larger and larger from year to year, until they reached the size of floor vases. The annual opening of the Neva bade fair to cost the czar a pretty sum, so at last the amount to be given the commander was set at an invariable figure.

The islands to the west, at the mouth of the Neva, contain the beautiful summer residences of the nobles of St. Petersburg. A favorite summer drive is to these islands, which command a charming view over the Gulf of Finland to the western sunset.

St. Petersburg is situated far in the north. On the longest days of the year the sun is below the horizon only four hours. If you should mount to the top of a tall building, you could see it at any time.

The finest street in the capital is the Nevskoi Prospekt, which runs parallel with the Neva. It is three miles long and one hundred feet wide. Along this *street the* finest buildings of the city stand. Among

NEVSKOI PROSPEKT.

them are the Winter Palace, and its sister palace, the Hermitage. At the end of the Nevskoi Prospekt rises a slender, lofty, gilt spire, crowned with a golden ship as a weathervane. This is the spire of the Admiralty building.

The streets are thronged at all hours with droskies, — curious Russian sleighs. The drosky is a low vehicle with a seat for two persons and a higher perch for the driver. The seat for passengers seems to a foreigner somewhat insecure, as the back is only an inch or two high. It sometimes happens that persons are thrown backward out of the sleigh, while the coachman proceeds unconsciously on his way.

Droskies are drawn by one, two, or three horses. The harness is always exceedingly simple, and it seems as if the horse were running nearly free. The handsomest horses look remarkably spirited and graceful under the light harness.

The horse of the one-horse team has over his head a wooden arch, or bow, to which most of the harness is attached. When another horse is added to the team, he is harnessed by but a single rein. He gallops along with his head curving outward, and is called a "madman." When a sleigh is drawn by three horses, they are arranged so that the central one trots beneath the wooden arch, and those on the sides are "madmen."

The horses always go at a furious pace, yet the riders call out to the coachman, "Faster, faster!" So they fly like arrows through the keen frosty air beneath the leaden sky. The coachman holds the slender ribbon-like reins with both hands. Sometimes he snaps a whip

above the horses' heads, but it almost never descends on their shining flanks. He encourages them by a kind of clucking noise, that reminds one of the call of an old hen.

The Russian coachman wears a long coat of dark blue or green cloth, coming well down to his heels. The skirt of the coat is plaited. Around the waist is a leather belt. The hat resembles a battered stovepipe. It has a curling brim, and the upper part of the crown is broader than the lower.

Peasants from the country bring in their poor equipages, and stand by the sidewalks ready to be employed by the common people. The hire of these vehicles is so cheap that even the very poor may be seen in sleighs.

Although the street is crowded and nearly every vehicle is driven furiously, accidents rarely occur. This is, perhaps, because the responsibility is laid on the coachmen. There are no sleigh bells in Russian cities. Their jingle is confusing, and the shout of the coachman is the warning on the near approach of two sleighs. In the country, bells are allowed.

St. Isaac's Cathedral is perhaps the most noted building in the city, as its gilded dome is the first landmark of St. Petersburg visible to a ship entering the Gulf of Finland. The site chosen was far from being an excellent one, on account of the unstable nature of the land. However, a whole forest of piles was driven into the marshy ground to support the immense structure. Granite and gold, marble and bronze, were brought from afar, and the work was begun.

Even now the foundations seem insecure. One side of the church is braced with wooden poles. It would be a great loss if it should fall, and all the rich paintings, statues, windows, and carvings should be destroyed.

The cathedral is in the shape of a Greek cross. The great dome of the roof is of copper, covered thickly with gold. Some one has compared this dome to a "golden mitre crowning the silhouette of the capital."

Three steps of Finland granite lead to the bronze doors of the entrance. We pass into the dark, magnificent interior. Service is going on. The worshipers are standing, for there are no seats. Occasionally one kneels, and bows his head to the marble floor.

There is no pealing organ, nor sound of any instrument. The only music is that furnished by the deep bass voices of a hidden choir of men chanting responses, to which the people answer now and then.

Much incense fills the church; but, through the waving blue smoke, one sees plainly the rich and jeweled dresses of the priests, and the holy pictures. The Greek Church, to which most of the Russians belong, forbids the worship of images and statues, but allows the worship of pictures.

Along the sides of the cathedral are shrines, where the holy pictures are displayed. Only the painted face, hands, and feet of the madonna or saint can be seen, for its dress is covered entirely with gold, silver, and jewels. These have been presented to the picture from time to time by its worshipers. Sometimes the wealth lavished on such a picture amounts to seventy-*five* thousand dollars.

While the service is going on in the cathedral, each side shrine has its scores of worshipers. One by one they ascend the steps, kiss the picture, cross themselves, mutter a prayer, bow, and touch their foreheads to the floor, and then yield place to the next eager worshiper. The paintings are covered with glass or they soon would be worn away.

One important feature of the service is the burning of candles. Before every picture is a silver stand with places for hundreds of candles. They can be bought for a small sum on entering the cathedral, and at any time during the service.

The worshiper lights his candle, and passes it up by the willing hands of the crowd to the priest, who places it in the stand before the holy picture. One candle rarely burns more than a minute, as other candles come up so rapidly that it must be moved to make room for them. The priests gain quite a revenue for the cathedral by selling candles.

The Russians are very devout. The church always shows a good proportion of men in rough brown clothes and heavy high boots, worshiping as earnestly as the women. This is a rather unusual sight in continental Europe.

Outside the churches in Russia, we see nuns and wretched old men standing with a book marked with a cross in their outstretched hands. They are beggars and are asking alms, in some cases for themselves, in others for the institution to which they belong. If a passer-by bestows a small sum upon them, they bow and mutter a prayer for him.

Across the river, within the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, is a small chapel. It is not so richly decorated as the other churches of St. Petersburg, and yet it is situated in the very safest place of all, — within the citadel. This is because it contains the dust of the czars.

From Peter the Great down, all the rulers have been buried here. They are laid beneath the floor of the chapel, and their resting places are marked with simple tombs.

Perhaps the most interesting tomb is that of the late czar, Alexander II. He was one of the most enlightened monarchs Russia ever had. His greatest act was the freeing of the serfs throughout the empire. Although there are many puzzling questions as to how the serfs are to live and what their exact relation to the government is to be, yet the great step has been taken. The serfs are free!

A few years ago Alexander II. was killed by a bomb thrown by Nihilists. Nihilists form a secret party in Russia, who are opposed to things as they are. They rather vaguely desire more freedom, and they wish at least change, in which they may perhaps be bettered. They do not propose any definite reform, but constitute the element of discontent in the empire. Their actions are chiefly directed against the life of the Czar. They hope that his death may produce a revolution.

Alexander III.'s life is made wretched by his constant fear of the Nihilists. He lives in seclusion much of the time. He and his family occupy but six rooms, that they may be more securely protected by the royal

guards. When he drives through St. Petersburg, several roads are prepared, as no one must know until he passes just which way he is to come.

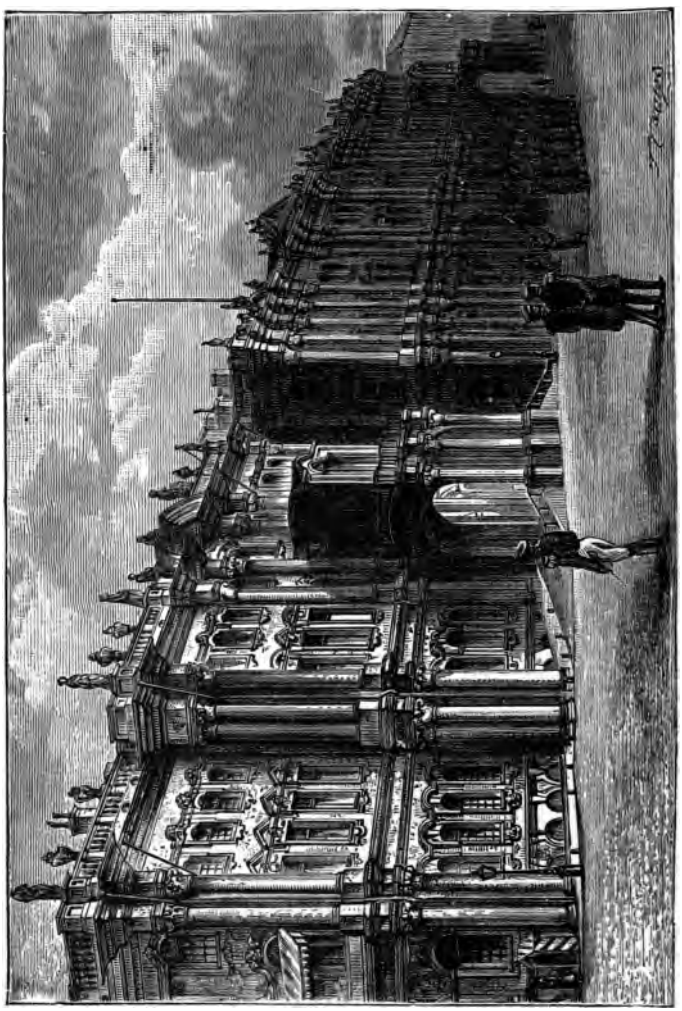
To be suspected of Nihilism is one of the worst misfortunes that can come to a man. He is certain to be exiled to Siberia, that place which is most terrible to all Russians. It represents in their minds cold, privation, chains, hard labor, a lingering death, or, what is worse, an endless death in life. The friends of the exiles are thousands of miles away, and they are never to see them again.

Still Alexander III. must protect himself; and, with his father's death fresh in his mind, one can scarcely blame him for his caution.

Alexander II.'s tomb resembles the others in being of white marble, with gold corners and a gold cross resting upon it. Wreaths of flowers are daily laid upon it by common peasants or dashing generals, who come to kiss the cross and fall on their knees to utter a brief prayer. Many palm trees and plants are growing near the tombs, while the walls of the church are ornamented with banners, keys of captured fortresses, shields, battle-axes, and other trophies of war.

With the exception of Rome and Constantinople, no capital in Europe has so many palaces as St. Petersburg. We shall look only at the Winter Palace and the Hermitage.

The Winter Palace is the most enormous residence in the world. It is a small town in itself, for it houses six thousand persons. This story may give an idea of the vastness of the establishment. An old servant kept sev-



THE WINTER PALACE.

eral cows for his own use for some time in a garret, and their presence was only discovered when the palace officials were instituting reforms.

The building material of the palace is unfortunately somewhat flimsy. Instead of using the beautiful Finland granite that can be obtained near at hand, they have used stucco which is painted a brownish red and yellow. The exterior is much ornamented with griffins, angels, flowerpots, and decorated waterspouts.

The Winter Palace, seen as one among a long line of imposing buildings, appears quite elegant. But, studied by itself, it dwindles. It is, like many of the other edifices in Peter's city, a copy of buildings in western Europe. As is often the case with copies, it is inferior to the original.

The interior has many great halls rich in white paint and gilding, with handsome chairs, malachite tables, and huge ornamental jars. The throne room of Peter the Great is hung with red velvet, embroidered with golden eagles. The several picture galleries contain pictures of the czars, the great generals, and the great Russian battlefields.

The crown jewels form an elegant collection. The display of diamonds is exceedingly fine. The Orloff diamond is the largest Russian diamond. It weighs more than the Kohinoor, the finest English diamond, but is not so perfect a stone.

The Hermitage is a smaller palace, adjoining the Winter Palace and connected with it by a covered bridge. It was called the Hermitage, because Cathe-

rine II., one of the rulers of Russia, was accustomed to retire to it when weary of the cares of state.

The palace is now a museum, and here may be seen interesting relics of Peter the Great, such as his turning lathe, cane, saddle, and carvings in wood. His horse and dogs have been stuffed and are exhibited with the other mementos.

Before the Winter Palace is a noble statue of Peter the Great. The czar is riding on a rearing horse. He grasps the bridle with one hand; the other is raised, as if calling into existence the city that bears his name. The brazen hoofs of his horse are crushing a serpent, which represents the difficulties with which he had to contend in erecting St. Petersburg. The base of the statue is a rough block of granite.

St. Petersburg is crowded with vast and elegant churches, palaces, and public buildings. They seem to be drawn to the Neva as to a magnet, and by moonlight the view of both shores from one of the bridges is glorious.

Next to Madrid, St. Petersburg is the most expensive European city to live in. In addition to the enormous outlay of a fashionable establishment, there are apt to be doctor's bills. For the capital is still an unhealthy city; indeed, some persons are never able to enter its limits.

No one in St. Petersburg thinks of going to bed before three o'clock in the morning. Palaces and the homes of generals are open till after two; and dances and other festivities are taking place in the warm, brilliantly *lighted* rooms, sweet with the scent of blossoming plants,

and gay with the brilliant uniforms of the men and the silks and diamonds of the women.

City stores are not open till ten in the morning. Then we may see the dignified Russian merchants sitting amid their goods of tea, fur, and grain. While awaiting customers they count up their profits by means of the abacus. This is a little machine of balls strung on wire, with which you were doubtless familiar not so very long ago.

The evening is passed by the merchant in the drawing room with his wife and friends. It is an immense room with a ceiling so lofty that one almost needs a telescope to see the design of the cornice. The windows are double and sometimes triple. One pane furnishes all the ventilation that the Russians ever require.

To us Americans the room appears close, and the heat is intensified by a fire blazing within the huge porcelain stove.

On the wall hangs a religious picture, before which burns a lamp. A similar picture hangs in every principal room of the house and in the shop of the merchant. Every one on entering the room removes his hat or crosses himself. To neglect to do this is quite an offense to the host.

The awe with which every true Russian regards a religious picture is shown by this fact. When thieves enter a room to rob it, they cover the painting with a cloth.

On the table in the drawing room is a samovar. This is a bright silver urn used in making tea, which is the national drink of Russia. At all hours of the day the

family gather informally about it; in fact, it stands for the Russian hearthstone.

The tea, which is quite strong, is usually drunk from glasses. No milk is used, only sugar or, perhaps, a bit of lemon. The tea drinker holds a lump of sugar in his mouth and drinks the tea, which is sweetened by the sugar. He thinks nothing of drinking ten or twelve glasses at a sitting.

Our friend the merchant sometimes whiles away the evening by reading the papers. The Russian sheet is very small and very general in its news. If he reads any foreign paper, he is likely to find places in some of the columns either cut out or blackened until they are illegible. The inspector of foreign mail has seen something against the Russian government in that English or German paper, and has exercised his right of blotting it out.

Saturday our merchant takes his steam bath like a good Russian; and on Sunday he dresses himself in his best and drives to his club. There he spends the time in card playing. Cards are a perfectly safe resort to those who dare not discuss public matters, for fear that any of the men around them may be government spies. Men have been sent to Siberia on the merest whisper of disapproval in the ears of two or three confidential friends. Sometimes it seems as if the walls themselves had ears.

The Russians are ravenous eaters. When one sees them dining, he says to himself, "This is the race that will devour the others."

Before the regular meal, the diners are served from

side tables with appetizers. These take the place of the raw oysters of the American table d'hôte, and consist of caviare made of sturgeon's roe; herrings, radishes, cheese, and, queerest of all, pancakes stuffed with caviare.

Cabbage soup is the national dish, and of course appears at the table. Other queer dishes are fish pie stuffed with raisins, and soup of cold beer with bits of meat, herring, and cucumber floating in it, and with small pieces of ice to keep the dish cool.

Moscow, the ancient capital of Russia, is situated about four hundred miles to the southeast of St. Petersburg. On approaching the city over the undulating plain, we see, far away on the horizon, what appears to be a dark green sea. It is really the mass of green roofs of Moscow. As we come nearer, we begin to distinguish countless spires and domes.

The spires form a delicate golden lace work. The domes are either gilded or are painted a bright blue, studded with golden stars. Sometimes a dome is covered with bright green tiles, that glisten in the sunlight with a silvery sheen.

The appearance of the ancient city, "Mother Moscow," as she is affectionately called, is oriental rather than occidental. The architecture is truly Russian, and, unlike St. Petersburg, she has copied almost nothing from the west.

The city is full of sharp contrasts. Beautiful churches raise their lovely heights beside low and wretched hovels. Fine stone residences stand in the poorest and most undesirable neighborhoods. The reason for this incon-

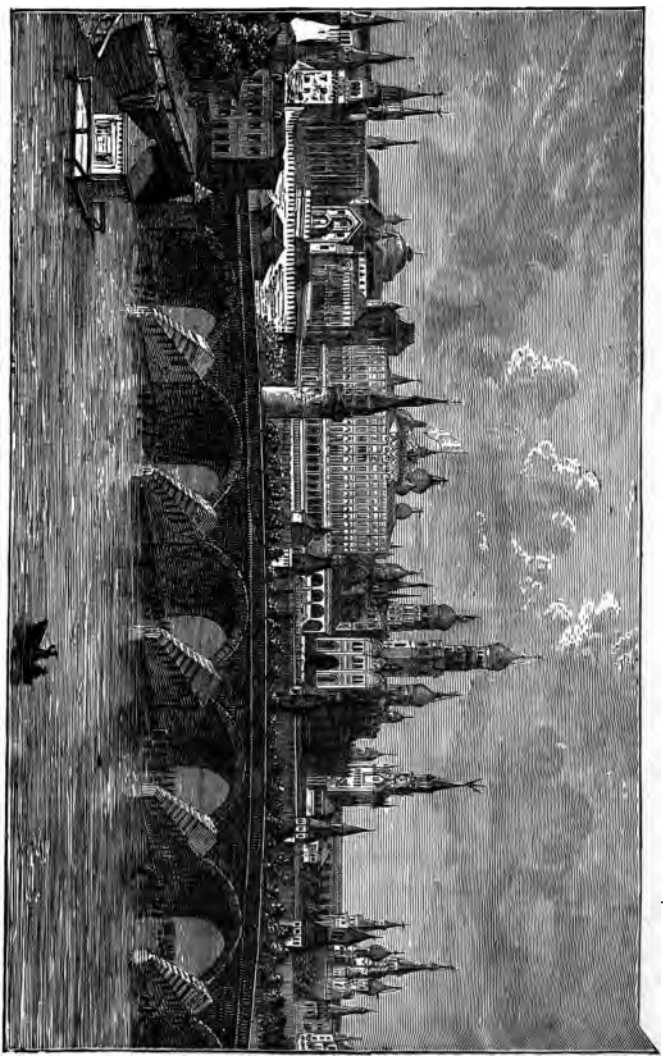
gruity is that Moscow was burned in the beginning of the century, and has been only partially rebuilt. What has been done has, in many cases, been done most hastily. Those citizens who could rebuild did so; while others let their ruined buildings remain or put up wretched makeshifts.

The citizens burned Moscow to prevent its being made the winter quarters of the French army. Napoleon had invaded Russia, and had reached Moscow just at the beginning of winter. His men from the Sparrow hills, a low range on the horizon, had seen the glittering spires and domes, and uttering the cry, "Moscow! Moscow!" they rushed down the slopes and over the plain to its gates. They rested there but two days, for the departing Russians had fired their beloved city, rather than have it serve the ends of Napoleon.

Then began the terrible retreat of the French. The Russian skies poured snow upon them, the keen wind from the Russian steppes chilled them, the Russian ground refused them food. League after league stretched out the weary way, and the Cossacks were continually harassing them by raids. Of nearly half a million men that Napoleon led into Russia, only twelve thousand ever saw Paris again.

The Kremlin is the most celebrated part of Moscow. "Kremlin" means citadel, and many other Russian cities have Kremlins besides Moscow.

The Moscow Kremlin consists of a most striking collection of cathedrals, palaces, chapels, and towers, surrounded by a lofty gray wall. The Kremlin is entered *by five* gates, each one of which has its own story. The



THE KREMLIN.

Nicholas Gate is so called from the picture of St. Nicholas that hangs above it. The French fired at the gate, and the solid stonework was split up to the frame of the picture. There the rent stopped, by miracle the people think.

A picture of the Virgin hangs over another gate. The French tried in vain to get possession of this painting. Their scaling ladders broke short off, and their cannon shots curved aside. Because of this miracle every one, whether native or foreigner, is obliged to lift his hat on passing through the gate.

To describe every building within the Kremlin would fill a book much larger than this little one of ours. The odd shapes of the domes suggest curious creations of the vegetable and animal world. We see green and gold and purple carrots, turnips, beets, and radishes. Some of the domes are like huge pineapples; others exactly resemble sea urchins. The carving of this near tower reminds us of that branching coral, the Madrepore; and the glistening green tiling on that pyramidal dome certainly does suggest fish scales. That low cupola resembles a Turkish turban with its spiral folds.

Then the colors! They are sky blue, bright red, deep green, and yellow, and are so vivid that, with the odd shapes of the buildings, we might almost fancy ourselves in Bagdad, Damascus, or Benares in India.

The traveler spending the summer in Russia usually plans to visit Nijni-Novgorod during the six weeks of summer when a great fair is held there. It is the meeting place of Europe and Asia, and the unusual sights *of the place* will well reward him.

Several hundred years ago national and city fairs were held in France, Germany, and Russia. The two former countries have ceased to hold them, and this renders the Russian fair more important.

Nijni-Novgorod is situated on the Volga River, at the spot where it is joined by the Oka River. The Volga and its tributaries, stretching far to the east and west, form an excellent highway for visitors to the fair. The town consists of two parts, — the permanent section with its Kremlin and churches, like any other Russian city, and the fair grounds.

The fair grounds occupy a triangular strip of barren ground between the Volga and the Oka. A bridge of boats connects the two divisions.

The view is remarkably wide and beautiful. A bright green rolling plain stretches to the far horizon beneath a brilliant blue sky. In the foreground are the two rivers, crowded with vessels that have brought here merchants and goods. The patch of land devoted to the fair is crowded thickly with two-story wooden shops with white walls and red roofs.

Although the shops are thickly packed in the square mile of the fair, there is the utmost order in all the arrangements. Each trade has a street allotted to it, according to an old Eastern custom. The iron is near the river; the Persian carpets and rugs are all found on this street; the cotton goods fill this next avenue; and so on.

The streets are sometimes dusty, and at other times deep with mud. They run parallel and at right angles with one another, like the lines on a checkerboard.

Many of the shops form one side of a covered arcade. A bench stands beside the door, on which the storekeeper, a dignified Persian, may be seated, smoking his amber pipe. His dress consists of a tall astrachan cap and an ample, flowing robe, which gives great majesty to his movements, as he leads the way into his shop and proceeds to show you his silken stuffs or amethysts.

Some of the shops have signs with the articles for sale painted upon them. Other signs covered with curious Russian letters swing across the sidewalks over the heads of the wondering passers-by.

Nearly every variety of goods may be seen here, from the sheepskin overcoat of the peasant to religious books and pictures, and brightly colored trunks made to hold the modest trousseau of the Russian bride. Siberian wood, boots, brasses, samovars, knives, lanterns, and tiny lamps are displayed in some windows, while others exhibit the choicest samples of the silversmith's and jeweler's art. Here are gems, cut and uncut. Diamonds, sapphires, and amethysts are heaped up with trinkets of malachite, lapis lazuli, and amber. There are also articles of food, — salted fish, tea, and many varieties of dried fruits.

More striking, perhaps, than the variety of objects for sale is the wide difference in the people that throng the straight streets. Nearly every European and Asiatic country has sent its representatives.

Chinamen with long pigtails jostle Turks, East Indians, Germans, and Frenchmen on the narrow sidewalks. Here are Persians, natives of Turkestan, and Circassians, who have come by way of the steamers

on the Caspian Sea. One sees also every variety of Russians, from the white, flat-faced fisherman of Archangel and the mounted Cossack policeman to thè poor peasant.

There are many buildings besides stores within the limits of the fair. We see a Roman Catholic church, a Greek church, and a mosque, besides several Chinese pagodas. The restaurants are very numerous, and nearly every hour they entertain parties of merchants, who transact business to the amount of thousands of roubles over a dish of tea.

The waiters are Tartars. They have small slanting eyes, flat noses, large mouths, and shaven heads. They are dressed in coarse white linen shirts and trousers. They rarely wear boots. They have pieces of cotton cloth tied about their ankles for stockings, and rough sandals on their feet.

The places of amusement are collected in another quarter of the grounds. Here are theaters and halls where jugglers, singers, and dancers entertain the motley crowd. There is much dissipation and extravagance going on. It is said that in these few weeks "a Russian merchant will drink more champagne than a whole provincial town in France consumes in a year."

The signal for the closing of the fair is the hauling down of two white flags from the stone posts before the house occupied by the governor of the fair. Then the four or five hundred thousand people disperse to the four quarters of the earth.

The business prosperity of Russia and, to some extent, of the other countries, depends on the prices set

upon goods and the orders that have been given at the fair.

In going from Moscow to Nijni-Novgorod, we have had glimpses from the train windows that have enabled us to form some idea of central Russia. Much of the interior of Russia consists of dense forests. The more northern forests are of pine; the southern are of oak and other hard wood trees. Some of these forests grow on swampy land, and stretch away for miles and miles without the least break in the ranks of trees.

Aside from the railroads, the Volga River is the great central highway of the country. It has been called the Russian Mississippi and, like its American namesake, its tributaries reach to the remote boundaries of the empire.

Its valley is three times as large as France. Canals unite the Volga with the Neva and the Don. So the Caspian Sea, the Black Sea, the Gulf of Finland, and even the far away White Sea are connected by the network of canals.

Let us join a party of merchants departing from Nijni-Novgorod, and descend the Volga as far as Astrachan. Our steamer is built on an American model, and is crowded with the oddly dressed Turks, Persians, Armenians, and Circassians that have lately been giving the streets of Nijni-Novgorod their quaintly picturesque look.

The left bank of the Volga is low and sandy; the right is high and covered with wood. The sunset light, turning the waters of the wide river to purple and *gold,* is most beautiful. Little boats are being drawn

along with ropes by women in scarlet skirts, who hasten lightly along the shore beneath the tall dark cliffs.

Here come several barges laden with iron, each of which is towed by a band of savage-looking laborers. They do not appear much more innocent than the convicts who formerly were employed in this work.

Autumn is the time when the Volga is at its lowest. Then steamers frequently run aground, although they are built so as to sink only about four or five feet in the water. Captains sometimes take a third class of passengers on board and give them a free passage, on condition that they agree to jump into the water and push off the steamer whenever she runs aground.

There is a difference of forty-five feet in the height of the Volga in the spring and fall. Because its spring rise is so great, very few towns and villages are built on the river shore. Most of them are situated a great distance away on the plain.

The most important tributary of the Volga on the east is the Kara. Up this river go the bands of workmen for the Ural Mountains; and, at the head waters of the Kara, begins the desolate pathway into Siberia which has been trod by so many despairing men. It is often six months, and sometimes a year, before they reach the desolate place that is henceforth to be their home.

There are several large cities near the Volga, but we must not linger on our way to Astrachan. This city is the most important commercial port on the Caspian Sea. There are two articles which form the staple of its trade. Can you guess one of them? The name of the town *tells you*.

I used to think that astrachan was a fur, and it seemed very singular to think that furs could be obtained so far south. But astrachan is not a fur. It is the wool of a little newborn lamb. The sooner the lamb is killed after its birth, the silkier and more valuable is its fleece.

The preparation of astrachan is one of the industries of Persia and other countries of central Asia. The black, gray, and white fleeces are sent across the Caspian Sea to Astrachan. Thence they are exported to the countries of western Europe and to America.

The other great article of export is oil. In Europe oil is largely used instead of coal. A vast quantity of oil has been imported from the United States, but now this prosperous trade is threatened by the profitable yield of oil wells in Russia. These oil wells were discovered at Baku, on the western side of the Caspian Sea. Steamers have been built containing large oil tanks, in which the crude oil is taken to Astrachan. From there it is sent up the Volga, and distributed throughout Russia and thence to the rest of Europe.

As the cost of transportation from Russia to western Europe is less than the cost of transportation from our country, the United States will, sooner or later, be obliged to yield the field to Russia in all countries but England.

The wheat fields of Russia cover an enormous amount of territory. They reach from the Baltic to the Black Sea, and from the borders of Austria to the Ural Mountains. In the wheat land are included those plains

known as the steppes. They have a fine black soil, on which is raised the finest and whitest wheat.

One might traverse the wheat region in a railroad train for weeks, and still the same level acres of ground would stretch away in unlimited extent to the horizon. There are no trees, fences, nor houses to break the monotony.

At last comes a sign of life, for here is a rude carriage road or, perhaps I should say, a cart track. Now the plains are dotted here and there with villages, where the houses are miserably wretched, and the people utterly ignorant and desperately poor. How serious they are! The line describing an old English king, "He never smiled again," might be used for them, only that implies that one has smiled, while these wooden-faced peasants appear never to have done so from infancy.

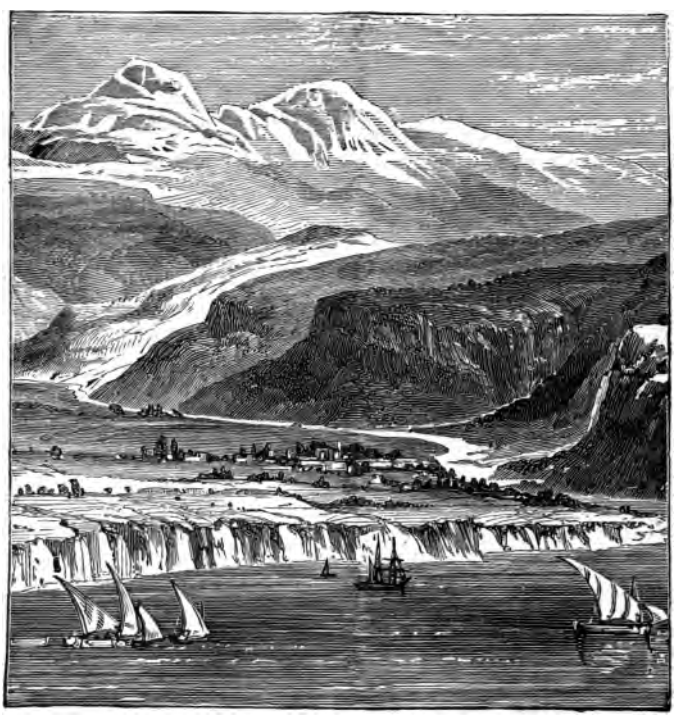
In some sections of the country the tall, silky, yellow grass grows that is known as pampas grass.

The extreme south of Russia produces delicious fruits, such as peaches, plums, apricots, cherries, and strawberries. This latter fruit is so abundant in some parts of Russia that it is served in soup plates. The peninsula of Crimea, on the northern shore of the Black Sea, has a climate resembling that of France and Italy. Delicious wines are made from the luscious grapes that are raised here.

But the Crimea is also noted as being the scene of one of those wars between Turkey and Russia that we have mentioned before. France and England supported the Turks. The Crimean war is celebrated for two

facts, showing the bravery of English men and the bravery of English women.

In the battle of Balaclava, the order came for a light brigade of cavalry to charge upon a body of artillery.



THE HEIGHTS OF ALMA.

This order was a mistake, for it is one of the first laws of military tactics that artillery are to be met by in*fantry*, never by cavalry. But the order had come, and

obedience is the highest law in the army. This the light brigade showed to the world; for, with cannon blazing all about them, they rode swiftly for a mile and a half across the plain. Such was the daring, swiftness, and unexpectedness of their charge that they actually reached the battery and captured some of the guns.

However, it was impossible to hold their position, and they rode back. But the cruel guns had done their work, and two-thirds of the gallant red-coat soldiers lay bleeding and dying on that wide plain.

The English women ranked with the men in bravery. Led by Florence Nightingale, they nursed the sick in the hospitals during the years made memorable by terrible battlefields, such as Alma and Inkerman, and by the wearisome seige of Sevastopol.

All through southern Russia are immense wheat farms owned by wealthy men. Thirty thousand acres of wheat are cultivated yearly by one of these large proprietors, and he owns a flock of a million sheep besides.

Two wealthy Germans were once quarreling as to which was the richer. They were estimating the number of their sheep, when a Russian gentleman broke into the discussion. "I will bet," said he, "that the dogs of my flocks are more numerous than all of your sheep put together." The Russian won the bet.

The buildings of the farm make a small village in themselves. There are houses, cottages for laborers, stables for the five hundred horses and the thousands of sheep, orangeries, and mills.

In harvesting, the American threshing machine is used, which is propelled by the English steam engine. It is a fascinating sight to see these perfect instruments at work, and proves plainly that the educated Russians are a practical, enterprising people, fully alive to the advances of the times.

The villages of the peasants form a sad contrast. The houses are small and wooden. The floors are of earth. Around the walls are small bunks where the children sleep.

Their parents sleep on the flat top of the great stove. This sounds rather dangerous, but it is not so. The fire only smoulders; and a feather bed is placed on the stove, so thick as to be a sufficient protection against a much hotter fire than ever burns in the stove by night. The hens seem as much at home as the children, and roost on the backs of chairs.

In winter the windows are tightly closed; there is very little ventilation, and the atmosphere seems very close to a foreigner. The Russians dress almost too warmly. They are more afraid of draughts than any other people of Europe.

Before every little house is an acre of land. It is rarely cultivated as it should be. There are always cabbages to make the favorite soup; but, aside from that crop, there is very little else.

The slovenliness of the peasant is largely due to the laws under which he lives. They are such as to quench all ambition of rising in life. When the peasants were freed, each community formed itself into a society *known* as the mur. The mur borrowed money from

the government to purchase land with, which was divided almost equally among the families of the mur.

Each head of a family is obliged to pay a certain amount yearly toward paying off this borrowed money. If a man improves his land and makes it of more value, he has to pay a larger tax. So he really does not gain much in the end by this exertion.

Then, again, the lots are frequently changed. As a peasant rarely holds his acre more than three years, he cares very little how he improves it. The frequent fires are another enemy. There are no fire engines; and, as the houses are made of wood, a whole village is often consumed like tinder. After saving their scanty stock of furniture, the peasants stand looking on in resigned despair.

In the north of Russia the "red cook," a Russian name for fire, sweeps away many villages every summer and fall. Instead of seeking some means to stop the fury of the fire, the peasant merely stares and murmurs, "Dear me! those fires have begun again!"

The village that we have been visiting has almost no trees. The peasants sometimes plant them; but, as they almost invariably forget to water them, they die.

In the center of the village is the well. The water is raised in a bucket by means of a great well sweep that reminds us of the wells in New England fifty years ago. But the holy picture near at hand with a lamp burning before it, to which the daughters of the tiny hamlet pray while waiting their turn at the well, is a gentle reminder that we are thousands of miles from home.

On Saturday every Russian throughout the empire

takes his vapor bath. This is the custom in the cities and in the villages. There are public baths in the large cities. In the country some outbuilding is generally used as a bathroom.

In one corner of the room is either a stove with a blazing fire or a couple of red-hot stones. Cold water is poured upon them, and a great steam arises. In this hot air the bathers swelter; often they climb to shelves on the wall near the ceiling, where the temperature is still hotter. There they lie, fanning themselves with branches of birch twigs to bring the hot air closer around them.

When they have steamed enough, they cool down gradually by having first hot and then cold water poured over them. Sometimes, directly after leaving this bath, they throw themselves into a snowbank or plunge into an ice cold stream. This, they assert, makes them wonderfully vigorous. And, strange to say, it rarely seems to do them any harm.

Before we leave Russia, I want to tell you something of two different classes of people included in the great empire. They are the Finns on the northwest and the Cossacks on the southeast and east.

Finland is a country about the size of England and Scotland. Its population is half that of London. Much of its surface is covered with forests, marshes, lakes, and rivers.

Finland belonged for many years to Sweden, but Russia had always wanted to possess it. There were many wars between the two nations, and at last Sweden *ceded* it to Russia.

GROUP OF FINNS.

Finland is united to Russia very much as Norway is united to Sweden. The smaller country has its own laws and currency. Its parliament meets at Helsingfors, the capital. Helsingfors is quite a grand city, though the dazzling white houses are curiously painted to look as if covered with a deep, soft fall of snow.

The chief crops are corn and potatoes. When the corn crop fails, the poor laborers and their families are obliged to beg their bread from door to door. The owners of the farm, who aid their poorer friends all they can, are supported by the products of the potato field and the dairy. They also go to the forests and become lumbermen and charcoal-burners.

Charcoal is simply burned wood, but great care must be exercised in the process of burning. A rude chimney is built, and about this are leaned the trunks of trees so as to form a kind of conical mound. The timber is then covered over with earth. Openings are bored through the heap to admit a little air. A fire is kindled in the chimney, which, rushing out through the holes, finally chars the whole mound of timber and leaves it charcoal.

The Cossacks are an odd, roving kind of people. They are looked upon more as allies than as subjects of the czar. They were once at war with the Russians and resisted their advances southward and eastward, but they finally submitted to the czar and have become his useful servants.

You must know that the Cossacks are among the finest horsemen in the world. When mounted, they seem like centaurs, so perfect is the understanding between horse and man. The Cossacks, instead of pay-

ing taxes, furnish the czar with a definite number of men to serve in the army for a certain term of years.

There are one hundred and fifty thousand Cossacks in the Russian army. They form a part of the cavalry, but have different duties from the regular cavalry. They are the scouts, the outposts, the orderlies who carry secret messages and dispatches. If any peculiar and difficult service is to be done, a Cossack is sent for.

COSSACKS.

They have been called the living ramparts of Russia from the sea of Okhotsk to the river Don.

These irregular troops are the eye and ear of the army. At night they mount guard, while the army sleeps in perfect peace. It trusts the Cossacks, who seem to scent the enemy from afar. They move with great swiftness and silence. Their advent is sure to be unexpected and unprepared for by the enemy. A squad

of one hundred Cossacks makes less noise than does one cavalry officer.

The dress of the Cossack is very simple, but it is worn with a certain jaunty air. A dark blue frock coat hooked in front, and dark blue trousers stuffed into cavalry boots, with a flat visor cap, complete his costume. His arms are a short gun strapped on his back and a saber. A lance some ten feet long is fastened to the right arm, and is further supported by a socket in the right stirrup in which its sharp point rests.

The Cossack also carries a whip, with which he continually strikes his horse. There is no cruelty in this frequent use of the whip, for the horse would forget to move if he were not thus reminded. The horses are somewhat heavy looking animals with large heads. But they are under perfect control; and the Cossack is able to stand upright in the saddle, to lie down in the saddle, to drop his whip, and, leaning down to the ground, to raise it again, without taking his feet from the stirrups.

One tactic for which they are famous is this. They dismount just before action and make their horses lie down; then, sheltering themselves behind the novel breastwork, they rest their guns upon it and fire.

Cossacks show great consideration for their horses. They are shod only on the forefeet. In a steady march the men dismount every hour and walk by their horses' sides for a few moments to relieve them. When they camp, they attend first to the wants of the horses. The saddles are removed, and the animals are carefully fed.

Then it is that we discover some of the uses of those strange lances. Some are driven into the ground, and

to them the horses are tethered. Others are used to make tripods from which the camp kettles are swung. Later in the day they serve as tent poles.

Now a foraging party returns to the camp. They sing ringing songs as they approach, and all their comrades come out to meet them. Every one rejoices in the squealing pigs and the squeaking ducks, geese, and hens, that hang at the saddlebow. There is no pity for the meek sheep which, almost before they are aware of the fact, are cooking in the kettles. The horses are not forgotten, for two men in the rear of the returning party are almost invisible, owing to the mountains of hay that are suspended from their lances.

Before the Cossacks eat, they wash their faces and oil their hair. Then, with cap raised, they cross themselves and say a short prayer over their food. Half a dozen eat from the same dish with wooden spoons, or hack away with their daggers at huge joints of meat. The meal generally ends with scalding hot tea from the samovar.

This drink is so popular throughout Russia that fees paid by travelers, which in France are known as "pour-boire," which means "for drink," are here called "tea money."

After this refreshment, the Cossacks swing themselves upon their saddles by means of the lances; and, breaking into one of their wild songs, are off across the plain like lightning.

Before battle the Cossack always makes as careful a toilet as if he were going to a ball. It is his belief that he will enter heaven more easily if he is perfectly clean

at the time of his death. This strange belief is fixed in his mind most strongly.

After the battle the bands of Cossacks stand in order and sing mournful hymns in memory of their fallen comrades. Many gaps in the line are purposely left, to show where friends stood that morning. Tears fill the eyes of the rough soldiers as they gaze at the empty places beside them.

The Cossacks are a wonderfully interesting people, but they are only one among many such peoples throughout the broad empire of Russia. Russia is the widest empire, and one of the strongest, under the sun. The people are bound together by their affection and reverence for the czar. They look upon him as their father. Even on the frontiers of Siberia the poor peasants return thanks to God for giving them such a good czar.

It seems as if it might be possible for the czar to give them more comfort and happiness, but no doubt he gives them all the benefits he can. After all, people cannot be raised; they must raise themselves.

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